This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Harvard College Library

FROM THE GIFT OF

ALEXANDER COCHRANE

OF BOSTON

THE VALE OF ANWOTH

AND OTHER SKETCHES

The Views of "GLEN PROSEN" *and* "BALNABOTH HOUSE" *are reproduced by permission of Messrs. Valentine & Sons, Limited;* "THE OLD KIRK OF ANWOTH" *by permission of Messrs. Ritchie & Sons, Edinburgh.*

OLD KIRK OF ANWOTH.

Frontispiece.]

THE VALE OF ANWOTH

And Other Essays

BY

D. BROWN ANDERSON, W.S.

EDINBURGH: JOHN MENZIES & CO.
LONDON: HOULSTON & SONS
PERTH: COWAN & CO., LIMITED
1899

20442.21

~~20442.3~~
4

HARVARD COLLEGE
MAY 17 1911
LIBRARY.

Gift of
Alexander Cochrane

Dedication.

—o—

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.G.

—o—

MY LORD DUKE,

When this volume was preparing for the press, that distinguished Scotsman the late Lord Napier and Ettrick, to whom it was to have been dedicated, passed away in the fulness of years ana honours.

That dedication having fallen by His Lordship's death, I cannot deem it less than a most distinguished honour to have your Grace's sanction to inscribe the volume in dedication to one whose high position in the State has been recognised by our Sovereign Lady and an admiring Nation, whose eminently useful services in many walks of life have embraced those of literature and science, and whose whole career will place the name of Campbell, Duke of Argyll, as pre-eminent in the nineteenth century, and for the ages to follow.

I have the honour to remain,

Your Grace's faithful servant,

D. BROWN ANDERSON.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
THE VALE OF ANWOTH	9
CORTACHY AND GLEN PROSEN	15
THE SOUTH ESK AT CLOVA	19
THE BRAES OF ISLA	23
BERVIE AND ARBUTHNOTT	27
INVERMARK	32
EDMUND YATES	37
A FAVOURITE AUTHOR	41
A FORGOTTEN GENIUS	48
A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR	53
LORD BYRON AND LOCH-NA-GAR	60
RECOLLECTIONS OF PROFESSOR VEITCH	66
A MINISTER'S JUBILEE	75
SOME EMINENT IRISHMEN	80
WILLIAM BELL SCOTT	88
"OOR AIN FOLK"—"THE HUMOUR OF THE SCOT"	94
LITERATURE ACROSS THE FORTH	103
CENTENARIANS	109
AN OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN	114
PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON	121
BLACKFORD	129
A GREAT INSTITUTION	133
THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER	140
TWO DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS	146
A GREAT LAWYER	151
TARFSIDE IN SPRING	157
LOWER STRATHEARN	162
KIRKHOPE AND OAKWOOD TOWERS	166
THE VALE OF ALFORD	171

Contents.

	PAGE
HEAVY FLOODS	177
THE BARONE HILL, ROTHESAY	181
GLEN PROSEN'S GOLDEN BROOM	185
AN EMINENT MUSICIAN	191
THE HILL OF EDZELL	198
"SONG BEFORE SERMON"	203
IN MEMORIAM	209
THE KAIM OF KINPRUNES	211
NO TICK HERE	218
ALEXANDER SMITH'S "CHRISTMAS"	221
ST. CYRUS FROM THE HILL OF MORPHIE	228
PROFESSOR WILSON'S POETRY	232
MRS. OLIPHANT'S "CENTURY OF GREAT POETS" NO. I.	238
" " NO. II.	245
" " NO. III.	253
THE SOUTH ESK AT TANNADICE	259
THE CONIES	263
NORMAN MACLEOD OF ST. COLUMBA'S	268
"GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'"	274
MOUNT MELVILLE	279
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA	284
THE LATE EARL OF MANSFIELD	291
A TRIPLET OF MEMORIALS	295
THE POETRY OF GLEN PROSEN	300
THE END OF THE SEASON	305
THE CREAM OF BARRIE'S "WINDOW"	310
LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR CHARLES HALLÉ	316
EXPERIENCES OF AN LL.D.	323
A DEAN'S FOND MEMORIES	331
A FAMOUS RECTORIAL ADDRESS	343
"A. K. H. B."	351
"A JORUM OF PUNCH."	360
A DOG-CART DRIVE	367
A VALIANT SOLDIER	374

The Vale of Anwoth.

UNDOUBTEDLY it is wholesome for the city man to leave for a time his sweet domesticities to seek pastures new wherever his fancy may lead him. The Trossachs, and Crieff, and Pitlochry, from their special attractions and proximity to our chief cities, will always be among the popular holiday resorts of our travellers; but it may happen that these resorts have been frequently visited, and the heart pines for a new field, combining the varied charm of scenery, sport, historic research, and good accommodation on the way. Supposing the south-west is tried. Come with us this Easter holiday and see what can be made of the Vale of Anwoth. To begin with, the route by the Caledonian from Edinburgh is magnificent, and in five hours after leaving the city you land at Dromore, in the wilds of Galloway, having lunched at Dumfries, halted at Castle Douglas, come through green pastures where the lambs are skipping in their innocent frolic and the cattle are feeding on a thousand hills. A good land and a large is this—rock, mountain, lake, and river intermixed, and historic interest abundantly superadded.

An interesting centre and comfortable accommodation being important items in the programme, the tourist will find these requisites at the village of Gatehouse-of-Fleet, between Kirkcudbright and Newton-Stewart, and readers will readily associate this place with the family of artists, whose progress from humble life to the heights of fame is one of the many instances of which Scotchmen are justly proud. John, James, and Thomas Faed have, by their industry and genius, made such a name in the artistic world that you readily turn aside at this village, and a short distance up the Fleet there is Barlay Mill, the birthplace of this distinguished trio, and near to which the eldest brother now resides; the others, though not permanently living at Gatehouse, have the fondest

affection for it, and often revisit these scenes of their infancy and boyhood; honest, frank, unaffected men, they are respected and beloved by all who know them. From the brush of John Faed there is, in the Town Hall of Gatehouse, an elaborate picture of the Vale of Anwoth and surroundings, as seen from the village.

The rain overnight has freshened the parched soil, and as for the wealth of blossom in the village orchards, who can adequately describe it? Leigh Hunt has a quaint, fanciful rendering of the spring glory in his verses, commencing—

> "April, with her wet hand white with flowers,
> Dazzles the bridesmaids looking from the towers;"

and old Chaucer, too, genially commenting on the greenery of his surroundings, says—

> "Now that sweet April showers with downward shoot,
> The drought of March have pierced unto the root;"

the cherry and plum and sloe blossom are seen from the windows, and have a richness that vies with the full maturity of the flowers of summer. Nothing like an early start, whether business demands attention or on pleasure bent; so, with the wild freshness of morning, we are off betimes to the country of *Guy Mannering.* First of all, look at Cardoness House and Tower, the former a splendid modern structure, the latter crumbling to decay; Ardwall, the residence of the genial and learned Sheriff of Perthshire. What a wealthy mass of spring flowers are now gemming the policies of each place; envious for the moment do we feel of their owners, but remembering the cares (and frequently the losses) of landed proprietors, the mind becomes reconciled to being a tramp!

> "Tramp, tramp, tramp, my boys, we're marching!"

Yes, and marching merrily along to rocky Ravenshall, the roadside inn of old, now a snug modern marine villa, from which a view across the water to the Wigton side is obtained.

Descending the grassy path to the rocks, what memories arise of boyhood's fascination over Dirk Hatterick, Meg Merrilees, and Dominie Sampson! From the rocks and caves associated with the two former, you look up to "*Ellangowan's height*," Barholm, and, with Dominie Sampson, exclaim, "Prodigious!" Nor does admiration lessen when the way is wended up the wooded slope to the romantic old castle of *Ellangowan*, for such we prefer still to call it, and here the very shades of all the chief characters in that, the most charming of all Scott's works, are summoned before the mind's eye. Yes! how commanding the height, how extensive the prospect over to Wigtonshire, and to the right the wild moors of Galloway, the moss-hags, the curlew, and better still to-day we see the skylark soaring to the blue lift. Irresistibly Shelley's lines are in your ear, and you cannot but repeat them:

"Higher and still higher
From the earth thou springest;
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

"Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine.
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

"What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

"Better than all measures
Of delighful sound;
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground."

Crowning a grassy eminence, near the village of Gatehouse, stands a monument, seen for miles around, blending with the landscape, and commemorating the learning and piety of,

Samuel Rutherford, a seventeenth century minister of yonder church in the vale (now in ruins), and as the May-day sun pours its rays on both the ancient and modern churches, the manse and glebe watered by the rivulet, one cannot but discern the aids to devotion and study which would be peculiarly fostered in the sequestered but not isolated vale. No wonder that Rutherford came under the influence of these shades as manifested in that life, and commemorated by that noble monument in his honour. Well fitted is the place to induce a happiness and content apart altogether from the forms of those virtues found in the city. From this point a fine view of the chief mansion around Gatehouse is obtained, Cally House, which travellers would do well to see in detail on the days that its avenues and internal treasures are opened to the public. But while deservedly this, the lower part of the vale, is seen with an almost rapturous admiration, who would neglect following up the Fleet to that sylvan strath down which, having emanated from the hills in two branches, the river gracefully meanders between Castramont and Rusco? Here beauty is added to strength, for lo! that mountain giant *Cairnsmore* towers away to the left, keeping watch and ward over his lower dominions. From the fair mansion of Castramont you look across to Rusco Castle, round which the jays are coursing; the lambs gambol in the sunshine of May, the cuckoo again sends forth his sweetest note, the pheasant and the blackcock adding their chorus to the music of the vale. In the "Traditions of Galloway" an apt description of the old castle is given:—

"But lo! a little ruined tower
Erected by forgotten hands,
Though once the abode of pride and power
That by the river's margin stands.
Of old the Lords of Lochnivar
Here dwelt in peace, but armed for war;
And Rusco Castle could declare
That valiant chief and lady fair
Had often wooed and wedded there.
Upon the eastern bank of Fleet
Constramont smiles, a hamlet sweet
Just fronting Rusco Tower."

The first of May! The annual return of this season has to us a magic charm that even the purple heather in autumn cannot rival, and the charm was this morning enhanced when at noon we saw emerging from the woods some fresh Galloway lassies with posies of the fragrant flowers just gathered on the banks of the Fleet. An idyllic scene truly, which would have been perfection had the lassies sung a madrigal appropriate to the season; but bashful maidens cannot be persuaded to sing before strangers, and *therefore* the strangers had to sing to *them* in praise of the flowers with which they were laden. Here is what was sung, and Leigh Hunt calls it the *inaudible utterances*, "The Song of the Flowers":

"We are the sweet flowers
Born of sunny showers:
Think whene'er you see us what our beauty saith,
Utterances mute and bright
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath.
All who see us love us,
We befit all places,
Unto sorrows we give smiles, and unto graces, graces."

"Yes," says Leigh Hunt, "flowers are alike suitable in palaces and huts, in the richest and the barrenest places, in prisons and cemeteries, in theatres, in churches, in shops, in offices, in markets, in courts of law, on the lady's bosom, and in the buttonhole of the veriest blackguard. Yes, for it shows that even he is not insensible to the beautiful."

Go, reader, to the Vale of Anwoth in May; disappointment will not ensue, but an added pleasure will be yours. Nature is seen at her fairest around the old kirk where Rutherford preached, and at Ardmore, where John Faed is now spending the quiet afternoon of his busy life. Nothing is wanting to make the place a pleasant retreat for a holiday, and even should you have a wet morning, go forth in the afternoon and behold the bright rainbow as evening approaches, and Thomas Campbell's lines are recalled:

"And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,

Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

"And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God."

Cortachy and Glen Prosen.

WHEN Mr. J. M. Barrie published his popular book, "A Window in Thrums," no amount of conjecture would serve the reader as to the meaning of Thrums, until it gradually oozed out how this was the term applied by the author to the quaint Forfarshire town of his forefathers and their friends, the town of the weavers, when by day the "whirring" of the handless testified to the daily toil of the bread-winners. The night brought with it the sleep necessary to freshen them for the next day's work, and on Sabbath the gentle tinkling sound of the bell attached to the Anti-Burghers' Meeting House summoned them and their families to their devout worship and a day of rest. To these honest burghers the sight of an excursion coach or a bicycle on the Sunday was as unknown as it would have been unwelcome, and whatever would have been the intended destination of such Sunday travellers, be sure that the burghers of Thrums would have readily booked them for perdition.

Until we saw Kirriemuir for ourselves, we were prejudiced against the place, and had obtained no flattering account of a town even yet not widely known. Prejudice, however, regarding persons as well as places is an unsafe guide. Therefore, why not get acquainted with the objects of our prejudice? Frequently an unfounded prejudice gives place to a due appreciation of these objects; our haste and ignorance in rashly condemning are removed; nay, more, a wholesome lesson is frequently conveyed to us, and we are better and wiser for the process. That Mr. Barrie has been the medium of bringing Kirriemuir into notice, of increasing its trade, and of inducing more of the local and general public to visit the burgh, and drive on to the glens beyond it, is undoubted. We have not the census of the numbers travelling now, as compared with the tourists who appeared before Mr. Barrie's

book was published, but we would venture to say that the number is double what it formerly was.

Arrived at Kirriemuir on a summer day, a short time will suffice to walk through the narrow streets (some of them steep), inspect the winding alleys, take note of the handsome bank buildings, the modern suburban villas, mount the hill to the cemetery, from where the chimneys of Forfar and the smoke of Dundee are seen. The vale of Strathmore is revealed. The eye is gladdened with the summer's verdure, but grieved by the devastation of the fallen timber. Regarding this latter, most painful statistics reveal as follows, *viz.*, that the full force of the gale which swept over Britain in November, 1893, was experienced in Forfarshire, where some 2,000,000 trees were blown down, thus entirely changing the face of the country, and that the estimated damage to Forfarshire was £350,000. On the Earl of Airlie's estate about 220,000 trees were uprooted or broken, while at Glamis, which had in previous gales suffered severely, the work of destruction was renewed. Lorries are seen on the road with the timber, and at the Forfarshire railway stations the wood is heaped pile on pile, waiting its transit to the merchant's yard.

Sad as is such a prospect, let us look away from the inevitable to the permanent amenity of the landscape, and come along out of Thrums to where the waters of the South Esk receive tribute from the Prosen, that sweet stream flowing peacefully from the uplands down by the wooded vale of Glen Prosen. Cortachy is a charming centre, and we remember with delight how we saw it first in the leafy month when the freshness of summer called up the popular verse of Leigh Hunt—

> "O could I walk around the earth
> With a heart to share my mirth,
> With a look to love me ever,
> Thoughtful much, but sullen never,
> I could be content to see
> June, and no variety,
> Loitering here and living there,
> With a book and frugal fare,

With a finer gipsy time
And a cuckoo in the clime;
Work at morn and mirth at noon,
And sleep beneath the sacred moon."

There's a sweet hamlet at Cortachy on the wooded banks of the South Esk, which is spanned by a bridge, honeysuckle and roses adorning the cottages, the baronial residence, Cortachy Castle, and the extensive park, liberally shown to all well-behaved travellers; the red-stone church, the school, the manse, the store, the smithy, the post-office, equipped with a telegraph service; a snug hotel, where we have sojourned in midsummer, and wherein we have made most agreeable friends. Close at hand, the roads to Clova and Glen Prosen bifurcate, and it is up this latter we propose to-day conducting the reader along a good road, which for five miles surmounts the grassy and wooded sloping banks of the Prosen, where the angler, in plying his rod, listens to the pastoral symphony of the vale, and where the feathered tribe chorus so sweetly. Farm and cottage being passed, look across to yonder home of the Stormonth-Darlings, that sweet gem Lednathie, where in a previous season we were kindly entertained by the laird, now, alas! no more. A residence in Forfarshire more delicious than Lednathie cannot be found, nor a family more respected. Look at the small kirk of Prosen, the capacious manse, the Ogilvie Arms Hotel at Inchmill, and beyond, the avenue which leads to the residence of Mrs. Ogilvie of Clova, Balnaboth House, arrived at which we are not far from the shooting lodge near the head of this charming glen, Craig Lodge. And now the traveller may choose to sojourn at the snug hotel for two days, in order to have the place impressed on his mind, before leaving either for the hills to Ballater, across Glen Tarrie to Clova, or down the Prosen again to Cortachy, an *embarras du richesse* truly, for they are each and all highly attractive.

In our travels further north, we have, in the grandeur of Inverness-shire, seen at Glen Moriston and Invergarry the sublimity of the Highlands, but candidly do we tell the reader that Glen Prosen compares not unfavourably to these, while

the distance to be traversed from Edinburgh and Glasgow is less than half what it is to Inverness from these places. Then one is not cut off from the sources of civilisation. Steam from Kirriemuir, the telegraph at Cortachy, and hiring everywhere! But let the pedestrian do his twelve miles daily on these hills; he will be a better man for it, a more useful member of society. Gladly will he go forth to renew his work; cheerfully will he even endure the sundry annoyances of daily life; complacently he will, after dinner, cigar in mouth, listen to a bore.

Who has not heard of Clova, watered by the South Esk, its high hills rising to lofty magnificence?—the Kirkton, consisting of the church, manse, farm, and cottages; Lochs Brandy and Wharral, the deer forest of Glen Doll, with the two mountain passes leading the traveller to Braemar and Ballater. An adequate description of Clova would necessitate the writing of an article for that glen. Meanwhile, as the result of our wanderings in this section of Forfarshire, and seeking out its amenities, there is no hesitation felt in awarding the palm to that sylvan hollow surmounted by Cathlaw and the other hills of the dear old glen of the Prosen.

The South Esk at Clova.

GIVEN a favourable July day at the Kirkton of Clova, and you meet, hovering about the banks of the stream and the paths by the mountain rills, many of your fellow-countrymen, some known to you, and others soon to become your friends by that absence of ceremony which characterises the proceedings of all travellers in our lovely glens. Indeed, to alter the well-known line of the poet by a single word—"One touch of *Clova* makes the whole world kin," must have been the unexpressed sentiment of many of our sons and daughters sojourning amid the sublimity of these magnificent mountain peaks, especially in the July of this present season when the heather is almost fully out, and the honeysuckle is prodigal of its charms, a season which has brought visitors in flocks to the Kirkton, and where, if the heat is excessive, you can have the welcome shade of the ample foliage bordering the bonnie burn in which the ducks are now dipping at noonday, and looking up to that angler on his way to Loch Brandy, this pair of lovers out on their honeymoon, and that couple of friends who, David and Jonathan like, are bound together here in more perfect bonds than they experience in the busy world of city life. Yesterday these friends were over by Glen Tarrie to the Prosen, which means stiff walking and plenty talking. To-day, like others, they rest, and are thankful. After breakfast the Diary has been brought out, and yesterday's proceedings duly enrolled; the forenoon pipe is smoked; the post, though not yet arrived, is not waited for with a vestige of impatience. Who wishes for letters or papers in Clova! We all wish this institution *postponed* till the afternoon at least, if not until to-morrow.

Not only is Clova magnificent in itself, but it has two of the grandest outlets in all broad Scotland, those mountain

passes from Glen Doll Lodge over to Braemar and Ballater, which in clear weather are fully taken advantage of by the hardy Scot, and by not a few ladies who still prefer the healthy exercise of walking to the whirling and heating cycle. Mr. Gladstone once walked the entire distance from the Aberdeenshire end to Kirriemuir, about thirty-two miles, and though comparatively few attempt this feat, hundreds traverse the same route, but usually sleep at the Kirkton of Clova, where, if need be, a hire can be had to Cortachy or to Thrums, and many looking on this plan as the better part of valour, accomplish their journey in comfort.

Again, how many are there who discern in dear Clova itself the essence of that reposeful happiness that does not wish to be always on the tramp, but to saunter and read and write, to follow up the mountain burns to the moorland tarn from which they emanate; if an angler, to lure that large trout from the pool under the rock; if intent on the grouse, to note the size of the coveys which ever and anon whirr past him on the wings of the wind, to anticipate "a right and left" on the twelfth of August, when the evening's bag will show at least ten brace to each gun—a good day's sport and no slaughter; if an artist, to choose his spot for painting the winding Esk, or the moor clad with heather and verdure. Each and all of these are now around us, and cordial are the morning greetings exchanged by a joyous and varied fraternity. But we must not forget the poet who, having ample material either for quoting from his brethren who are gone, or originating new sonnets, has only to look around, and what themes are ready to his hand! We met one to-day who, we were glad to find, delighted in Shelley's "Cloud" and in our favourite verses from it. With a finely-modulated voice he recited to us, looking beyond the mountain heights:—

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

"I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise, and unbuild it again."

An unexpected pleasure it was to meet here in the wilds a poet who, like ourselves, admired Shelley, and who quoted him so forcibly. The pleasure was increased when, sauntering along the grassy banks of the winding Esk, we spoke of other poets and other scenes familiar to us; it was an easy transition from the South Esk at Clova to its namesake at Langholm in the South, which our poet at Clova knew well. "But," said we, "do you know of the Dumfriesshire poet, the gentle Thomas Aird, the biographer of 'Delta,' who has so sweetly sung of his native streams from the stately Nith down to the Appin and the smaller burns of his county?" "No," said he, "and pray give me some information regarding him." "Well, Thomas Aird was the author of a volume of poems too little known, many of which, if they had been brought more prominently before the public, would have raised him to a higher fame than, unfortunately, he attained; but the modesty of the man stood in his way, and he was content unobtrusively to live, and calmly to die, although his select friends recognised the poetic gems which again and again were produced by their esteemed contemporary. Here is one which will compare not unfavourably with Tennyson's 'Brook,' and entitled 'The River,' We recall the introductory lines:—

"'Infant of the weeping hills,
Nursling of the springs and rills,
Growing river, flowing ever,
Wimpling, dimpling, staying never,
Lisping, gurgling, ever going,
Lipping, slipping, ever flowing,
Toying round the polished stone,
Kiss the sedge, and journey on.
Here's a creek where bubbles come,
Whirling make your ball of foam,
There's a nook so deep and cool,
Sleep into a glassy pool,
Breaking, gushing,
Downward rushing,'"

"Yes," said the poet of Clova, "there's a true ring about that, and you do right to approve of Aird as a poet of no mean order. What you have quoted appeals to all in its direct simplicity and truth to Nature. Had Browning kept on these lines he would have been understood and appreciated instead of being *Caviare* to the multitude. More's the pity that so many poets mystify, instead of enlightening us, and thankful should we be to those who like Aird hold the mirror up to Nature."

We agreed to meet again at Clova, and have further discourse over its varied attractions, its suggestions, its grandeur, and its means of promoting friendship and brotherly love.

The Braes of Isla.

TRAVERSING a considerable section of the counties of Perth and Forfar, and receiving in its course tribute from many a mountain burn, the Isla takes high rank among our rivers, and deservedly so. Look at the attractions for the angler with its finny treasures, which, when standing on the river's brim, he is naturally proud of, especially that trout weighing a pound, and these three of the red spots, half a pound each; he pauses, he rests at midday, and after the sandwich and just a thimbleful of Glenlivet have been partaken of, the blue smoke of the pipe goes curling aloft, and our angler, so satisfied as to be "o'er a' the ills o' life victorious," surveys the slopes of heather round the deer forest at Caenlochan from which two months hence the frequent crack of the rifle is sure indication that many an antlered monarch has been fired at, if not laid low. Merry bands of tourists in their char-a-bancs bowl along the turnpike, and there is a mutual survey—sometimes a little chaff—of good will between the travellers and the angler. The latter rising to resume his rod, startles a covey of grouse that have flown down from the heather; they are within gunshot, and as he is an all-round sportsman he sighs at the absence of his breech-loader, but looks at his fish as he sings, "How happy could I be with either."

At the Kirkton of Glen Isla there is so open and wide a sweep of the Glen surmounted, overtopped by Mount Blair, such bracing Highland air, so perfect a lullaby from the stream, that this section of Forfarshire invariably comes in for a share of the patronage and popularity which is divided so equally between it and her neighbours over the hill into the Prosen, and from thence to Clova. Avoid comparisons, choose for yourself. Quoting again from the "Beggars Opera," our sensations on viewing the Kirkton of Clova and Isla have been "how happy with either," and

although more familiar with the banks of Prosen and the windings of the Esk, the Isla cannot be overlooked, nay more, it has in two celebrated falls, and in its close proximity to that "bonnie hoose" of Scottish history, charms peculiarly its own.

We have seen the chief waterfall of this river in varying degrees of fulness, and have come to the conclusion that to view the "Reekie Linn" to the best advantage you must see it in a moderate *spate*, and the sun shining well out on the foam surrounded by the lichened rock. We were in good luck to-day to meet the poet from Clova above the fall. "Watch," said he, "how like an acrobat before performing his astounding feat, or the race-horse in his preliminary canter, the river, feeling, but reserving, his strength, flows calmly to the point where the plunge is to be made, and how, like the acrobat and the race-horse, he discharges his duty."

> "As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
> As deep recoiling surges foam below,
> Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
> And viewless echo's ear, astonished, rends.
> Dim seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
> The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
> Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
> And still below the horrid caldron boils."

So grand is the sight that you linger at the Reekie Linn to have it photographed on the mind's eye, and you describe it to others who as yet have not seen it; you mention Foyers which Burns saw in his northern tour, and in its praise wrote the verse just quoted, which aptly describes this splendid Forfarshire Linn; and notwithstanding the poet is urging you to go forward with him to the further fall and to Airlie, you resist his importunity until you have feasted your eyes on the foaming cataract, which begins with two splendid leaps, and after an interval of about ninety yards takes a final jump and settles into a broad, still pool of great depth. Not only is the Reekie Linn one of the greatest falls in the North, but the paths adjoining it are so extensive and varied that the visitor can view it from above, midway, and then going to the

foot secure the most comprehensive and striking view obtainable.

Were there no Reekie Linn, the *Slug of Auchrannie* would come in for a large share of attention from the numerous visitors to the banks of the Isla, and on its own merits there is much to say in praise of that narrow passage of the river through the rocks and beneath the high banks, constituting a set of rapids more than a flight of waterfalls, and from thence with graceful windings glides to the base of those deep, grassy slopes adorning the bonnie Hoose o' Airlie.

Of all the show places in Scotland, we think this the most interesting. Lacking the modern grandeur in house, garden and policy of certain ducal residences, and the demesnes of noble lords stretching far and wide, it has, with its Scotch historical story of liveliest interest, its blending of the ancient and modern in the structure of the castle, a situation unrivalled; and here on this July day stand with us on the grassy plateau overlooking these sylvan slopes, and from this eminence you command at once the *tout ensemble* of this perfect idyll in history, song, and romance. Time, as it were, stands still (the petty cares of life are forgotten), and you go back to these feudal and warlike times when clans and chieftains buckled on their armour to fight for their country or their sweethearts. Resting on its past laurels, this bonnie Hoose o' Airlie is now a scene of calm and dignified repose, and should admission be obtained to see it on a non-excursion day, there is nothing to break the sublime, the majestic stillness of the place. The cawing of rooks, the flight of a pigeon, the hopping of a few robins, aid rather than diminish the quietude; at intervals an opening among the trees discloses the river meandering in a semi-circle, and with its placid ripple tempering the still life of its surroundings, while away in the distance is the fertile vale of Strathmore, and to the right the Mountains of Glen Isla.

Could the author, the poet, the musician, have free access to these woods, what eloquent and stirring scenes would they not suggest to him! The noisy world excluded, the soothing, the meditative scene substituted, what inspiration might we

not expect to come to the pen of the thinker and the ready writer! Surely there would be a more rounded finish and a fuller completeness to their works than could be obtained from the same individuals writing in their respective studies. Winter will come on apace, and of necessity you then take to the fireside study, and turn off good and glorious work there. But in the sweet spring-tide, and the effulgent summer, has any man tried to study through the woods, the clover fields, and alongside the babbling brook, and not been the better for the process? Does not a popular song, "Through the Woods," tell of the heart being filled with gladness, and the mind dispelled of sadness? Not only do the minor poets commend the process, but Shakespeare himself, in lines of sweetness and wisdom, speaks of books in the running brooks, and of sermons even in stones. The contagion is far from being universal, for there will always be, as in Wordsworth's time, a *him* to whom a primrose will ever be a primrose (and nothing more) on the river's *brim*. Unreflecting men abound, the seekers after wealth are not on the decrease, the votaries of fashion cannot be put down, the police are powerless to arrest superfluous cyclists, and there will always be those who find their own (perfectly legitimate) recreation on race courses, tennis courts, and the cricket field. But surely too much cannot be said in the way of favourably recommending the study and love of nature to those who have opportunities of wooing her anywhere, and specially here in bonnie Scotland, of which our great Wizard has spoken so eloquently,

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood."

Bervie and Arbuthnott.

THESE contiguous parishes in Kincardineshire, thirteen miles from Montrose, might be likened—Bervie to the bluff, robust sea captain—Arbuthnott to the modest and retiring, yet most elegant bride, keeping house quietly in her secluded vale, while the captain is on duty either at sea or on shore. Which is the better half it is not for us to say, but having the pleasure of knowing them both intimately, and having been welcomed by them for four summers, and enjoyed the intimate friendship of several of their families, we desire, for the benefit of those readers unacquainted with the district, to portray the leading features of this comely and hospitable couple.

On no occasion of our visits were we, in common parlance, "run down"; but pining for a change from the city, fresh air, and views of the boundless sea, the traveller soon whirls into Montrose, and from this point the sea is his companion nearly for the whole of the route out to Bervie, the *terminus* of this little railway. As a village it is an average type of many another Scotch one inland or by the shore, but its glorious sea is so prominent a feature, and the uncrowded condition of its shore so desirable, that the few dozens who resort to it for bathing, ozone, and rest, obtain these in so abundant a measure, that with good accommodation, ample supplies, early posts, and most of the modern requirements, he will be a fastidious person indeed who fails to be satisfied with this village by the sea.

Seated on the slope above the shore, how grand the sight, how soothing the sound of those waves breaking into white foam on the stony beach. Look further ahead at the variety of craft, steamer, yacht, and fishing boat, that from early morn to starry eve glide over the expanse of waters, and think of the industry and trade that are the support of the families of those toilers of the deep. But the visitor from the city is,

after all, more concerned with himself at present than with either the natives of Bervie or the passengers on the steamers, and this morning we were thoroughly in accord with him who, with the poetic eye and tuneful ear, thus wrote:—

"God be with thee, gladsome ocean!
How gladly greet I thee once more!
Ships and waves and ceaseless motion,
And men rejoicing on thy shore.

"Dissuading, spake the mild physician,
'Those briny waves for thee are death!'
But my soul fulfilled her mission,
And lo! I breathe untroubled breath!

"Fashion's pining sons and daughters,
That seek the crowd, they seem to fly,
Trembling they approach thy waters,
And what cares Nature if they die?

"Me a thousand hopes and pleasures,
A thousand recollections bland,
Thoughts sublime and stately measures
Revisit on thy echoing strand:

"Dreams (the soul herself forsaking),
Tearful raptures, boyish mirth;
Silent adorations making
A blessed shadow of this earth!

"O ye hopes that stir within me,
Health comes with you from above;
God is with me, God is in me,
I cannot die, if Life be Love."

It is with the pleasant holiday aspect of Bervie that we have to do. For those wishing to learn its history, and also for some interesting notices of the neighbouring seaward parish of Kineff, reference is made to the Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland. We are now situated 9 miles from Stonehaven, the county town, a most popular and populous seaside resort.

The visitor saunters along the braes bordering the river, and, still sniffing the sea, proceeds up stream, asking, "What old house is that ahead of us, where the river winds in serpen-

tine folds?" That, my friend, is Allardyce Castle, formerly possessed by a family of that name, now the property of the Arbuthnott family, and tenanted by the kindly and intelligent farmer, Mr. Gray, who delights in showing you the antiquities of the old house, and giving you shade from the glaring August sun while he discourses on the weather, politics, and mankind in general, ere you leave for that secluded dell, which, whether retrospectively or in anticipation, is to us by far the sweetest spot in all Kincardineshire. The learned pastor of Arbuthnott being our guide, what an advantage to have him as companion when traversing that green sward below Lord Arbuthnott's mansion, which, with equal truth and felicity, he (the pastor) has named "the quiet waters by." "The world forgetting, by the world forgot," is a term most peculiarly applicable to this sylvan retreat on the sweet banks of the Bervie; a quiet, cheerful, stillness broods over the sheltering woods where the pheasant skirrs, the pigeon coos, and still life gladdens those fortunate enough to discover the sublime beauty of this romantic dell. No wonder that, during a long life spent in quiet, useful service here, the influence of the scene has been manifest not only in the pastor himself, but in his family and flock, who weekly worship in the venerable (restored) kirk of Arbuthnott, where in summer the stirred branches by the windows and the murmuring brook keep time to the tunes of "Howard," "Coleshill," and "French," varied by the sweet children's hymn that closes a devout and edifying service. Entering sympathetically into the joys and sorrows of his parishioners, their pastor also enjoys that cultured literary life which he adorns, and which, had ambition prompted him, would have elevated the minister to the chair of the learned professor in our universities.

The delicious stillness inducing a perfect peace is, however, a luxury not to be too largely indulged in. You must work ere you can enjoy a tabernacle of rest; the river is now crossed at the mill, the opposite bank ascended, and though it is a short distance to the height on the farm called Bamph of Arbuthnott, it is up-hill all the way. On a clear day the view down to the Howe o' the Mearns reveals a fertile strath

hemmed in by a ridge of the Grampians blooming in their purple attire, the woods of Drumtochty, the giant mountain Kerlock, while a snug mansion near at hand induces the question, "What place is that?" We answer the House of Kair, the property of Dr. Johnson, for many years the ablest medical practitioner in Montrose, and even yet, though an octogenarian, giving his most valuable services to his neighbours in Fordoun, who are naturally proud of one born in their midst having acquired the reputation of being in his own profession one of the most sagacious and successful of our Scotch physicians, honoured alike by rich and poor as indeed a grand old man.

From this point it is not a long drive to Glenbervie, the mansion of that name, embowered in woods, being the residence of Mr. Badenach Nicolson, Convener of the County, close to which is the romantic sloping kirkyard, containing the ashes of the great-grandparents of Robert Burns, the tombstones having been recently rescued from decay, and a modern inscription certifies that the ancestors of our illustrious poet are here interred. Few travellers are aware of this, and naturally all admirers of the poet seek out the shrines connected with himself, of which there are so many in the southern counties; to us, however, it confers an additional and strong interest to have frequently seen the resting-place of the progenitors of our illustrious bard, one of the quiet peaceful spots of the Bervie valley.

Having now only to drive through the popular village of Auchinblae, with its street so steep as to be well-nigh dangerous, we proceed cautiously down and emerge into the return road, which calls for no special remark; but we must not omit mention of a twin sister to Bervie, the sea-girt parish of Kineff, which retains its primitive condition, and where no summer lodgers are seen, though it is one of our favourite walks out of Bervie; for besides its grassy banks bordering the sea, it has a proportion of those quaint Kincardineshire farm steadings and cottages so sheltered and yet so sunny; and if the Dell of Arbuthnott is by the quiet waters, the Dell of Kineff is the nearest land relative to the majestic

ocean, on whose shores immediately ahead is the coastguard and fishing hamlet of Catherine. And what is the prime object of interest in this dell? Why, the historical Church of Kineff, in which, after the siege of Dunnottar, our Scottish Regalia lay hid for years under the patriotic care of the then minister of Kineff, Granger: a copy in stucco of the Regalia is on the church walls, and the following graceful tribute to our hero is inscribed in the Latin tongue, the following being the translation:—

> "Behold the spot where Granger's ashes lie,
> Who from besieged Dunnottar safe conveyed
> The Insignia of Scotland's royalty;
> And in this hallowed ground in secret laid
> Where now he rests himself—Heaven shall bestow
> Meet recompense on such desert as his.
> He who his country's honour saved below,
> Now wields a sceptre in the realms of bliss."

In this, as in every summer, there will be visitors to their own favourite summer haunts, and the mind readily pictures scenes in the far north, and in these delicious pastures of Perthshire which are so deservedly popular, while for watering-places, Stonehaven on this same coast has annually its thousand visitors. Dunnottar, even in its ruins, has an air of ancient majesty. Montrose, most pleasant of golf resorts, will be found abundant in varied attractions, and well does she hold her own as a provincial t wn of considerable amenity; and while the very name or even existence of Bervie and Arbuthnott is unknown to a large proportion of the inhabitants of Great Britain, they have had for us and our friends, in these later years, attractions peculiarly their own; strong and lasting is our affection for these sections of the coast of Kincardineshire.

Invermark.

SITUATED seventeen miles from the village and railway station of Edzell, this interesting ivy-clad castle, with the adjacent splendid shooting-lodge of the youthful Earl of Dalhousie, tenanted for several years back by the Earl of Dudley, and by Lord Hindlip, presents many attractions to tourists, while the before-mentioned distance from the rail prevents it from being inundated by travellers to that unpleasant extent which we see in many parts of Great Britain. And the reasons are not far to seek. We would first touch on the interest connected with the human element to which it can point, in having been for long the sporting residence of that great shot, Fox Maule, Lord Panmure, afterwards first Earl of Dalhousie, pre-eminent on the grouse moor and in the deer-forest, beloved as a landlord and a friend, noted as a keen and conscientious Free Church man, famed as a statesman, distinguished as Secretary for War when that blighting and disastrous flame broke out in the East at Sebastopol, where the death-roll would have been much greater but for his foresight and firm administration in the various departments, especially that relating to the warm clothing and bedding of the troops there inured to the severities of one of our terrible winters. Whether that terrible war was a mistake or not is a question that has been often keenly canvassed, but we never heard a dissenting voice to the proposition that the horrors of war were materially lessened by the statesmanship of Fox Maule, Lord Panmure, who on a remarkable occasion was entertained at a banquet by his tenantry on the green sward of his patrimonial castle at Edzell, the greatest enthusiasm being manifested, and one of his lordship's most characteristic speeches being delivered in response to the toast of his health.

Though less directly connected with the glen of the North

Esk than Lord Panmure, a popular, eloquent, and illustrious divine here found that calm, reposeful recreation of which in summer he stood so much in need after his severe winter labours in Edinburgh and the provinces—the great Thomas Guthrie, the eloquent preacher, the great humanitarian, whose ashes now repose along with his kindred, and near to those of other renowned men, in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh. Here, on the banks of Lochlee, at the farm-house of Inchgrundle, did Dr. Guthrie delight to dwell, mingling literature, humanitarianism, and theology with his favourite sport, angling in the loch whose waves rippled on the banks of his blessed summer retreat, equally happy in casting his line from the shore, or when being rowed across the loch by his family, or by the numerous retainers of Lord Panmure, who, with his lordship, welcomed with acclamation the Doctor to those hillsides and quiet homes wherein he shone as a light in the world. What Scotchman does not know the history of the great Guthrie? Many are now living to whom he, being dead, yet speaketh. Gone to his rest twenty-three years ago, he lives as fresh in our memory as if it were yesterday he had departed from our midst, with that intensely strong personality that riveted all those who heard him in the pulpit, on the platform, and mingled with him in that social life of which he was so distinguished an ornament. Here, on the heath-clad moor, did he preach the gospel to the inhabitants of the Upper Glen, numbers coming from the remoter districts to hear a man unrivalled in the Scotch Church for eloquence and pathos. And at home how kindly humorous and playful was the man! Blessed be the shade of Thomas Guthrie! We shall not look upon his like again.

In these latter times we have in James Inglis, a native of the glen, son and grandson of revered ministers of the Scotch Church, a Glenesk man who has worthily risen to distinction, and who, in his excellent books, "Oor ain Folk," and "The Humour of the Scot," shows that remarkable grit and shrewd humour, as well as literary power and patriotic affection, that make our hearts warm to our native glens and those worthy sons of the soil who endeavour in their humble way to keep

up the reputation of our beloved land, our Burns, and our Walter Scott. Long may they live and flourish at home and abroad.

But it is time to turn from mankind and to go to Nature. Has the travelled Scot in his wanderings been more captivated with anything than those Alpine heights, those glorious cataracts, the splendid rills, the green holms, the beauteous homesteads of the farmer and the cottar, that converge in and around Invermark? Their equals he may have seen many a time and oft. Their superiors, where are they? Invermark Lodge and Castle, surrounded and well sheltered with umbrageous woods, is the point where two tracks diverge —the left to Lochlee, the Falls of Unnich, the rocky abode of the eagle and the mountain hare; the right to the Valley of the Mark and the "Queen's Well," *en route* for the ladder road over Mount Keen to Glen Muick and Ballater. The old ruined kirk and kirkyard of Lochlee, the modern church and manse, the converging of the Mark and the Lee into the Esk, which commences a little below the manse—here, my friends, is a scene of richness and delight in which you would rejoice to dwell. Happy would you be to secure a farm-house for the summer months in these wilds; surely you would not be a worse man in the varied processes of thought and feeling for the fresh air, the soothing sounds and sights of this beloved bonnie glen of the North Esk. Though it is to be lamented that the Dalhousie Trustees have been so conservative as to prohibit the erection of an hotel at Invermark, Tarfside, or any point in the glen—and it *is* a great blank—most fortunately there is at several farm-houses and in cottages excellent accommodation and excellent fare for those who have sought out "the glen" for their summer quarters.

Here for the present are we at the sweet hamlet of Tarfside, where the Tarf brawls beneath the fine bridge, and the rowan-berry is a bright luscious red late in autumn. Near at hand is Mrs. Campbell's hospitable and picturesque abode, Glen Effock, most elegant of farm-houses, with an unrivalled view to the moors, where even now the beaters are raising birds to the guns of a royal highness, a noble earl, and

several men of distinguished families fortunate enough to enjoy ten days' hospitality from the noble lord now at Invermark. To-morrow in the deer forest the stag will be hunted and brought low; for variety, though late in the season, the larger and smaller stream will yield their finny treasures to the angler throwing the deft line on the river's pool. Well done, you shooters of grouse, you rifle shots, you sportsmen of all kinds! go back to your work, strengthened for it, and victorious over the ills of life.

For a type of the glen within the glen, that of the Burn of Glen Effock may be taken as a good one. Here we met an esteemed friend from the adjoining county of Kincardine. Fortunate enough to reside permanently at the village of St. Cyrus, he visits the glen twice annually, in early and late summer, and to-day his basket shows a take of three dozen, all caught in the mountain stream he loves so fondly; this week he will angle in the Tarf, that favourite of the keen angler on whose banks last week we witnessed a glorious grouse drive, and whereon the daily saunter up to the set of cataracts is taken. Look at that snug farm on the uplands, and the shepherd's cottage, from the chimneys of both of which emanates the peat reek, around which the cattle are lowing, the sheep bleating, and from which comes gambolling with a whine of welcome the playful collie pup, always ready to caress the summer visitors to Tarfside. At the latter there is the tiny Episcopal chapel and parsonage; down the glen road is the finest situated Free Church in Scotland, and thereafter the snuggest of shooting-lodges, "The Retreat"; two miles ahead there is Lord Dalhousie's well-known mansion, "Millden," and here we have often rested and been welcomed by two of his lordship's retainers after our rambles on Mount Battock.

But space would fail us to enumerate more fully and precisely the other turns of the river between this and the bright village of Edzell. Before the early dawn we have here been in sympathetic touch with Coleridge:—

> "Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
> In his steep course "

Ere light arose with the blessed morning, and the skies were gilded by other than a gilder's hands; at noon, at eventide, have we meditated on these hill-sides upon themes eventful, of awful interest, and on mysteries unfathomable to the finite mind; but relief is had when converse is held with the wise and the good, and when perplexed, it is better, my friend, to work than to speculate. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Do at least five hours honest work, whatever it may be, daily. Have your evening social intercourse and recreation, and then come out on this, the night of the harvest moon, when, although you cannot have Beethoven's moonlight sonata, you can recall the immortal and appropriate lines of Byron:—

> "The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
> Of the snow-shining mountains, beautiful!
> I linger yet with Nature, for the night
> Hath been to me a more familiar face
> Than that of man, and in her starry shade
> Of dim and solitary loveliness
> I learned the language of another world."

For yet a while, dear friends, we linger on the banks of the Esk and the Tarf, and, when the ruddy russet leaves of autumn appear in the tenth month of the year, we hope to meet you at the social board with the toast going round, and a special one in honour of sweet Tarfside.

Edmund Yates.

THE only son of Frederick Henry Yates, comedian, and Elizabeth Brunton, his wife, Edmund was born in 1831, at Edinburgh, where his father was engaged on a professional tour. A portrait, by Lonsdale, in the Garrick Club, represents Mr. Yates as a remarkably handsome gentleman of the old school, and as the universal remark which greeted Edmund as a lad was, "How like your father," he had this personal advantage, besides the much more precious one of the love and care of a most amiable mother. At the christening of young Edmund, Theodore Hook was one of the guests, and the sponsors to the infant were the Hon. Edmund Byng and Frederick Hodgson, M.P. for Barnstaple (known as "Brown Stout"), so there was more *éclat* attending the baptism of the comedian's child than usually falls to the lot of professional men. The home of the parents was in the Adelphi premises, part of the theatre, which had previously been visited by Sir Walter Scott, and described by him as a "curious dwelling, not larger than a squirrel's cage."

Here, then, Edmund's childhood was spent, and we learn from contemporary authorities that the comedian was successful and highly respected, and that a long career might have been anticipated for him but for the fact of his having on several occasions greatly over-exerted himself, and he died in 1842, when his son was only eleven; and his education being still incomplete, he proceeded to Germany, where, at Düsseldorf, a pleasant town on the lower Rhine, he boards with a German professor, and acquires the language. Most interesting and dramatic is the account given of the young pupil's sojourn here and intercourse with the natives and a few English residents. But a long sojourn was out of the question, as the young man has to be back in England to make his living. The post office is what he enters his official

life on, having received an appointment of a junior clerkship from the then Post-Master General, Lord Clanricarde. Suffice it to say that twenty-three years official life of hard work was passed here, in addition to journalistic work, which, during the latter part of his official life, he had eagerly entered on.

Any Government post is no sinecure, though, by many, it is erroneously supposed to be a very easy affair, and here we have a large staff working diligently in hope of promotion. Edmund, with his varied talent, had the faculty of successfully imitating documents brought before him, and he reproduces an excellent likeness of Sir Rowland Hill's signature. Accordingly, he is summoned before him to explain matters, and acknowledging that it was his work, Sir Rowland replies, "Very clever, indeed; but don't you think, Mr. Yates, it's rather a *dangerous* accomplishment?"

Of Colonel Maberley, a superior officer, he draws a very good picture, mentioning all his chief characteristics, and adding, that, though generally good-natured, he could be both unpleasant and proud, and remembers that "when on a little slip of written memoranda, which used to be kept on the edge of his green slope-desk, we saw the words, 'Kate-money,' we might generally expect to find the colonel's temper rather short that morning."

But with Yates' powers of work and ambitious views, the routine of official work at the post office was much too limited, and we have him entering on one kind of literary enterprise after another, contributing to the London "dailies" and "weeklies," the illustrated papers, the monthly magazines, and, finally, to original authorship in numerous works of fiction. Thus was he brought in contact with all the leading men of the day—authors, dramatists, artists, etc. With Thackeray he was intimate until the publication by Yates of a portrait sketch of the distinguished author, which gave the latter mortal offence, and a violent quarrel ensued which never healed. With Dickens he was all along on terms of affectionate intimacy, from making his acquaintance in the year 1854 to his death, Yates constantly writing in *Household*

Words, and being the frequent guest of Dickens at his town and country house and at the clubs; but as that great author's life and works are so widely known, we need not here introduce anything further regarding him. Of other celebrities in Yates' time, we chiefly mention Albert Smith of "Mont Blanc" fame, the caterer of an entertainment produced at the Egyptian Hall nearly forty years ago—the scenes painted by Beverley, and the description given as in an off-hand conversation by Smith. For popularity and success this entertainment has never been exceeded. With the *Punch* staff and the editors of that comic journal, Yates was in constant communication. He pays a high tribute to Mark Lemon, but reserves for the highest praise Shirley Brooks, the ready, brilliant, and witty writer, describing his verses as better than nine-tenths of the poems of his day. "His style," he says, "both in verse and prose writing, was excessively neat, but his neatness never swamped his humour. He was charmingly witty, but at the same time, broadly funny. For instance:

"'What are the wild waves saying?'
Said a maid in a round straw hat,
On the sands of Margate playing—
'Papa, can you tell me that?'
Her sire in grim displeasure
No kind of an answer made,
Till she fetched him a slight refresher
With the flat of her wooden spade."

With the late Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn, Yates was on terms of intimacy, and was usually detained after the other guests at the Justice's parties had gone. Cockburn had been Attorney-General prosecuting at the famous Palmer poisoning trial, and he tells Yates how he had worked night and day in studying the effects of various poisons, and finally submitted himself to an examination by friendly experts to prove that he had mastered the subject; how he elected to have the prisoner tried on Cook's case, though it was the weakest of the several indictments which he could have brought forward, feeling certain that if he failed to hang Palmer for the murder of Cook, he would indubitably convict

him for the murder of his wife. "I remember," says Yates, "his telling me how, having been called away by his duties as Attorney-General to Westminster, he returned to the Old Bailey as Lord Campbell was summing up, and looking down from a gallery into the court, 'I knew,' said he, 'by the look of John Campbell's face that Palmer was a dead man.'"

A counsel pleading before Lord Littleton had raised various objections to questions put by opposing counsel. His lordship consults with a learned brother, and returns into court with the reply, "O, Mr. Rightly, I have taken the opinion of my learned brother on the objections which you have raised in this case, and I have decided not to allow them; and I may as well tell you that in any other case in which you may raise objections I have decided not to allow them!"

Mr. Yates proceeded to America in the year 1872, delivered upwards of a hundred lectures, and travelled 26,000 miles, thereafter becoming London correspondent of the *New York Herald*, a post he occupied till he entered on the crowning enterprise of his life, namely, the launching of that now famous popular journal, *The World*, which, in spite of early difficulties and losses, has now become an assured success.

Certainly no man was more qualified to conduct a journal with so comprehensive a title; few men have travelled so widely, or have so large an acquaintance with citizens of the world, and few men have accomplished so vast an amount of varied work.

A Favourite Author.

HAD the late Alexander Smith been spared to full maturity, how he would have enriched our literature in prose and verse with works of a stamp very superior to the common ruck of to-day. While it is a source of lasting regret that this gifted author was cut off at the early age of thirty-seven, let it not be forgotten, and at the same time recorded with thankfulness, that he left us a precious legacy in those works which he found time to write in the intervals of his official duty as secretary to the University of Edinburgh. Like Anthony Trollope and Edmund Yates, he toiled at work that must have been uncongenial; unlike them, he died at his official post, and while yet a young man, one of the saddest instances of break-down from overwork, but not before he had emerged from obscurity, and made his mark in the literary world. Smith, like Byron, awoke one morning and found himself famous. "Have you read Smith's 'Summer in Skye'?" was the question asked by friends on the summer mornings of 1865, as the business men of Edinburgh and Glasgow were on their way to their chambers and warehouses. Should the reply be "No, not yet," then came the rejoinder, "Get it immediately, —what a treat is in store for you." Some enthusiastic admirers of the book would purchase six copies and bestow them on libraries, and lay them on the drawing-room table of their special friends. The book was a triumphant success; Smith's fame was secured.

To a younger generation, some of whom may not yet have seen the book, we would explain that not only is the Isle of Skye treated in a most felicitous and complete style, but the author likewise writes on Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the chief celebrities of these cities, more particularly the Edinburgh literary men of seventy years ago, the brilliant circle that made our city famous far and wide; the institutions, the

society; the tone of the Edinburgh life, in short, is given with great *verve* and acumen, the whole being interspersed with exquisite humour, and now and again the sprinkling of sarcasm to give it pungency. As a sign of Smith's genius, he can be elaborate in a few pithy sentences, and even in a few well-chosen words. Never is he tedious; on the contrary, you end a chapter with regret, and the book is finished with many a sigh that it has come to an end, wishing it were two volumes instead of the one comprising 570 pages, and the next thought of the reader is, "Well, what more did he write?" You find published between "Skye" and for several years until his death thereafter, "Dreamthorp: Essays written in the Country"; "Alfred Hagart's Household," a serial novel, first published in *Good Words;* and latterly, "Last Leaves," being a collection of essays collected and edited by his intimate friend, Patrick Alexander, who prefixes a faithful and discerning memoir of Smith to this volume. "A Life Drama" and "City Poems" were published by Smith himself many years before his prose works saw the light.

Like many another author, Smith came of humble parentage, was a native of Kilmarnock, came to Glasgow, and was employed there as a pattern designer, made the acquaintance of some literary men, and afterwards, when transferred to Edinburgh, received the appointment of secretary to the Metropolitan University. Out of his great work on Skye it is difficult to select, where all is so good, extracts which will please the bulk of readers, but of late, when the crofter agitation has been so widespread, the following picture of the Skye hut seems the most appropriate:—"Frankly speaking, the Highland hut is not a model edifice. It is open to wind, and almost always pervious to rain. An old bottomless herring-firkin stuck in the roof usually serves for chimney, but the blue peat reek disdains that aperture, and steams wilfully through the door and the crannies in the walls and roof. The interior is seldom well-lighted—what light there is proceeding rather from the orange-glow of the peat fire, on which a large pot is simmering, than from the narrow pane with its great bottle-green bull's eye. The rafters which

support the roof are black and glossy with soot, as you can notice by sudden flashes of firelight. The sleeping accommodation is limited, and the beds are composed of heather or ferns. The floor is the beaten earth, the furniture is scanty; there is hardly ever a chair—stools and stones, worn smooth by the usage of several generations, have to do instead. One portion of the hut is not unfrequently a byre, and the breath of the cow is mixed with the odour of peat-reek, and the *baa* of the calf mingles with the wranglings and swift ejaculations of the infant Highlanders. In such a hut as this there is sometimes three generations. The mother stands knitting outside, the children are scrambling on the floor with the terrier and the poultry, and a ray of cloudy sunshine from the narrow pane smites the silver hairs of the grandfather near the fire, who is mending fishing nets against the return of his son-in-law from the south. Am I inclined to lift up my hands in horror at witnessing such a dwelling? Certainly not. I have only given one side of the picture. The hut I speak of nestles beneath a rock, on the top of which dances the ash-tree and the birch. The emerald mosses on its roof are softer and richer than the velvet of kings. Twenty yards down that path you will find a well that needs no ice in the dog-days. At a little distance, from rocky shelf to shelf, trips a mountain burn, with abundance of trout in the brown pools. At the distance of a mile is the sea, which is not allowed to ebb and flow in vain; for in the smoke there is a row of fishes drying, and on the floor a curly-headed urchin of three years or thereby is pommeling the terrier with the scarlet claw of a lobster. Methought, too, when I entered, I saw beside the door a heap of oyster shells. Within the hut there is good food, if a little scant at times; without there is air that will call colour to the cheek of an invalid; pure water, play, exercise, work. That the people are healthy you may see from their strong frames, brown faces, and the age to which many attain; that they are happy and light-hearted, the shouts of laughter that ring round the peat-fire of an evening may be taken as sufficient evidence. I protest that I cannot become pathetic over the Highland hut.

I have sat in these turfen dwellings, amid the surgings of blue smoke, and received hospitable welcome, and found amongst the inmates good sense, industry, family affection, contentment, piety, happiness. And when I have heard philanthropists, with more zeal than discretion, maintain that these dwellings are a disgrace to the country in which they are found, I have thought of districts of great cities which I have seen—within the sound of the rich man's chariot wheels, within hearing of multitudinous Sabbath bells—of evil scents and sights; of windows stuffed with rags; of female faces that look out on you as out of a sadder inferno than that of Dante's; of faces of men containing the *débris* of the entire decalogue, faces which hurt you more than a blow would; of infants poisoned with gin, of children bred for the prison and the hulks. Depend upon it there are worse odours than peat-smoke, worse next-door neighbours than a cow or a brood of poultry; and although a couple of girls dragging a harrow be hardly in accordance with our modern notions, yet we need not forget that there are worse employments for girls than even that. I do not stand up for the Highland hut, but in one of these smoky cabins I would a thousand-fold rather spend my days than in the Cowgate of Edinburgh or in one of the streets that radiate from Seven Dials."

From this, which combines the picturesque and the horrible, it is well to glance at his picture of Edinburgh, though there is here only space for a brief glimpse of it. Take that part where he describes May as an exciting month in Edinburgh, owing to the influx of the clergy at the General Assemblies, and the opening of the Established Church Assembly by the Lord High Commissioner. Having a great respect for this institution, we do not endorse the sentiments conveyed in the following quotation, but from the humorous side it gives an amusing portrait, and we cannot for a moment think that the author meant to convey any disloyalty in his remarks. Describing the State procession of Her Majesty's representative, and the levee at Holyrood being over, he says:—"At last the head of the procession appears along the peopled way. First come in hired carriages the

city councillors, clothed in scarlet robes, and with cocked hats upon their heads. The very mothers that bore them could not recognise them now. They pass on, silent with dignity. Then comes a troop of halberdiers in mediæval costume, and looking, for all the world, as if the kings, jacks, and knaves had walked out of a pack of cards. Then comes a carriage full of magistrates wearing their gold chains of office over their scarlet cloaks, and eyeing sternly the small boy in the crowd, who, from a natural sense of humour, has given vent to an irreverent observation. Then comes the band; then a squadron of lancers, whose horses the music seems to affect; then a carriage occupied with high legal personages, with powder in their hair, and rapiers by their sides, which they could not draw for their lives. Then comes the private carriage of His Grace, surrounded by lancers, whose mercurial steeds plunge and rear, and back and sidle, and scatter the mob as they come prancing broadside on to the pavement, smiting sparks of fire from the kerbstones with their iron hoofs."

In now turning to "Dreamthorp," we have a series of essays showing the power and versatility of our favourite author, and numbering in its contents, "William Dunbar," "A Lark's Flight," "Christmas," "Men of Letters," "On the Importance of a Man to Himself," "A Shelf in My Book-case," "Geoffrey Chaucer." That Smith was an expansive reader and a close observer will already have been manifest, but that the hard-worked young man should have traversed so wide a literary field as is demonstrated he must have done by the writing of "Dreamthorp," seems perfectly marvellous. It shows that it must have been in his mind to sever his connection with the university, and betake himself entirely to literature. A noble aspiration, and one which would have been crowned with success had life been granted him.

> "But he the young and strong who cherished
> Noble longings for the strife,
> By the wayside fell and perished,
> Weary with the march of life."

Yes, it came like a fell blow on his relatives and friends one winter morning when the year 1867 was in its infancy. Death of Alexander Smith! What? the man whom we saw a month since fairly embarked on his active literary career, travelling the straight road to fame and fortune? Alas! too true; one of the sweet flowers of the forest withered in decay, his spirit taken flight to the Land o' the Leal.

Taken almost at random from "A Shelf in My Book-case," is the following discerning and genial criticism on a standard work in English literature:—"As a matter of course, on this special shelf of books will be found Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' a work in our literature unique, priceless. That altogether unvenerable, yet profoundly-venerating, Scottish gentleman—that queerest mixtures of qualities of force and weakness, blindness and insight, vanity and solid worth,—has written the finest book of its kind which our nation possesses. It is quite impossible to overstate its worth. You lift it, and immediately the intervening years disappear, and you are in the presence of the Doctor. You are made free of the last century as you are free of the present. You double your existence. The book is a letter of introduction to a whole knot of departed English worthies. In virtue of Boswell's labours we know Johnson—the central man of his time—better than Burke did, or Reynolds—far better even than Boswell did. We know how he expressed himself, in what grooves his thoughts ran, how he dressed, how he ate, drank, and slept. Boswell's unconscious art is wonderful, and so is the result attained. This book has arrested, as never book did before, time and decay. Bozzy is really a wizard; he makes the sun stand still. Till his work is done the future stands respectfully aloof. Out of ever-shifting time he has made fixed and permanent certain years, and in these Johnson talks and argues, while Burke listens, and Reynolds takes snuff, and Goldsmith, with hollowed hand, whispers a sly remark to his neighbour. There they have sat, these ghosts, for seventy years now, looked at and listened to by the passing generations; and there they still sit, the one voice going on! Smile at Boswell as we may, he was a spiritual

phenomenon quite as rare as Johnson. More than most he deserves our gratitude. Let us hope that when next Heaven send England a man like Johnson, a companion and listener like Boswell will be provided. The literary club sits for ever. What if the mermaid were in like eternal session, with Shakespeare's laughter ringing through the fire and hail of wit!"

In the brief career of our favourite author, there was scarcely scope for any elaborate biography, and the memoir, so well written by Patrick Alexander, of 123 pages, is prefixed to the last essays on which Smith was engaged. It is a discriminating and kindly portrait of the man he loved, winding up with the sentence:—"In the memory of the loved and lost—when the agony of the *wrench* is overpast—a 'tender grace' and charm abides, making sadness, and sorrow itself, as precious as the living joy. The music is, indeed, for ever dead upon the strings; but they cannot cease to vibrate strangely to echoes of it, lingering and far prolonged, and infinitely tender and sweet."

In the corner of the Edinburgh cemetery near Easter Warriston, rests all that is mortal of our favourite author, the grave surmounted by a Runic cross, and bearing a medallion portrait of "Alexander Smith, Poet and Essayist. Erected by some of his personal friends." Its simplicity is probably its chief beauty, but we cannot help echoing the wish expressed by his biographer that a line from the old ballad had been added to this effect:

"A kindly Scot lies here."

"Oh! bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the bloomin' brier;
Let never livin' mortal ken
That a kindly Scot lies here."

A Forgotten Genius.

FORTY years ago there lived at Bridgeton, Glasgow, a man unknown to literary fame, but the centre of a small energetic literary circle of which three other prominent members were Mr. James Hedderwick, editor of the *Glasgow Citizen*, Patrick Alexander, author of "Mill and Carlyle," etc., and Alexander Smith, known to fame as the writer of "A Summer in Skye" (the most popular book in Scotland, the year of its publication, 1865), "Dreamthorp," "Alfred Hagart's Household," "A Life Drama," etc., etc. The now forgotten genius was Hugh Macdonald, a native of the great city of the west, in which he spent the greater part of his life, but who was nurtured during boyhood in the Island of Mull, the abode of his ancestors, the scenery and customs of which had a marked effect on his subsequent life. That he had done useful work under Mr. Hedderwick in the pages of the *Glasgow Citizen* is manifest, for at length he was chosen as sub-editor of that journal, and withal, was a frequent contributor, showing his versatility by discoursing on the politics of the day, as well as writing about the scenery of the Clyde and the west coast. A home-spun character, rough and ready, genial, warm-hearted, beloved by the band of brothers just mentioned, and when taken away from them sincerely mourned.

From necessity perhaps more than from choice, he became sincerely attached to Glasgow. Having to work hard, he threw himself heart and soul into the task which his hand found to do, and, doubtless, there was within him the ambition to enhance the reputation of that journal of which he was now, so to speak, a part. Mr. Hedderwick's powerful influence was most useful to the man who reciprocated the generous friendship offered to the Celt, and hence, both from interest and domestic surroundings, Hugh Macdonald became

a Glasgow citizen, a useful one, and, to some extent, a man of fame. But let the eloquent words of his friend Smith be quoted here as showing the manner of man our forgotten genius was forty years ago. "Mr. Macdonald was a man of genius, a song writer, an antiquary, a devout lover of beast and bird, of snow-drop and lucken-gowan, of the setting sun on Bothwell Bank, of the moon shining down on Clydesdale barley fields. He was in his degree one of those poets who have, since Burns' time, made nearly every portion of Scotland vocal." Mr. Smith goes on to say generally that he was a *local* poet, and that he was possessed of the genius to meet the situation; and then adds, "Great scenes demand great poems: simple scenes, simple ones. Coleridge's hymn in the Vale of Chamouni is a noble performance, but out of place in a Lanarkshire glen, where sheep are feeding, and where you may search the horizon in vain for an elevation of five hundred feet. Mr. Macdonald could not have approached Coleridge's hymn had he been placed in Chamouni; but he has done justice to the scenery that surrounded him—made the ivies of Crookston more sombre with his verse, and yet more splendid the westward-running Clyde in which the sun is setting."

Here, then, we have the life work of Hugh Macdonald unfolded to us. Steady, solid work on the columns of his newspaper, literary matter so acceptable as afterwards to find publication in book form, under the title "Rambles round Glasgow." And this only the lighter part of his journalistic achievement. Look at the ordinary routine of a sub-editor. What a variety of national and international subjects has he to take cognisance of, and do the subject justice. Macdonald worked efficiently, and then on his holidays enjoyed himself with true luxury in these personally conducted "Rambles round Glasgow," both by the gentle Clyde in its upper reaches, and on the shores of the broad flowing estuary in the stirring companionship of his "Brither Scots," each of whom stimulated the other in their research of all that was interesting on the banks of the famous river. If history at the time was paramount, was not Bothwell at

hand, a fertile theme both for Love and War? If the beautiful simplicity of Nature came uppermost to the leader of the band, they had Gleniffer's Braes and Tannahill to discourse of, the scene of which was close to them; anon they wandered into Ayrshire, here to experience the rapturous enjoyment of surveying the country where their great leader Burns, had gone before them, and with such magnificent results. Their holidays where all too few for the uses that could have been made by such a quartette of men; but that they did explore Clydesdale to some purpose—that their hearts were knit together in bonds of true friendship, and that the genius of each was turned to good account in their survey, is evident from much that these men have written and given to the world. We personally knew none of them, but to each and all we are indebted for some of the most pleasant recreative hours that have been enjoyed in our literary rambles, and this essay will not have been published in vain if we can recommend to others the works of those distinguished men of letters.

Were we asked to show a specimen of Hugh Macdonald at his best, we would furnish the following poem, written under profound emotion and grief, referring to the loss of his wife, and as a preamble to it, would inform our readers from the account of Alexander Smith. "And the girl living over in Rutherglen was growing up to womanhood, each charm of mind and feature celebrated for many a year in glowing verse; and her he, poet-like, married—the household plenishing of the pair love and hope, and a disregard of inconveniences arising from straitened means. The happiest man in the world—but a widower before the year was out! With his wife died many things, all buried in one grave. Here is a short poem full of the rain cloud and the yellow leaf which has reference to his feelings at the time":

"Gorgeous are thy woods, October!
Clad in glowing mantles sear,
Brightest tints of beauty blending
Like the West when day's descending,
Thou'rt the sunset of the year.

"Fading flowers are thine, October!
Droopeth sad the sweet blue-bell;
Gone the blossoms April cherished—
Violet, lily, rose, all perished—
Fragrance fled from field and dell.

"Songless are thy woods, October!
Save where redbreast's mournful lay,
Through the calm gray morn is swelling,
To the listening echoes telling
Tales of darkness and decay.

"Saddest sounds are thine, October!
Music of the falling leaf,
O'er the pensive spirit stealing,
To its inmost depths revealing;
Thus all gladness sinks in grief.

"I do love thee, drear October!
More than budding, blooming spring—
Hers is hope, delusive smiling,
Trusting hearts to grief beguiling;
Memory loves thy dusky wing.

"Joyous hearts may love the summer,
Bright with sunshine, song, and flower;
But the heart whose hopes are blighted,
In the gloom of woe benighted,
Better loves thy kindred bower.

"'Twas in thee, thou sad October,
Death laid low my bosom flower,
Life hath been a wintry river
O'er whose ripple gladness never
Gleameth brightly since that hour.

"Hearts would fain be with their treasure,
Mine is slumbering in the clay:
Wandering here alone uncheery,
Deem't not strange this heart should weary
For its own October day."

There will be some readers whose lot has been happy and prosperous, and who, if they have suffered the loss of relatives and friends, may not discern any peculiar pathos in these verses of Hugh Macdonald. We would rather appeal for sympathetic interest to those who have loved and lost, and feel certain that these lines will strike a true and tender

chord in their breast. For real pathos they have touched us as deeply as anything ever written by the greater poets. Here is Mr. Macdonald rising to the sublime. There was no imagination at work. The strong man, bowed down by his heavy loss, could counterfeit nothing, but could declare everything. He lived, he loved, he suffered: and here, in strong, sad verse, he pours out an unaffected grief of which let no man, strong or weak, be ashamed. Could the pent-up feelings of humanity find relief in verse of this kind, there would be some mitigation of that all-absorbing distress which so often unfits the bereft relative for the work that has to be carried on either for one's self or those dependent on you; the full expression carried out in all its intensity must relieve the agonies of an over-charged heart, and we maintain that not only the writing of these verses soothed the stricken widower, but the reading of them must have brought solace to many a shadowed soul.

After this awful calamity Macdonald was a changed man, struggling bravely onward as many a widower has to do, but the heart gone from his work as from his recreation. Soon came his death, and his friend, Alexander Smith, records what a blank he felt in his own life from the removal of so attached a friend. Smith did not survive him many years; Patrick Alexander outlived them both by well-nigh a quarter of a century, while the venerable Mr. Hedderwick is the last survivor. In this essay we have scarcely more than touched on the genius of Alexander Smith, who, dying in 1867, left a noble record of work, and acquired a niche in the Temple of Fame: of him we would gladly speak at a future date, but meanwhile this little sketch of his friend may be acceptable to those readers who have known Macdonald through his works, or may wish to know him by that medium. Had he never written anything besides his pensive poem on October, he would deserve to be remembered, but that exquisite gem will keep his memory green.

A Public Benefactor.

In the summer months between the years 1856 to 1859 might have been seen driving in his pony-phaeton up the Innerleithen Road into the county town of Peebles, attired in a light drab coat, and his head covered by a white wide-a-wake, a neat and handsome gentleman, fresh and vigorous, with clear bright eyes, a man of purpose evidently, indeed, a man with a mission as we shall see. The pony trode along the High Street to the *Tontine*, the gentleman throws the reins to the ostler, and walks back some yards to where, at a large building, the tradesmen are at work; the foreman respectfully greets his employer, communicates tidings of the progress of the building, and walks round the yard, pointing out that the various minute instructions given him by the chief have been carried out; the gentleman nods with satisfaction, and tells his foreman to proceed in the work, and that he will frequently look in to watch their labours, which ere long he hopes will be crowned with success. Such is the early history of that extensive fabric, the "Chambers' Institution," Peebles, gifted to his native town by the eminent man who from memory we portray as remembered in those summers of auld langsyne, when as yet William Chambers had not reached the zenith of his fame or the culmination of his philanthropic career. The Institute was duly opened in July, 1859, the most interesting of the inaugurating celebrations being a sermon by Dr. Guthrie, who chose the text: "Receive my instruction and not silver, for wisdom is better than rubies, and all things that can be desired are not to be compared to it." Fully equipped, the Institute was a success, and has been all these years a boon to the inhabitants, and a blessing to the summer visitors. Here, like the church and the public park, the rich and the poor meet together: literature and converse bind them to one another, and the Institute is a permanent

testimonial to the work of its founder, and a precious example to his countrymen of what can be done by perseverance and zeal in a good cause. "I owe my success much more to perseverance than to talent," "Mash down difficulties," these were the watchwords and mottoes, often repeated, of William Chambers, who marched on to victory, conquering and to conquer.

Before touching on his subsequent and more public life in Edinburgh, there are in his native county of Peebles two more signal works of his to be recorded. The first of these, in which he had the valuable co-operation of his friends, Walter Thorburn and John Bathgate, was the introduction in 1854 of the line of railway by the North British route from Edinburgh to the then small burgh of Peebles, which, up to that time, had only communication by coach, and occupied three hours in the journey. As the principal pioneer in this movement, Chambers shortened the journey by half the time. Summer visitors came flocking to the Tweed, villas sprang up, trade increased by bounds. The rails were in 1864 laid for Innerleithen, and thereafter continued to Galashiels; while the Caledonian Railway at the latter date constructed a branch line from Symington, with important stations at Biggar and Broughton, so that the main arteries of the district were opened up, and only the remote glens left, as they should be, to their primitive repose.

Without for a moment neglecting his life-work at the famous "Journal," and his business as publisher, we have this hard-working man devoting years of toil to an elaborate "History of Peeblesshire" from the earliest times to the publication of this book in 1864, which, embellished by wood engravings taken from photographs, gave faithful representations of all the mansions and castles in the county, and the specially interesting objects of antiquity. The letterpress was written with Chambers's usual ability, and the small county of Peebles proudly exhibits this, the best-written and most complete history of any county in all Scotland; and, moreover, it is now a guide-book of the highest value. Having thus done noble service in the scene of his nativity, and

gradually approaching old age, does the hand of this active man relax in endeavours to benefit his countrymen? Far from it, as the sequel will show; it only spurs him on to further enterprise.

The municipal election of 1865 brought William Chambers the civic chain as Lord Provost of Edinburgh, which office he greatly magnified until his demission, three years subsequently, as a working Lord Provost, by whose medium old houses were razed to the ground, streets widened, spaces enlarged, and he had the satisfaction of seeing, in company with the Duke of Edinburgh, our magnificent post-office inaugurated with great *éclat* in the summer of 1866. He, as Lord Provost, was chairman when that military hero, Lord Napier of Magdala, received the freedom of the city of Edinburgh, and it was while attending the High Church in his civic capacity that he conceived the idea which ultimately became the crowning act of his life, the restoration of St. Giles. These are now matters of history, and are gratefully recorded; and now we wish to touch on the literary recreations of this grand old man, which, occupying his declining years, have a vast amount of freshness and variety.

Hardly had he concluded his memoir of Robert, his distinguished brother, incorporated with his own autobiography, when he commenced those delightful contributions to his own journal, in which he had previously acted the part of editor chiefly. Well do we remember reading them on summer afternoons in the "Chambers' Institute," and often again have we turned with interest to "Miss Stirling Graham's Mystifications," "Glencairn," "Sir Walter Scott and his Dogs," etc., not forgetting one of his best, a local story, entitled "Window Willie," and as a specimen of William Chambers' happiest efforts in light literature this is a worthy example. "Window Willie" was a tax collector in Peebles, and a well-known and much respected inhabitant of the burgh; he numbered among his friends, on Tweedside, the late eccentric Earl of Traquair, who, at his quaint old mansion of Traquair House, employed some of his leisure hours and indulged his

most peculiar taste of *sharpening the razors* of any friends or neighbours willing to intrust them to his lordship. But the narrative had much better be given in William Chambers' own words: "Crossing the tall and narrow old bridge of several arches, which spans the Tweed at Peebles, is seen an aged gentleman riding composedly on a small white pony. His head is bent droopingly down, as if meditating on some important mission. From his general aspect he may be a gentleman farmer, disposed to take things easily at his time of life, or he may be some retired public official who keeps a pony, and in good weather pops about for amusement. His dress has nothing particular about it. He wears a blue coat with metal buttons and capacious outside pockets. His legs are endued in buff breeches, white rig-and-fur woollen stockings, and black spats (a kind of short gaiters), over the ankles. Any one may observe that he is no common person. At the end of his watch chain dangle a gold seal, a Queen Anne sixpence, a small and very pretty shell, and a flexible watch key. Instead of using a riding whip, he has in his right hand a perfectly respectable, gold-headed cane, with which he occasionally gives a gentle pat on the side of the pony. Altogether a creditable affair as things went in the early part of the present century. He is proceeding to Traquair, a pleasant ride of seven to eight miles, and looking to the leisurely progress of the little nag, it is not unlikely he may reach his destination in an hour and a half. So far well. But who is this venerable gentleman? His proper designation is of no consequence. Locally, and somewhat irreverently, he is known as *Window Willie*, a man of genial temperament, but who, professionally, commands a degree of respect in the neighbourhood, for he is the district inspector in relation to the tax on window lights, and it is not surprising that with all his good humour, people are a little afraid of him. Is Window Willie going to inspect windows in that old weather-beaten château of the Earl Traquair? Not at all. He is a chum of the old earl, and what his particular business happens to be, on the present occasion, will afterwards appear.

"For the last hour the earl had been expecting him, and now and then looks out from a small apartment, with a low ceiling, to see his approach down a wide avenue. There at length he comes on his little white pony, and giving the animal to a groom, he enters the antiquated mansion. 'Glad to see you,' said the earl. 'I've been out of work for a week, at least, hardly anything to do. I hope you have brought something. How many have you got?'

"'Well, my lord,' replied Willie, 'I think I have made a pretty good haul. I have just returned from my circuit in the western district of the county, and have managed to pick up a round dozen.'

"'That will do capitally. Lay them out carefully in a row, and tell me to whom they belong.'

"So requested, Window Willie disburdened himself by drawing from his pockets a dozen razors in their respective cases, some of them having a very common appearance, and he proceeded to arrange and specify them as follows:—'There's one from Dickson of Hartree, one from Loch of Rachan, one from Murray at Drachal, one from Kerr, minister of Stobo, one from Marshall, minister of Manor, and one from Bowed Davie; it's sair lippit, but it will stand grunden. That makes six. Then comes one from Mr. Findlater, the minister of Newlands, next, one from Sir James Nasymth, one from Robbie Symington at Edston, one from Mr. Alexander at Easter Happrew, one from Toll Tammie at the Neidpath, which I got yesterday in passing, and last of all, one from your lordship's friend and adviser, Commissary Robertson at Peebles. That makes the dozen.'

"The row of razors made a splendid array, and put the earl in high spirits. Window Willie must stay to dinner to talk over his adventures in securing the razors, for each has its story, which will furnish some amusement. Willie, of course, as he had expected, dines with the earl, and pops home to Cabbage Hall in the evening.

"Not to keep the reader in suspense, the Earl of Traquair had a profound passion for sharpening razors. Thankfully and gratuitously his lordship sharpened not only all the razors

of his tenants and their servants, but of all the landed gentlemen, farmers, and traders throughout the county who would favour him with a commission of the kind. In his time no one in Peeblesshire needed to torture himself by shaving with a blunt razor. Of course, the razors were not sent for sharpening in a business fashion. Window Willie's professional rounds gave him an excellent opportunity of collecting razors for the earl, and of returning them properly cuttled to their proprietors. When he brought one batch he took away another. It was a satisfactory arrangement all round. The earl was delighted to be kept working at his favourite pursuit; people were glad to get their razors on all occasions sharpened for nothing; and Window Willie was pleased to have an employment which made him everywhere an acceptable guest, and afforded opportunities of visiting at Traquair. I happen to have an agreeable remembrance of various persons in Peebles telling me several of the foregoing particulars, and of how Window Willie used to call to ask if their razors did not want a little touching up, as he was going next day to visit the earl.

"The world was then constituted exactly as it now is. Nobody thought there was anything particularly strange in an earl sharpening razors as a recreation. It was a harmless hobby; and besides, there was a gratification in thinking that your razor was put in trim by a nobleman. The Earl of Traquair was a general benefactor. He was a sort of artist. He should have been born and bred a cutler, in which capacity he excelled; but as he had the misfortune to be born an heir to an earldom, he had just to make the best of it. As for Window Willie, he seemed to have been born to be the earl's provider with blunt razors to be sharpened; in which line he acquitted himself admirably. Working to each other's hands, they in their time kept the county well and comfortably shaved, and that is saying a good deal in the way of eulogium.

"Dear old earl, and dear good-hearted Window Willie! Both have long since passed away. The beards of the county are said to have been sensibly affected by their decease."

If William Chambers was undoubtedly a public benefactor in great things, does not his contribution to light literature, causing us to enjoy our leisure hours by this hearty and humorous recital, entitle him to the same name in smaller matters?

Lord Byron and Loch-na-Gar.

"England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar;
Oh, for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch-na-Gar."

So wrote that illustrious poet whose fame went abroad to the furthest ends of the earth, and whose chequered career as a man, especially the sad and unfortunate parts of it, ought to have been the subject of more sympathy than censure. If we look to the hereditary influences at work, to the lameness of the poet, as to which he was so morbidly sensitive, to the various temptations that beset his path, and to the unhappy differences in his domestic life, there will be found in each and all of these causes abundant material for explaining, if not excusing, the erratic course of the life of one of our greatest poets. We have in a living authoress, Mrs. Oliphant, a severe critic of Byron as a man; so scathing is she that one would think her head had altogether run away with her heart; while in Mr. Jeaffreson we have the balance much more fairly struck. But the object of this sketch is to show that the influences he was subjected to in Scotland were beneficial both to the man and the poet; that he had a happy boyhood at school in Aberdeen, where, when nine years of age, he formed a romantic, youthful attachment towards a girl named Mary Duff; and that, when spending the summer vacation on Deeside, at a farm called Ballatrich, the youthful poet was also a joyful lad, and was inspired by noble sentiments. Living almost under the shade of Loch-na-Gar and Colbleen, and close to the banks of the Dee, some of his finest conceptions took their rise there.

And it is really this part of Byron's life which, though not entirely lost sight of, so very little has been made, and this probably from lack of material, for there is no diary nor cor-

respondence applicable to this time available, and most likely the young poet and his mother moved very little in the social life of the period; but from two poems to be afterwards quoted he has written a record of these early days that speaks powerfully for the young man's patriotism towards those Scotch scenes with which he was familiar. To anyone who has, like ourselves, wandered across the Moor of Dinnet and crossed the Dee to Ballatrich, all within a few miles of Ballater, who from the plain below has surveyed the sloping hills and the majestic mountains, there will be no difficulty in seeing the source of Byron's contemplative pleasure in his Aberdeenshire home. He speaks of it in the poem, "When I roved a Young Highlander":—

"I arose with the dawn; with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song.
At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view;
And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

"I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone;
The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no more;
As the last of my race I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witnessed before.
Ah! splendour has raised, but embitter'd, my lot;
More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew.
Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not forgot;
Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

"When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen;
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude scene.
When haply some light-waving locks I behold
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue.
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty and you."

Coming to us like a mountain breeze, this poem, with its fine rhythm and cadence, is as fresh as the rolling Dee viewed on a September morning from Ballatrich. Glad as we are to

have such delicious verses as the above, and the famed Loch-na-Gar poem, is it not regrettable that, connected as he was with Deeside, the noble poet did not give to the world more of his verses from the same themes? In southern climes he did not always sing so purely and sweetly as he did on Scotch soil, and who can estimate the amount of higher tone which would have been observable in his writing had he annually visited Ballatrich, and been further inspired by the grandeur of Loch-na-Gar? But these are vain regrets, and surely Byron has been sufficiently censured by the various writers, who, pointing severely to his misdeeds, have lost sight of, or ignored, any manifestation of better qualities. We here reproduce a letter which was written to a clergyman thanking him for one he had sent to Lord Byron, along with which had been enclosed a written prayer by Mrs. Sheppard, wife of the sender of this letter, who at the time of its despatch was dead. Though there is no absolute certainty that the prayer was intended for Byron, every probability leads to the conclusion that it was meant for him. Mr. Sheppard's letter and the enclosed prayer will be found in the appendix to Dick's "Philosophy of a Future State," p. 297. We give Byron's answer:—

"PISA,
"*December 8th*, 1821.

"SIR,—I have received your letter. I need not say that the extract which it contains has affected me, because it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference. Though I am not quite sure that it was intended by the writer for me, yet the date, the place where it was written, with some other circumstances which you mention, render the allusion probable. But for whomsoever it was meant, I have read it with all the pleasure which can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say *pleasure*, because your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanour of the excellent person, whom I trust that you will again meet, cannot be contemplated without the admiration due to her virtues, and her pure

and unpretending piety. Her last moments were particularly striking, and I do not know that, in the course of reading the story of mankind, and still less in my observations upon the existing portion, I ever met with anything so unostentatiously beautiful. Indisputably, the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others, for this simple reason, that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment, since (at the worst of them) 'out of nothing, nothing can arise,' not even sorrow. But a man's creed does not depend upon *himself*. *Who* can say I *will* believe this, that, or the other, and least of all that which he least can comprehend? I have, however, observed that those who have begun with extreme faith have in the end greatly narrowed it, as Chillingworth, Clarke (who ended as an Arian), and some others; while, on the other hand, nothing is more common than for the early sceptic to end in a firm belief, like Maupertius and Henry Kirke White. But my business is to acknowledge your letter, and not to make a dissertation. I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and more obliged by the extract from the papers of the beloved object, whose qualities you have so well described in a few words. I can assure you that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance would never weigh on my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me the justice to suppose that *video meliora proboque*, however the *deteriora sequor* may have been applied to my conduct. I have the honour to be your obliged and obedient servant,

"BYRON.

"P.S.—I do not know that I am addressing a clergyman; but I presume you will not be affronted by the mistake (if it is one) on the address of this letter. One who has so well

explained, and deeply felt, the doctrines of religion, will excuse the error which led me to believe him its minister."

And before the close of his life we have Lord Byron saying, "Eternity and space are before me; but on this subject, thank God, I am happy and at ease. The thought of living eternally, of again reviving, is a great pleasure. Christianity is the purest and most liberal religion in the world; but the numerous teachers who are continually worrying mankind with their denunciations and their doctrines are the greatest enemies of religion. I have read with more attention than half of them the Book of Christianity, and I admire the liberal and truly charitable principles which Christ has laid down. There are questions connected with this subject which none but Almighty God can solve. Time and space who can conceive? None but God. On Him I rely."

But we must now see how, an exile abroad, his heart was still stirred by the recollection of those northern mountains familiar to him in youth, and never forgotten. The shifting scenes and thoughts in the current of a man's life are many, but listen to the fond recollection he cherishes of the great Aberdeenshire mountain:—

"Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love;
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-Gar.

"Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright Polar Star,
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-Gar."

And still further to corroborate the patriotism of Lord Byron to Scotland, and specially to the north, we have, in his

darkening days, when life was well-nigh spent, and he had endured much bitterness, the following tribute:—

> "But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
> A whole one; and my heart flies to my head
> As auld lang syne brings Scotland one and all,
> Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams,
> The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's brig's black wall,
> All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams."

"The heart's music," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "rings out too unmistakably in these lines for any one to question their sincerity."

Recollections of Professor Veitch.

MEMORY turns back the clock for a space of forty years when we see on a bright summer day at Milton Cottage, on Manor Water, this distinguished man, then twenty-six years of age, to whom we were introduced by Mr. Williamson (now the Rev. Dr. Williamson of West St. Giles', Edinburgh), a life-long friend of the Professor; even then Veitch gave evidence of future greatness, and his ultimate position as a teacher and a man of letters has been fully recognised by scholars and the literary world. Were we asked what has been the most appreciative and succinct account of Veitch's life and work, we would point to the speech of Lord Napier at the ceremony of unveiling the Veitch Memorial at Glasgow, on 1st December last, and faithfully recorded the following day in the columns of the *Glasgow Herald*. That so able a man as Lord Napier should have so felicitously sketched the career of the Professor, was not more than might have been expected, and his encomiums came with all the greater force from the fact that full of years and honours, endowed with high culture and Scottish patriotism, especially for all that was noble in the lives of Border men, he spoke of his departed Brother-Scot in whole-hearted fashion, not omitting the chief function of the Professor's life, that of teaching the youth of Glasgow for thirty years in an important part of their academic career, and corroborating in this respect the eloquent tributes of Professors Campbell Fraser, and Ramsay. His Lordship turned to the no less interesting or important sphere which the late John Veitch occupied and adorned by his genius, by infusing into all Borderers the spirit of enthusiasm; and that Veitch was qualified to do this is fully manifested by his poetry and research, his minute personal intercourse with all the glens, his rambles over the hills from Tweedsmuir to Berwick. That the time thus occupied in his too short life

should have prevented Veitch from making tours into other splendid scenes, is undoubted, for we know that he left untraversed many of the most glorious of our Scottish Highland glens; but who will regret this, seeing that the Border country was his first and his constant love? He has given to his country an impress of Border scenery, and its sweet suggestiveness; he has unfolded much of its history, which heretofore had been obscure, or remained dormant; and finally, in Upper Tweeddale, and also in the districts of Yarrow and Ettrick, he, by personal intercourse, had made troops of friends, to whom he communicated something of his heaven-born talent.

It is now well-known that while yet a young man, John Veitch was presented to the chair of a professor in the ancient University of St. Andrews, and that while esteemed by all his colleagues, there was then established the mutual and lasting friendship between him and a distinguished countryman, the late John Campbell Shairp, Professor of Humanity, himself a man of culture, and a poet, and between whom and John Veitch there was a bond of sentiment and sympathy which ripened into brotherly love. It was with some regret, but with the recognition of a call to a more extended sphere of duty, that Professor Veitch left St. Andrews for the great city of the West, in 1864; every professor has to bide his time ere his success is pronounced, and Veitch was no exception to the rule; hence the years of plodding work in store for a man equal to gigantic tasks, his energy, his enthusiasm, being his greatest reward. Independent means he has for several years been blessed with, and now comes fame and recognition as a teacher, maintaining and increasing the best traditions of the College of Glasgow. The hard-worked man, however, requires in his summer vacation a commensurate holiday; how does he employ it? Where does he imbibe fresh life to carry him on with vigour to the next winter's campaign? Readers will anticipate the ready answer, namely —in the Scotch Border, and particularly in Upper Tweeddale, where in the outskirts of his native town, Peebles, he had built an elegant house, and gradually acquired adjacent land,

the whole known as "The Loaning." And here our personal recollections really begin.

As a general rule in the summer months, the Professor was in his study at "The Loaning," hard at work till one o'clock p.m. The afternoon brought its well-merited leisure, until the late dinner, which might be seven, or extended even till nine-thirty. Listen to his own words as from the study window he looks up the slopes of Cademuir, and inspiringly does he say—

> "Lo! strength and beauty rare are wed,
> Wed in the sky to-day;
> There's hurrying joy in Heaven o'erhead:
> Among the hills, away!
> High on the moors the sportive wind
> Kisses the blooming heath;
> He plays with the harebell's graceful form,
> Steals the thyme's fragrant breath!
> He speeds in gleam, he glides in shade.
> Joy and grief are at play;
> The blue clear morn looks moving on:
> Among the hills, away!"

Well, you accept the invitation, and reach the mountain height with this graceful poet, and find what manner of man he was; and, verily, there was much of the man as well as the poet in him. His humanity was conspicuous in his tender love of animals. Many of his excursions to the wilds were made in the company of his favourite dogs, but he had a love for all animals. Necessarily he came much in contact with the Border shepherds, between whom and himself there was a sincere mutual esteem. The laird, the farmer, the cottager, would exchange cordial greetings with the mountain poet, into whose solitudes he would often unexpectedly come. We have traversed Culter Fell, and Stanhope, and Dollar Law, and other hills of the Border, with that genial man, who would pour out the wealth of his knowledge with no unstinted hand; sweet to memory is the recollection of those days that are no more. They are as "the tender grace of a day that is dead."

It must not be forgotten that, while the hills of the Manor

had for our poet a special fascination from their proximity to his dwelling-place, he was keenly alive to the beauties of the Tweed, flowing close to his birth-place, and equally near the closing scene of his life. Two years senior to Sir Walter Scott in length of life, the eyes of both failed close to that classic river, and in the same month of the year, with an interval of sixty-two years between the demise of the illustrious novelist and that of our Border poet. Taking the Upper Tweed at the hamlet of Tweedsmuir, Veitch was lovingly familiar with every mile of the river's course, and he had two specially intimate friends in the persons of the Rev. William Welsh, D.D., of Mossfennan, and Sir John Murray Nasmyth, Bart., of Posso. To the latter he dedicated his poem "The Tweed," and with Sir John he spent many a day at his charming residence, the most beautiful in Upper Tweeddale. At Mossfennan he had in Dr. Welsh and his guests most congenial friends. The poet's visits to this place were renewed again and again; here is the scene of what we consider his most spirited poem, entitled "The Hart of Mossfennan."

"The hunters are out this summer morn,
They sweep the moors by hag and burn;
By rock and crag, each high resort,
For dear they love their noble sport.
They started a fee at Stanhope Head,
And down the glen the raches sped,
Fire-flauchts lanced up from each horse's side,
For the galling spur was prompt to chide.

"Round he ran by Hopcarton Stell,
The spotted hounds pressed on him fell;
I' the haugh he took the Tweed at the wide,
Then tossed his horns on Mossfennan side.
Still the cruel hounds are on his track,
In his ear the yell of the hurrying pack;
Fain to Mossfennan Tower he would turn,
But the chase is hot,—to the hill by the burn.

"They hunted him high, they hunted him low,
They hunted him up by the mossy flow;
The lee-long day, from early morn,
The Hopes rang loud with bouts of the horn;

No bloom of heather brae them stayed,
No birk-tree quiver, or sheen of glade,
No touch of Nature bent their will,
In hot blood onward, onward still.

"Oh! why not let the creature be,
Bear his noble head o'er hill and lee,—
That ate but the wild roots, drank o' the spring,
And roamed the moor a seemly thing,—
Joyed in the sun, flashed fleet in the storm,
Free in the grace of his God-given form!"

Well do we remember walking with the poet through the scene of "The Hart of Mossfennan" one summer day a few years previous to its publication. A memorable day that! the distance covered was twenty-five miles, and stiff walking it is from Broughton Station, where we left the train, past Mossfennan, and crossing the Tweed to Stanhope, up that mountain burn to the heights of Dollar Law, which being surmounted, off went the Professor's hat, and the air rang with the schoolboy-like shouts he indulged in. When the summits were reached a rest was enjoyed, and then followed the descent into Manor Water down to Cademuir Bridge, Veitch making for the Cademuir Whaum, a special favourite of his, and home to "The Loaning," his companion going to Hallyards, foot-sore and tired. This was the farthest pedestrian excursion we ever had with him, but numerous were our meetings in Manor Water, at Glenrath, Hundleshope, and Cademuir, on the golden summer afternoons twenty years since. He specially delighted in a driving tour across the Borders for a week into Yarrow and Ettrick, and from thence further afield to the historical parts of Dumfriesshire and Liddesdale, gathering material for his future work in prose and poetry, resting at Hawick, and coming round by Borthwick Water to Thirlestane, where he was welcomed by Lord Napier, and on to "The Glen," the hospitable mansion of his friend, Sir Charles Tennant. No traveller in Yarrow ever passed the manse without admiring it; and here was Dr. Russel, a man of culture, to receive the poet and discourse on things new and old. Professor Campbell Fraser, a life-long friend of the younger professor, made Yarrow his summer retreat for many years in succession, and cordial was the

mutual rejoicing when they met on that classic stream. Here Veitch would recall Wordsworth and his "Yarrow Visited," narrating his last excursion to "The Lakes," to Grasmere, and the English poet's grave, to Rydal Mount and Kirkstone Pass, Keswick, Ullswater, Elleray, and the different scenes bound up with "The Lake School" of poetry. Italy, Switzerland, Germany, were duly visited and thoroughly admired, but only to make the heart of the poet beat more fondly when, on his return, the sentiment was in his mind, if not on his lips, "There's no place like home."

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
> My heart untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

The Professor generally came to "The Loaning" for the summer months about the second week in June, and remained till the end of October. He was then due at the University of Glasgow for the beginning of his winter course of lectures, making occasional visits to "The Loaning" at Christmas and at spring holidays. It was not often we had the privilege of seeing him in the college quadrangle, but several occasions are recalled when, in his Glasgow home, we were made welcome to his courteous hospitality. It was in the holiday season, when he had doffed the professor's robe, and the human-hearted man stood revealed, that we recall as yesterday John Veitch treading his native heather and investing the glens of Tweeddale with an interest that they never had before or since, and we now go to an upper tributary of the Tweed for the scene of a poem that takes high rank in his published works. Hay, the heir of Talla, played an important part in Scottish history in the days of Queen Mary, and was implicated in the murder of Darnley.

> "Wild your cradle glen,
> Young Hay of Talla;
> Stern the wind's wild roar
> Round the old peel tower,
> Young Hay of Talla.
>
> "Winter night raving,
> Young Hay of Talla;

Snowy drift smooring,
Loud the Linn roaring,
Young Hay of Talla.

"Aye he heard it rush,
Young Hay of Talla;
As it swell'd and burst,
Fierce his soul was nurs'd,
Young Hay of Talla."

And then referring to his part in the murder of Darnley—

"Now the dread deed's done,
Young Hay of Talla;
Throw the corpse o'er the wall,
Give it dead dog's fall,
Young Hay of Talla.

"High before heaven,
Young Hay of Talla,
Standing this winter morn,
Ah, how sore forlorn!
Young Hay of Talla.

"Reaping a life's fruit,
Young Hay of Talla;
Getting no man's ruth,
Passing, oh! where in youth,
Young Hay of Talla?

"Begg'd the dishonour'd dead,
Young Hay of Talla;
She you made no bride,
Laid you by Talla-side,
Young Hay of Talla."

We have ever regarded the two poems, extracts from which have been given above, as the finest in the collection of "The Tweed" and "Hillside Rhymes," while the sonnet "Among the Hills! Away!" the latter half of which was quoted, is irresistibly charming. Gone for ever from these scenes he loved so well is the gifted poet of the Borders, the natives of which can even yet hardly realise the great loss they have sustained, but the intense feeling of regret is chastened by the thought that he was not, like some men of letters

cut down in the flower of early manhood, and that he survived to the mellow autumn of life, bequeathing to his personal friends the fragrant memory of as noble a life as had ever been witnessed, and to all Borderers a vivid and eloquent picture of their land of mountain and flood.

> "Our father's sepulchres are here,
> And here our kindred dwell,
> Our children too—how should we love
> Another land so well?"

He was peculiarly fortunate all along in his happy domestic life, and both in Glasgow and at "The Loaning" he had a house worthy of a professor and a poet, where his troops of friends were welcomed with the most cordial hospitality. In closing, we think of the best example that can be given of his filial reverence and love, namely, his reference to his mother contained in the poet's well-known and elaborate work, "The Tweed."

> "For generations gone thou hast no tear,
> All heedless in thy flow; thus thou dost pass
> Near an old home, and near a mother's grave,
> Whose life was flowering of a noble heart,
> To whom self-sacrifice was natural
> As is the living breath of heaven's own air.
> Her hand was busy as the day was long,
> Yet in her eyes the mute appealing look
> Of any creature God had made awoke
> Deep sympathy; the harebell on rude bank
> Between her fields was to her heart a joy;
> And imaged clear in memory I see
> The slender waving grass of autumn days
> She plucked and set above the mantle-piece,
> Quaint figured; there all through the winter time
> To wear its grace, till living touch of Spring
> Quickened anew the beauty of the year!
>
> "So thou wilt careless pass in years to come,
> When I am gone, and yet, O simple stream,
> Thou shalt not flow unmarked, for all the peace,
> And all the love, and all the kindly thoughts
> In days for ever gone, I knew by thee!"

The poet had a clear, ringing, hearty voice, a handsome massive face, reminding us of what was said of another great Scotchman, "A man with the intellect of a giant, and the eye of an eagle."

A Minister's Jubilee.

"ACCOUNT no man happy till he is dead"—the cautious and cynical maxim of an ancient people, and adopted probably in its humorous aspect by no less distinguished a man than the late Lord President Inglis in a letter to the President of a legal body in Edinburgh who proposed to do him honour. Nothing can be said against the maxim in regard to its ultra caution and far-reaching sagacity, but in numerous cases, and to many a man, it would be singularly inapplicable. There are many successful and jubilant men who might well dispense with a jubilee, but being a time-honoured and happy custom, especially amongst the clergy, it was under peculiarly felicitous circumstances that there was celebrated at Liberton two months ago the jubilee of one of the most jubilant men it has been our lot to know. Ever since Dr. Gray came to Edinburgh, his ministry and his social power have been in the ascendant. Never an extreme man except in the matter of joyfulness, he has held on his steady, useful, and (as he said himself) his peaceful course; and no wonder that, apart from his ministry, his potent influence over the young, his kindly wise council to those of maturer years, his graceful recognition of anything that was good in his neighbours of any sect, or even of no sect at all, there should have grown up in the minds of his fellow-citizens and countrymen sentiments of the highest esteem and affection, and marked him out as a recipient of the most exalted honour that it was in the power of the Church of Scotland to bestow.

Regarding the recent controversy over the title of "Right Rev." and "Very Rev^d." in which the clergy themselves have taken so small a part, a suggestion is thrown out from the following interview between one of the clergy of the diocese of Oxford and the then Bishop, Dr. Wilberforce. The clergy-

man on pointing out the great disparity between the title of "Right Rev^{d} the Lord Bishop" and their own humble appellation of "The Reverend," and suggesting that some medium title of distinction might be awarded them, was met by the answer, "Well, perhaps; what would you say to *Rather Reverend!*"

Having dignified the office of Moderator of the General Assembly, he resumes the duties of the ministry in the delightful parish wherein for sixteen years he has resided, and where, still in the full vigour of manhood, there was so lately presented to him a testimonial, the form of which was so creditable to the numerous subscribers and friends of the popular clergyman.

In the hope that country readers may more especially be interested in a sketch of the minister of Liberton, we have first of all to express the only regret felt in connection with the jubilee, namely, that Dr. Gray's portrait has not yet been painted either by the President of the Royal Scottish Academy or some other eminent Academician. So excellent a subject for a life-sized picture could not have failed to inspire a talented artist to do justice to his sitter, and it is to be hoped that this work will yet be accomplished. Some writer has said that in the Edinburgh streets during the last half century the most prominent features to be seen were those of John Wilson and Sir James Simpson, and on noticing the number of visitors to Edinburgh who have turned round to look at Dr. Gray as he passed along Princes Street, with the inquiry, "Who is that?" an appreciative curiosity somewhat similar to that caused by the appearance of these two distinguished men has been aroused on seeing the bright, intelligent features of the minister of Liberton. Going from the street into the houses of friends, the cordial welcome extended to Dr. Gray is manifest to any strangers present, who, of course, are introduced, and soon feel the magic charm of manner and of bright humour, of which there is a never-failing supply. The sources of these excellent qualities we believe to be very much the result of that happy activity which has always made duty paramount, duty efficiently,

while rapidly, discharged, and the power of throwing aside the cares of work to enjoy the deservedly-won recreations of the domestic and social circle; good health, a joyful domestic life, and a due amount of prosperity also go hand in hand.

Such an extreme case as the one mentioned by Oliver Goldsmith was surely, even in his time and in his country, very rarely to be met with. Would any ordinary man accept the dictum of being "passing rich on forty pounds a year"? Nay, and even though his wants were few, and his life necessarily a most frugal one, not on twice, not on three times forty. A placid and somewhat stupid contentment with small things is quite conceivable, but to the average man, be he minister or layman, circumstances which keep him above want and anxiety are, if not absolutely necessary, most desirable towards promoting his general well-being and usefulness. About a century ago the large family of the Leckies at Peebles were brought up by their father, minister of the U.P. Church there, on eighty pounds a year. The sons all prospered, and in memory of their father they have now erected a handsome memorial church in their native town. And what does James Inglis tell us in "Oor Ain Folk"? "It was not to be expected that with the poor stipend of a rural clergyman in those days, my grandfather could give much of a tocher to any of them. However, he managed to give them all a good education, including the accomplishments then in vogue, and the Manse of Lochlee is to this day spoken of by many a guest of these far-off days as having been one of the most delightful resorts for a country visit that could possibly be conceived." Going on to speak of his anxiety regarding the future prospects of his large family, it is narrated, "My grandmother ventured to remind him of a verse of the psalmist that he 'had never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread,' and then she repeated the verse which closes with, 'Bread shall be given him, his water shall be sure,' to which the old man responded with a gleam of his wonted humour, 'Ou ay, gudewife, I was never muckle feared aboot the watter!' This was in allusion to the situation of the manse, which was almost hemmed in on every side

by burns and rivulets, with the loch stretching away in silver radiance almost from the very door; and seeing that several times a year the glebe-lands were inundated with mountain floods, this reply was happy enough."

Mr. Inglis in this, as well as in his equally felicitous work "The Humour of the Scot," tells of the slender income and consequent privations attending his father as minister of Edzell. Nevertheless he and his brothers all prospered in after-life, all which goes to show how possible, and it might be said how probable, that a thrifty upbringing and no patrimony were no bars against the success in after-life of the family of a poor country minister. But that is no disproof of the proposition that a wise use of a comfortable income is much more likely to ensure the general well-being of the clergyman than a small and straitened one.

It may not be irrelevant here to introduce the notice of a class of ministers the very opposite to the type of Dr. Gray, namely, the wearisome preachers of platitudes, and for the following we are again indebted to Mr. Inglis. He gives the following impromptu, written by the victim of a "dreich" sermon, the preacher whereof, we apprehend, would not expect celebration if he ever attained *his* jubilee:—

"With reverent step we mount the stair,
  Intent to hear a teacher;
But oh, the disappointment sair,
  We found a weary preacher.
He gabbled owre the sacred page,
  He hirpled throwe the prayer;
A gowk confessed, though lookin' sage,
  My very heart was sair.
Yearning for bread, he gave a stone;
  His ilka thought was addled;
Let it be written with a groan,
  He didna preach—he twaddled!"

But these remarks, somewhat rambling and disjointed, must be brought to a close. Suffice it to say that from the inception of the movement for a testimonial, hearty, spontaneous letters came pouring into the secretary who so zealously gave his services, and all who were present at

Liberton the night of the presentation will remember the enthusiasm of the speakers and the hearty good-will that prevailed. Colonel Wauchope, who presided, as well as the other speakers, gave their several views of the high estimation in which their minister was held, and, of course, the speech of the evening came from the doctor himself, who gave a resumé of his life and labours, and expressed, what delighted his auditory, that he felt there was some work in him yet. That such will prove the case we ardently hope. The place and influence of the parish minister, so well expressed in poetry long ago, comes in most aptly in reference to the minister of Liberton:—

> "Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
> And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.
> The service past, around the pious man,
> With ready nod, each honest rustic ran:
> Even children followed with endearing wile,
> And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
> His ready smile a parent's warmth expreat,
> Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
> To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
> But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven."

Some Eminent Irishmen.

WHILE Scotchmen are justifiably proud of their country, their brother Scots, and, especially, those of their number who have attained to eminence in various departments in all quarters of the world, cannot ignore, even should they wish to do so, that there have sprung from Erin's Isle a considerable number of men who have acquired distinction, and, in one case, at least, pre-eminence in their separate professions. It would be curious to know how far climate, the laws of heredity, the scenery of their early surroundings, their schools and colleges, their teachers and professors, went to account for the success in after-life achieved by these distinguished men; but whatever the causes, the examples now to be adduced will satisfactorily prove the correctness of the proposition with which we have set out. On looking more fully into the subject, it is found that so many men acquired local celebrity in Ireland that their name is legion; consequently, in the limits of this article we are confined to the more celebrated of their number, and these, or most of them, came to be known in Great Britain, but did much of their work, and acquired their fame, in England.

Going first to that noble profession, the army, we have in Arthur Wellesley, the illustrious Duke of Wellington, an example of pre-eminence—born in the same year as Napoleon, and causing Louis the Eighteenth to remark "*La Providence nous devait bein cette compensation.*" The Duke was born at Dengan Castle, Ireland, on 1st May, 1769; lost his father when young; was educated at Eton, and studied military science at an academy in France; when eighteen years of age, became an ensign in the 41st Regiment of Foot. Exchanging first into the 12th, and then into the 18th Light Dragoons, promotion rapidly followed, and becoming Lieutenant-Colonel of the 33rd Regiment, when twenty-three years of

age, he joined the camp of the Duke of York at Antwerp, and there first saw an army in the field. In his subsequent brilliant career abroad and on the Continent, the public have ever taken a lively interest, and it forms a most interesting page of British history. One or two little episodes of the amusing type may be unknown, and are here given. After the defeat of the French in Portugal, a convention was held by Sir Hew Dalrymple, Sir Harry Burrard, and Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley), as to future procedure; the result of their deliberations not giving satisfaction in England, the king directed a formal investigation to be held, when it transpired that Wellington, although signing the treaty, had been dissatisfied with many parts of it; consequently, he escaped the odium attaching to his colleagues, and was described along with them as follows:—

> "Sir Arthur and Sir Harry,
> Sir Harry and Sir Hew—
> Sir Arthur is a valiant Knight;
> But as for t'other two,
> Why, cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle,
> Cock-a-doodle, doo!"

The great duke settled in London at the termination of his military career, and doing distinguished service to the nation at home, was a familiar figure in Piccadilly, and in the parks. Edmund Yates tells of a Mr. Jones, architect, in London, who bore so strong a resemblance to the great man that he declared he was frequently taken for him, which being mentioned to Wellington, his remark was, "Dear me, that's very odd, no one ever takes me for Mr. Jones." Disliking ostentation or any military pomp, it was deemed fitting that in death he should receive due honour as a national hero, and, consequently, the public funeral from Apsley House to St. Paul's was as mighty a pageant as has been evoked in ancient or modern times, while England's Laureate writes of him:

> "Whose life was work, whose language rife
> With rugged maxims hewn from life;
> Who never spoke against a foe;

Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right.
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed.

"Lo, the leader in those glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the State.

"Such was he; his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands and through all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory."

Ireland claims a distinguished soldier of modern times as her son, Viscount Wolseley, having been born near Dublin, in 1833, and receiving his early education and tuition there, began his military life as an ensign at the age of nineteen, and duly getting promotion, is now in the proud position of commander-in-chief of our army.

Turning now to the Church, we have in the seventeenth century a well-known son of Ireland in the person of the Dean of St. Patrick's, Jonathan Swift, who, when he had from long practice acquired a graceful and incisive style of writing, discoursed on every subject of public importance in his day. He held many and varied offices in Ireland; he charmed by his wit; he stung by his satire, and was both loved and feared. The following satirical lines on him by Dean Percival show that to the prebendaries and officers of his cathedral he was arbitrary, and thus became unpopular:—

"He sometimes to a Chapter goes
With saucy strut and turned-up nose,

Leans on his cushion, then he'll bid ye
Hearken to what all know already.
Perhaps he'll sneer or break a jest,
But deil a bit to break your fast.
Go when you please, let the clock strike
What hour it will, 'tis all alike.
Some country preb. comes just at one
In hopes to dine, and so begone:
The Dean appears; 'I'm glad to see you,
Pray tell what service I can do you;
Be quick, for I am going out.'
The hungry Levite's vexed no doubt
To be thus baulked; tucks up his gown,
Makes a low scrape, and so to town;
Is welcome there, so makes a shift
To drink his glass, and rail at Swift."

In later times appears the Rev. Dr. Trench, a man of good Irish family, who, besides discharging his clerical duties in England, and for many years curate to Dr. Wilberforce when rector of Alverstoke, contributed as a prose writer, a poet, and a critic, many works to the literature of our time, and reached the culmination of his career as the distinguished Archbishop of Dublin. In Great Britain, as well as in Ireland, he was one of the foremost men of his time, and conferred much lustre on the land of his nativity.

The author of the "Deserted Village," and "The Vicar of Wakefield," deservedly attained pre-eminent fame and popularity; his standard works will never fail to please old and young, and as long as the English language subsists they will be read with admiration and avidity, while to this day his celebrated comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," always commands a large and enthusiastic audience; it holds its own with his distinguished countryman's plays, "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals," and has the great merit of being, even in the reading of it, a comedy full of interest and amusement. The character of Mr. Hardcastle as delineated by the eminent actor, the late Mr. Chippendale, in the scene where Hastings and Marlow mistake their host's house for an inn, and Miss Hardcastle for the barmaid, and where old Hardcastle tolerates their behaviour as long as he possibly can,

forms one of the most vividly dramatic scenes on the stage. It culminates in Hardcastle saying:

"To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, 'This house is mine, sir.' By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh—ha! ha! ha! Pray, sir (bantering), as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows—perhaps you may take a fancy to them.

"*Marlow.* Bring me your bill, sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

"*Hardcastle.* There are a set of prints, too. What think you of 'The Rake's Progress' for your own apartment?

"*Marlow.* Bring me your bill I say, and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

"*Hardcastle.* Then there's a mahogany table that you may see your own face in. I had forgot the great chair for your own particular slumbers after a hearty meal.

"*Marlow.* Zounds! bring me my bill I say, and let's hear no more on't."

And then Hardcastle, with a look of great sorrow and reproach, says:

"Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me I was taught to expect a well-bred, modest man as a visitor here; but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully," and leaves the apartment.

If Oliver Goldsmith excelled in writing the wittiest of comedies, he equally as a master of true pathos exhibits his power in the well-known "Deserted Village," quotations from which are familiar as household words; from beginning to end the picture is as exquisite as "Gray's Elegy," to which it is a fitting companion. Let us look at his poetic portrait of the village preacher:—

> "The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
> Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
> The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,

Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began."

Goldsmith was born in County Longford in 1728, and was thought by his first schoolmistress impenetrably stupid. At six years old he was bad at his lessons, but began to rhyme before he could write legibly; he took the degree of B.A. at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1749, and afterwards came to Edinburgh, where he studied medicine, before going to the Continent, and then settling in London. The most of his chequered life was spent here, where, says his biographer, he was widely known and beloved in his later years.

For a national poet, Ireland can proudly point to one who in elaborate works, in minor poems, and in songs, became a popular favourite of his time. To this day what songs are more asked for when at evening the domestic circle are gathered round the winter's hearth, and it may be one of their number has been reading aloud Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," and for variety that charming third daughter in the family is called on to sing, "Fond memory brings the light of other days around me." This over, the eldest daughter, a good reciter, is asked to give her favourite quotation from "Odes to Anacreon," a proposition so loudly applauded that the blush comes to her face, which subsiding, we listen attentively to the well-balanced lines, and so well declaimed that at the close the fair reciter is informed how worthy a pupil she is of Miss Bateman:—

"To all that breathe the air of Heaven,
Some born of strength has Nature given;
In forming the majestic bull
She fenced with wreathed horns his skull;
A hoof of strength she lent the steed,
And wing'd the timorous hare with speed;
She gave the lion fangs of terror,

And o'er the ocean's crystal mirror
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove
She plum'd the warbling world of love.

"To man she gave in that proud hour
The boon of intellectual power.
Then what, oh, woman, what for thee
Was left in Nature's treasury?
She gave thee beauty—mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war;
Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power
Like woman in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!"

But we are not yet done with the gallant, the graceful Thomas Moore, the bright ornament of social life, who in England charmed society as he had done in his native isle, and whose life was written by one of England's greatest statesmen. The discussion of his poetry and songs continues, the elder members of the circle voting for this poem or that song, the children citing their special favourites. Victor, the younger son, exhibits his last birthday present, accompanying which appeared the Irish bard's appropriate lines, "To a Boy with a Watch."

"Is it not sweet, beloved youth,
To rove through Erudition's bowers,
And cull the golden fruits of truth,
And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers?

"And is it not more sweet than this
To feel thy parents' hearts approving,
And pay them back in sums of bliss
The dear, the endless debt of loving?

"It must be so to thee, my youth;
With this idea toil is lighter;
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
And makes the flowers of fancy brighter.

"The little gift we send thee, boy,
May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
If indolence or siren joy
Should ever tempt that soul to wander,

"'Twill teach thee that the wingèd day
Can ne'er be chained by man's endeavour;
That life and time shall fade away,
While heaven and virtue bloom for ever!"

The father looks proudly on his boy as he declaims these lines, the little sister plays with the watch which was the subject of these lines, and the fond mother breaks from smiles into tears, and then again into smiles, as she surveys the family, and listens to Moore's sweetest melody.

William Bell Scott.

WHILE it is a laudable ambition to attain distinction in the world of literature and art, or in the province of criticism, it occasionally happens that in each of these three one man acquires eminence. Painting and poetry are the two more frequently seen combined; numerous are the instances of such an alliance, and in the subject of this notice we have the three arts united. The son of an engraver in the old Parliament Square, Edinburgh (the square of booths and stalls as it then was), and brother of the distinguished artist, David Scott, William was born on 12th September, 1811, at Gibraltar House, St. Leonards, close to Davie Dean's cottage, and looking up to Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags—a quiet and almost rural locality at that time—a house and vicinity of which William, in later years, gave a most graphic description, as he likewise did of their quiet domestic life and the household training, which included the learning of the Shorter Catechism and the reading of the Bible. Of the former he says, "I hope it is dear to many still in Scotland, and I say this although to me theological or clerical teaching is no longer necessary or profitable, but in childhood it is so to every generation, at least, within the domestic circle. The Scotchman is a thinker born, and also by habit; he is so all over the world wherever he goes, and if he learns the 'Shorter Catechism of the Divines assembled at Westminster' in his childhood, there are various intellectual follies he can never be guilty of. He cannot worship the holy coat of Treves or the wood of the true Cross, or believe in transubstantiation on the one hand, nor in the harmless cant of natural religion, with such vapid maxims as 'From Nature up to Nature's God,' on the other."

After the usual experiences of infancy and boyhood, the lad has aspirations after poetry, and bethought him of men of

name and authority to advise with, the earliest of these being Professor Wilson, then rejoicing in the fulness of his varied strength, one day writing his "Trials of Margaret Lindsay," and occasionally taking his recreation at a cock-fight! but always the same gigantic personality, whose words, manner, and appearance so strongly impressed his fellow-citizens. On William informing him that he intended to be an artist as well as a poet, he receives some encouragement, as well as some advice not entirely to his taste, and off he goes to Sir Walter Scott, then residing at No. 6 Shandwick Place, Edinburgh. "As one of the clan—same name, at any rate"—does Sir Walter receive him, listens to the blank verse which William brought him, and advises him to write in rhyme, the result of the interview being at first a disappointment to William, although fully satisfied of the kindness and wisdom of all that Sir Walter had said to him. Again he sees Wilson, and makes the acquaintance of Henry Glassford Bell and Walker Ord, both young poets, Stoddart and Ballantine, and then enters on art as a profession, poetry being subsidary to it, and a recreation of his leisure hours, while before leaving Edinburgh he meets at the hospitable Manse of Duddingston the great Turner, Francis Grant, and Daniel Macnee, the two latter to be afterwards the distinguished Presidents of the Royal Academies in London and Edinburgh. And now comes the time for Scott to leave his native city, and to make trial of his powers in London, where he soon foregathered with several of his countrymen settled there, and made the acquaintance of Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, and G. H. Lewes, as well as of the artists O'Neill, Frith, and Egg, the result of two years' residence there being that the Government resolve on founding in the provinces schools of design, with eminent men at the helm, well qualified to teach the theory and practice of useful art. Ere long William Bell Scott is appointed to the school at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where, and in the county of Northumberland, he spent the best part of his life.

His ambition was high, and he knew that in the intervals from duty he would be at leisure to cultivate art and landscape painting on his own account, as, indeed, he did, writing

sonnets betimes, and afterwards, it will be seen, doing decorative work at the mansion of the Trevelyans. In reading lately the tale of "Sir Balen of Northumberland," struck with the exquisite beauty of Swinburne's lines, we could not help associating William Bell Scott with the scenes through which he was wont to rove:

> "In hawthorn time the heart grows light;
> The world is sweet in sound and sight;
> Glad thoughts and birds take flower and flight;
> The heather kindles towards the light;
> The whin is frankincense and flame.
> And be it for strife, or be it for love,
> The falcon quickens as the dove,
> When earth is touched from Heaven above
> With joy that knows no name.
>
> "Along the wandering ways of Tyne,
> By beach, and birch, and thorn, that shine
> And laugh when life's requickening wine
> Makes night and noon and dawn divine,
> And stirs in all the veins of Spring.
> And past the brightening banks of Tees
> He rode as one that breathes and sees
> A sun more blithe, a merrier breeze,
> A life that hails him king.
>
> "And down the softening South that knows
> No more how glad the heather glows,
> Nor how, when winter's clarion blows
> Across the bright Northumbrian snows."

Busy he certainly was, but, happily, abundant leisure was afforded him, and in summer came annually a holiday of six weeks, one of which was spent in Northumberland painting the landscape of which Swinburne has sung so sweetly, and although narrated in prose, it seems to us scarcely less poetical or idyllic than the verses just quoted. We are sure the reader will welcome Scott's own account of it:—

"Midway between the eastern and western busy shores of our hard-working island I found myself in the old-fashioned, sleepy town of Hexham, and settled down in a small apartment in the half-timber hostelry called the 'White Horse.' This apartment was over the porch, and the front of it was

one continuous narrow casement, with a long bunker-seat under it, looking out on the quiet market-place and great church, once a cathedral, partly destroyed by the Scotch, but still large enough for all the inhabitants of the town. This long window, with the casements opened, and this market-place seen without, was my subject, and the landlady's daughter posed to me at full length on the window-seat, knitting. Transplanted from my world of books and daily attempts to lift up and educate a community, without a fulcrum for my lever, with ambitions of my own, and speculations as yet voiceless, I entered into the homely daily life of the narrow circle, and soon began to know the bellman and the beadle, the apothecary and the mercer, and to recognise the domestic damsels, each one at her regular moment coming for the daily water to the fountain. Then the sun was always shining, my casement was always open, the pigeons and the jackdaw—the *familiar*, a quite innocent one, of the market-place—sat on the sill looking at me in their sidelong bird fashion. Every quarter of an hour the great clock of the cathedral chimed soberly—one for the quarter—two for the half, and so on till it struck the hour. At noon before the last stroke of the bell had ceased to vibrate, the clatter of wooden shoes and the hubbub of children's voices showed that the school doors had been opened. Into the wide-paved space they tumbled, Esaus and Ishmaels, starting to fight over the horse-trough, splashing the water about, and pairs of good Davids and Jonathans keeping their arms round each other's necks. The tall maiden Isabell, my model, by and by disappeared to cook my dinner, and to eat her own, and when my hour came I very often found a roasted duckling smoking before my solitary plate. This hostelry was scarcely ever disturbed by traveller, except on one day—the market-day of the week. Yet the landlady, who had had her cares, having lost everything sixteen years before, when her son was banished for forgery, cheerfully said the world had been very good to her; she had now something in the bank of her own again, her son was now a prosperous man, and she was looking for his return."

Soon after this occurred the deaths of his accomplished brother David and his amiable mother, lessening the ties that bound William to his native city, for which he always had a profound admiration; but having found his work in England, he cannot linger in the northern metropolis, and besides the duties of his school in Newcastle, he was intrusted by Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan with the task of beautifying their home at Wallington Hall, Morpeth, a large mansion, by the designing and painting a set of historical pictures illustrating the poem of "Chevy Chase," which not only resulted in a thorough success, but opened out to Scott a wide social field, and procured for him the intimate friendship of Swinburne and Rossetti. Of these distinguished men, as well as many others, including Holman Hunt and William Morris, Scott gives many an anecdote. But we cannot linger on his life in Northumberland, in which he had done such prodigious work, but take up the remainder of the span allotted to him. He returns to London, and now, in 1864, this is his home for the winter months; in summer he is to be found in Ayrshire, spending a well-earned holiday, not in idleness by any means, but occupying much of his time in beautifying by his artistic skill the house of his friends, the Boyds at Penkill Castle, with scenes taken from "The King's Quhair."

This mansion, situated midway between Girvan and Dailly, is in a pleasing situation off the main road, and when sojourning at Girvan in the autumn of 1894, we had, through the kindness of Miss Boyd, an opportunity of walking through the policies, and seeing the chief rooms at Penkill, and notably the artistic work of Scott on the staircase, which will remain as a permanent memorial of the genius of the man.

He had for some years occupied a house at Chelsea, near to Carlyle, and there Miss Boyd spent the winter months with Mr. and Mrs. Scott, they in turn going to Ayrshire for the summer, to the hospital abode of the Boyds, "the old Scotch house," spoken of in his sonnets, and meeting a circle of literary and artistic friends, till the later years, when he was no longer able for activity out of doors, or for mixing in society within; but his comfort and health was studied be-

yond everything, and to attend to his well-being was a labour of love to Miss Boyd. Saunters up the glen, drives to Girvan and Dailly, the writing of sonnets and light etching indoors, with reading and being read to, all these rendered the closing years of Scott's life a quiet, peaceful time, and he died full of years and honours, widely respected, in the autumn of 1890, and was interred in the old kirk-yard of Dailly. A medallion portrait on the wall surmounting the grave was our guide to the spot on a summer-like day two years since. A peculiar satisfaction it was to see the handiwork and the last resting-place of a man whose autobiography, under the able editorship of Mr. Minto, forms one of the most interesting and instructive of books published of late years. Visitors to Ayrshire would do well to explore these and other scenes of a most fascinating county.

"Oor Ain Folk"—"The Humour of the Scot."

SINCE the publication of the inimitable "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," several writers have followed in the wake of Dean Ramsay: Mr. George Seton, now a venerable member of the Scotch Bar, in a volume not so large as the Dean's, entitled "A Budget of Anecdotes," manifests the truth of the proverb, "Good gear goes in small bulk"; Dr. Pryde, in his "Pleasant Memories of a Busy Life," writes gracefully on men and manners, a considerable part of his volume being devoted to humour of excellent quality; and Mr. Inglis, in the two ample works under notice, pours forth that "perfervidum ingenium Scotorum" with which he is so richly endowed. What better man than Mr. Inglis could be found to portray the life and character of the folk of that glen of the North Esk, the scenery of which has been painted in oil by Chalmers and other brothers of the brush? Mr. Inglis likewise gives us a vivid word portraiture not only of the scenery, but so firmly grasps the life and character of the natives, that to those who love and admire this glen (and there are many such), the place and its inhabitants, laird and tenant, farmer and cottager, minister and man, stand revealed before us, and the mind's eye sees in memory the flowing panorama of the North Esk from Inchgrundle and Invermark, past Millden in the golden glory of summer, down to the popular and now stirring village of Edzell.

Having spent many years abroad, where he acquired wealth and distinction, Mr. Inglis, with true patriotism, revisits his native glen, become sacred from the ties of descent, his grandfather having been minister at Lochlee, the head of the glen, and his father, who seceded at the Disruption, minister of Edzell, where the glen terminates. To the world at large the narrative of men and manners in a Scottish glen cannot be of importance or much interest, but to the Scotchman, the man

of observation, the student of character, the man with an appreciation of humour, the theme is all-absorbing. To begin with the drouthy nature of the people, many anecdotes are given, and from this he naturally diverges to the improved state of matters in the present day, and genially discourses on the temperance question while on the moors at lunch in the interval of shooting grouse. He speaks of the merits and demerits of cider and whisky, three of the shooting party indulging in the former beverage, and says:—

"Just fancy the degeneracy of the age! Cider among the Grampians! What next, I wonder?

"Bless me! will the birds never come? Cider? Ah, that reminds me, I have a flask. Good! What is in it? Whisky? Better still!

"No sound yet of the distant beaters. No sudden rush yet of impetuous wings. No startling bir-a-bir-a bic-bic-bic, that sets the blood madly bounding in one's pulses, and brings the ready gun to the receptive shoulder. No! all is quiet; some of the party I verily believe are half asleep. I am getting drowsy myself. The flask! the flask! What, ho! the native wine of the country to the rescue! I unscrew the top; I have filled a little into the metal cup, when hark! from George comes the cry of 'Mark covey!' and with a rush and a swoop the ruddy beauties are upon me. Alas! my hands are full; my gun lies idly on my knees. Is it to be grouse or whisky? Oh, d—! Tut, tut! this will never do! What, dam the whisky of Scotland? 'Tis impossible, sir! It cannot be done, Sir Wilfred Lawson and all the yards of blue ribbon in the world to the contrary, notwithstanding. It simply cannot be done, sir! You might as well try to dam Niagara or even Chicago, but Scottish whisky? No, no, give up the vain attempt.

"It must be remembered—and there is great comfort for the teetotallers in this—that the standard of moral judgment as to drinking has been immensely raised since the days of our grandfathers. It needs not illustration. Every book of Scottish reminiscence is full of proof that it is so; and this is the true way in which all lasting reform must come. Oh, I

wish our strike-leaders and stirrers-up of strife between class and class would recognise this! It is not by force but by reason; not by hasty enactment, but by slow, steady, patient, persistent moulding of public opinion that progress is made. When public opinion is ripe, then comes the enactment, and it being already part and parcel of the popular conscience, a ready submission is at once given, and every citizen himself becomes a willing policeman to see that the law is observed. The divine plan is 'line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little,' until at last the broad, comprehensive change is made; and it becomes, when founded thus on a people's reason and conscience, as strong as steel and as enduring as adamant."

In no other writer will you find a truer description of the scenes known to him of old, and the changes that have taken place in the long interval since he had as a young man dwelt among his ain folk. How powerfully does it come home to any of us wherever our lot may have been cast, thus revisiting the old glen, its main features unaltered, but some detail, trifling in itself, though all-powerful in the way of boyish association, revealing a change! It may be the removal of a stile, or the shutting up of an old footpath or right-of-way, the demolition of a rustic bridge, or the substitution of a modern one, the disuse of the old ford where your favourite chestnut cooled his heels after that burst of ten miles in the hour, and where your gallant grey pulled you through in the dogcart, albeit the river was three parts flooded; the cosy thatched cottages razed to the ground, and perhaps a set of staring slated roof ones, cold and trim, usurping their place; come to the human element, too, and you no longer find the quaint, kindly dominie that taught the youth in days of yore, the postman who faithfully performed his daily round and delivered to you on the road, if need be, your letters and papers, the shepherd to whom you looked for advice about the weather, and whose conversation on books and politics was marked by shrewd intelligence; the parish vulcan, beside whose warm forge on winter days you would listen to the clash (not all unkindly) o' the kintra side. Where are the

three friends who in youth dwelt in that house on the hill? All scattered abroad, and only one of them seen occasionally. Every turn of the road brings a memory with it!

> "Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise;
> Each stamps its image ere the other flies!"

We would hope some day to meet Mr. Inglis and to shake him cordially by the hand by way of thanks for the pleasure derived in the perusal of these volumes, bringing to memory in the dark months of winter the golden days spent at Tarfside in his sublime glen, of which let Mr. Inglis now discourse to the reader:—

"I think our glen must have been one of the loveliest in all 'braid Scotland.' Nestling amid the shadows of surrounding hills, covered in the summer-time with crimson heather to their very summits, the glen lay like an oasis of beauty, and nurtured in its various straths and valleys the hardy race of sturdy, independent, whole-souled peasantry, among whom some of the finest types of quaint old Scottish character were ever to be met. The plash of falling water makes the air tremulous with melody on every side. The heather hills constitute a veritable sportman's paradise, and away up on the mighty flanks of Mount Keen and Lochnagar the lordly stag may often be seen standing clear-cut against the distant horizon, on some jutting spur. I sit writing this in my own dear old glen. I smell the fragrant sweetness of the birks around Ardoch, and the crimson heather is bursting into bloom. I have been away for thirty-two long eventful years. The hot Eastern sun and the desiccating Austral winds have tanned my cheeks; and though tender emotions swell within me, and at every turn some fond recollection is stirred at the sight of the familiar hills and burns—at the sound of the old familiar names of places that I have not heard for more than half a lifetime, yet—yet—how *can* I express it?—things are not the same. There is some subtle change. There is a feeling of incompleteness—a jarring note somehow; an undertone of extreme sadness—sometimes almost dejection; a dim, half-expressed, half-denied feeling of dissatisfaction and disappoint-

ment. Are the great swelling hills really smaller and barer looking, or is it only my fancy? The Esk, and the Mark, and the Tarf are the same; the tawny yellow waters come bounding and foaming over the great rocks as of yore; and yet somehow the channels seem narrowed and the volume decreased. Ah! the dear old faces, too, how many are gone! The peat stacks seem fewer. There are no thatch houses now left in the glen, save one or two that are mouldering to decay. Stone cottages have taken their place. Trim, neat, substantial? Yes, with tropæolum climbing like embracing flames about the front, and honeysuckle running riot over the enclosing dykes of the kailyards. As cosy-looking? As canty and crouse and bien-like as the lowly theek hoosies of old? No! I do not think so!

"And the old, kindly, hearty, frank, simple, spontaneous loving-kindness and large-hearted generous hospitality of the dear old days seems too to have for the most part passed. Not altogether. Some of the essentially 'hame-ower folk' are still left, and oh! what a charm to enjoy their unaffected, warm-hearted, unstudied directness. Here at a humble farmhouse for instance, behind the old manse where once my grandfather and my father dwelt, overlooking the quiet kirkyaird where reposes the dust of generations of my forebears, under this hospitable roof of Auchronie, in converse with the dear, gentle-mannered old lady, who presides so sweetly over the well-furnished tea-table, in quite the old unstinted style, a leaf out of the past is turned back, and the visions of boyhood return again.

"It is really a work of the rarest difficulty to empty oneself of one's own personality, as it were, and enter into the very mental being of one of these simple primitive folk; and this Barrie has done. For instance, what is all your varied experience to one of the type I met but yesterday? Frail in body, rheumatic and tottering in his gait, but the eye is still bright, the voice hearty and resonant. The locks are 'lyart,' but the beard is thick and strong. He puffs vigorously at an old and very short cutty, and from very pronounced indications on the summer air we can surmise that his nerves are still

strong, for the tobacco certainly is. Pulling up the pony, we accost the old fellow: 'Weel, Jock, an' how are you?' He peers up at us, takes out his 'cutty,' knocks the 'dottle' out on his thumb-nail, gets quit of some saliva, wipes his lips with the back of his hand, and as we have been curiously watching the process of cogitation, and the appeal to recollection going on all the time, we are prepared for his first utterance:

"'Dod, na! Ye hae the better o' me. Fa is't?'

"'D'ye no mind me?'

"'No, min; no i' ye noo, at onyrate; bit I'll mebbe min' in a whyllie. I ken yer face, too.'

"'Aweel, Jock, ye kent me fine fin I was a lathie.'

"Slowly a look of pleased recognition and awakened memory begins to play over the rugged features. The mouth opens, the shoulders straighten, the eyes blink with a sort of merry twinkle, then smiting his stick with both hands on the ground, he says, 'Ye'll no be fae foarin pairts, are ye?'

"'Oh, yes,' we answer, 'I've been abroad for a long time.'

"Then comes the ripened certainty. With an emphasis and a heartiness that go very near raising a lump in my throat, the old man says, 'Dod than, ye're Jeems!' Then my hand is grasped and pressed, and eager query after query is poured fast upon me; and just for a brief minute one feels how deep and true a thing is kindly human affection after all, and a meeting like this makes amends for many, many a rebuff and disappointment."

And now for a few specimens of the stories of which there is full, an inexhaustible, supply, and of such good quality that selection is no easy matter. In reading the volumes aloud at Tarfside last September, the reader had frequently to pause for minutes to allow the shouts of laughter to subside, and when a new one was started there was eager expectation to see if the coming story could possibly exceed in humour that which had just been given.

"An old Deeside farmer had been at the General Assembly, and was asked on his return by a lady known to Mr. Inglis: 'Weel, John, and how did ye like the speeches at the General Assembly?'

"'To tell the honest truth, mem,' said John, 'I thocht them vera like ma wife's tea.'

"'Ay, and what likes it, John?"

"'Jist vera wake and vera war-r-r-m, mem.'"

Illiterate provosts, proud of their office, and much given to grandiose phrases, with absurd similes, have always furnished excellent matter for the story-teller, and the town of Montrose especially has been the scene for their display from the well-known direction of their head magistrate to the town clerk when Joseph Hume's statue was ready to be handed over with civic ceremony. "Now, Mr. Town Clerk, unveil the *statute*." "Richt to a T, provost," was the sly remark of a bystander. There follows, however, a better than this; Montrose again is the scene; a respected clergyman is to be presented with a watch, and, of course, the worthy provost presides at the ceremony, the amusing scene being considerably heightened by his peculiar manner of jerking his right thumb over his shoulder at the close of his sentences; and now for the peroration: "May this magneeficent watch, sir, be handed doon as an heirloom to posterity; and may generations yet unborn rise up and say, 'Watchman, what of the nicht?' May it not only, sir, be your monitor in time, but your guide throu the coontless ages of a lang eternity." Great was the applause, and the complacent orator, turning to a brother magistrate, inquires, "Fu am I gettin' on, bylie?" "Oh, fine, provost, fine." "Ay, min, an' it's a' vairbattim." The good old soul meant extempore, but it was perfectly understood, and served the purpose just as well.

Akin to this is the case of the crofter, who, sustaining a slight shock of paralysis, is visited by the minister *qua* doctor, there being no medical man near, and who applies the galvanic battery to his patient. "How is your husband to-day?" asks a neighbour of the gude-wife. "He's no vera weel," was the reply, "but I'm hopin' he'll sune be better. The minister's been giein' him a shock wi' the *Calvinistic battery*, an' it did him a lot o' guid."

By way of broad contrast to the modern servant who nowadays gives so much trouble, Mr. Inglis speaks pathetically of

the loyal and affectionate service of the old days, when, in spite of the blunt speech and the tendency to familiarity shown by retainers, there was on both sides more mutual satisfaction and regard. He has no further to go than his father's manse for an illustration of his statement, and there is an inscription at Edzell Churchyard over the grave of George Ferrier narrating that for thirty-eight years this man had been a faithful servant to his father, who so liked the man that even when "Geordie" was overtaken in the fault of over-carousing, the minister said never a harsh word to him. Not so forbearing was the mistress of the manse, who on one occasion opened out on him too severely. The master appears on the scene, to whom says Geordie, "Oh, minister, cud ye no arreenge, for heaven's sake, to let the mistress hae the poopit tae hersel' on Sunday, and let's hae a' this oot at aince?"

Pathetically the condition of the manse commissariat is spoken of in those hard times long ago, and the stern self-denial of his parents went so far that Mr. and Mrs. Inglis have been known to go without a dinner themselves that their poorer neighbours might be supplied.

Not less humorous than the foregoing stories is that given of the home-spun, independent farmer, who on rent day dines with his laird for the first time. It recalls the scene pictured by Wilkie in his rent day, and rivals some of the episodes in Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." The soup had been disposed of, and all the spoons removed save that used by the farmer, who, to the dismay of the butler, would not give it up; the champagne had fortified him, and evidently he felt himself in the position of possession being nine points of the law. All through the courses the man servant tries to regain it, and especially when the joint was removed, and the puddings were coming in. At length, convulsing both the company and the butler, the worthy man addresses the latter: "Na, na, ma man, it's nae eese," (use) "ma mooth's as big for pudden' as it is for kail."

If Mr. Inglis revels in the humour of the Scot, of which he has so plenteous a share, it must not be supposed that he puts

this forth more than as a superficial feature of our countrymen, but only that he has occupied his leisure hours in bringing before us, for our reading during spare time, examples of that humour that cannot fail to brighten his readers. Between the lines it is easily seen how strongly the man is blest with sound sense, native shrewdness, earnestness, and philanthropy. His description of a parting scene between his mother and himself, and his commentary on it, will best illustrate his heart-felt, filial reverence. Placing her hands on his broad shoulders and kissing him, she said, "Weel, Jamie, fear God, and tak' care o' yer claes, an' there's nae fear but ye'll get on."

"Ah, me! I have often thought since of the deep pathos in those homely, simple words. I have thought of the worn fingers and weary eyes engaged far into the night many and many a time when all the restless children had been hushed in sleep, busily stitching at the sadly-worn 'claes' which were so hard to get and so little valued when got by the careless, thoughtless laddies. Ah! many a prayer went up, as the midnight mending went on, that the boys might grow up to be God-fearing men; and it is some satisfaction to think that the gallant, brave, old mother's last days were cheered by the evidences of her lads' well-doing, and that she knew that, so far at least as this world is concerned, her prayers on their behalf had been answered."

Literature Across the Forth.

LONG ago there were nurtured in Mid-Lothian two poets, who, differing widely in social life as well as in the style of their verse, attained considerable celebrity. Their fame is still unimpaired, and deservedly so, owing to the genuineness of their works and the recent eloquent testimony whereby one of our greatest living celebrities, Professor Masson, has, with his usual keen analysis, shown how worthy both the men and their works are to be held in remembrance. Drummond of Hawthornden and Allan Ramsay, though not so largely read as they ought to be, find favour with many of the reading public who have come to know and appreciate them. Both Edinburgh and Mid-Lothian are proud in numbering them among their gifted sons of song; much has been done to keep their memory green. It would be superfluous at this stage to say more of these eminent sons of Mid-Lothian, and therefore we would cross the Forth to a district fitted to inspire the gifted man of letters with themes suitable alike for description in prose and for flights of song. That it has so inspired several writers we hope to show. A long range of country, commencing with the Ochils, branching from there into Glendevon, the Lomonds of Fife and Kinross, the historical Lochleven, the old castle of Burleigh, are several out of the many districts across the Forth well worthy of a visit for themselves alone, and with many a record of men known to fame. Let the traveller, however, quit the railway and observe leisurely in detail a district to which we would conduct him, *viz.*, the *round* of Lochleven, having specially in view the scene of the nativity as well as of the death of the author of "The Cuckoo." If a spring day and a favourable one be selected, all the more appropriate will it be when, passing through the village of Kinnesswood, he will hear among the whins of the hillside the dulcet, soothing notes of

that harbinger of the delicious season, when the earth is re-clothed with fresh greenery, and he will be reminded of the theme of Michael Bruce's sweetest song.

> "O Nature! a' thy shows and forms
> To feeling, pensive hearts ha'e charms!
> Whether the Summer kindly warms
> Wi' life and light,
> Or Winter howls in gusty storms
> The long dark night."

So sang Burns; but winter is over now, and coming out to be warmed by the sunshine of May, as Michael Bruce came a century and a half ago, we are here where he lived and sang and died. Easy is it to picture the youthful bard rising to see from his window the first streaks of dawn striking the loch ere the rosy flush of morning awoke his neighbours to their daily toil, and as at intervals towards the effulgent noontide he heard the notes of his favourite bird echoing along the Lomonds, what more natural than that he should thus put his thoughts into verse:

> "Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
> No Winter in thy year."

Shelley's "Skylark" contains nothing finer than this, the kernel of the ode, but his lines to the Cuckoo must be given entire:

> "Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
> Thou messenger of Spring!
> Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
> And woods thy welcome sing.

> "Soon as the daisy decks the green
> Thy certain voice we hear;
> Hast thou a star to guide thy path
> Or mark the rolling year?

> "Delightful visitant! with thee
> I hail the time of flowers,
> And hear the sound of music sweet
> From birds among the bowers.

"The schoolboy wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

"What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands
Another Spring to hail.

"Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear,
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year.

"O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make with joyful wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the Spring."

It is not difficult to reach Kinnesswood, the scene of Michael Bruce's favourite poem, but what about the author himself, and what more did he accomplish? A briefly told tale. Delicate in health during infancy and boyhood, he was able during his teens to conduct a school, and to act as tutor in private families, but ill health supervening, he succumbed at the age of twenty-one, and was interred in the neighbouring church-yard of Portmoak, where an obelisk marks his resting-place with the inscription: "Michael Bruce, Born March 27, 1746, Died 6th July, 1767."

Sad it is to contemplate the premature close of a life so full of promise, a type of many another brief career, but had he written nothing else than his "Ode to the Cuckoo," Bruce is worthy to be held in grateful remembrance; nor should his chief poem, "Lochleven," be overlooked; it is a work of considerable merit, from which we have only room for a short quotation:

"How blest the man who in these peaceful plains
Ploughs his paternal field, far from the noise,
The care and bustle of a busy world.
All in the sacred, sweet, sequestered vale
Of solitude, the secret primrose path
Of rural life he dwells; and with him dwells
Peace and content, twins of the sylvan shade,
And all the graces of the golden age."

Taking a long span from the days of Michael Bruce to this our own time, there has lately appeared from the pen of a Kinross-shire man, Hugh Haliburton, an unobtrusive but powerful writer, a series of prose essays and poems which have given the highest satisfaction to his friends and countrymen; so powerful have the traditions and scenery of the Ochils impressed him, that he has become a faithful and eloquent exponent of that part of his native land; patriotic, sympathetic, sensible, and humorous, he has all the elements necessary to constitute the popular writer, and no wonder that his books have been received with favour and acclamation; "the short and simple annals of the poor" have for him a real attraction, and when this theme is taken up there is brought before the mind's eye of the reader, the toils, the recreations of rustic life, the weavers' loom, and the snug ingle-neuk on a winter's night, the sower going forth to sow, the field divided into furrows by that sturdy ploughman who does his best in the master's interest, stimulated by the hope of gaining at the coming ploughing match a prize, possibly the first; and when as on other gala days, he decorates his grey horses with ribbons of red or blue; the servants' holidays, their long march to a Perth or Kinross Fair, the crack in the kirkyard on Sabbath before service, their rest from toil on that gladsome day, and the cheerful resumption of work on the Monday; these, and the whole epitome of farm work and rustic life are delineated by Hugh Haliburton in unsurpassable style, and cause the grateful reader to welcome each succeeding work from so gifted a pen. Contrasting ancient with modern times, he invokes to his aid other authors, chiefly, of course, Burns, and shows how that great bard, in grossly exaggerating the scenes enacted at the "Holy Fair," gave an erroneus idea of an ancient institution which combined the sacred and the secular, and which this modern author declares was in great favour with all rustics, the well-conducted set really benefiting by their pilgrimage to the shrine, and those of the loose order carousing to their detriment.

"The gathering," says Haliburton, "was in effect a holiday recreation, the religious nature of which in no ways detracted

from, but rather sanctioned, its enjoyment by the masses. It afforded a much desiderated means of seeing friends and society generally. Trysts were made, especially between the sexes, weeks and weeks before the day came round. The day was long looked forward to, always hopefully; elders separated from each other by the width of a parish or twain, had their annual re-unions on the tent green; they interchanged news with their snuff-boxes, sniffed vigorously at the faintest taint of heresy in the homily of some suspected preacher, discussed predestination or the awful doctrine of infant damnation over a bap and a bottle of ale at refreshment time, or scoured away in long excursion, like the immortal Twa Dogs, among clerical anecdotes, parish gossip, and Presbyterian scandal. Sisters met sisters, or brothers brothers, separated from each other for most of the year by the exigencies of service; they sat together, and sang from the same or each other's psalm-book, and found opportunity among less mortal thoughts to criticise their master or mistress's temper, their new acquaintance, and their former sweethearts."

And the quiet picturesque scene of these gatherings, how bewitching! Specially attractive must be a valley described by Haliburton, which, not having yet seen, we must thank him for pointing out the water of *May* with its tributaries. Here are rocks, "the Craigendivots," where the river is almost over-arched for about two hundred yards, anon two waterfalls, and not far distant the policies of Invermay.

That interesting section of pastoral life, embracing the shepherds, or more familiarly, "herds," come in for a due share of notice, and, of course, we hear of their faithfulness, their sagacity, and of the more trusted among them being received into the family as one of themselves, where, towards the children, he was loyal and loving. His work and wages, habits and recreations, in the changing seasons, are graphically described; but, in quoting from this subject, take, for instance, the contrast in character and language between the Highland and Lowland herd, and the manner in which they poke fun at one another. "Here," says Haliburton, "is a

specimen of the manner in which they might introduce themselves to each other, shouting out antiphonally across some severing glen:

First herd—"Hielander!"

Second herd—"Lallanter!"

First herd (mockingly)—"Whar' was she porn?"

Second herd—"Up in ta Heilants."

First herd—"Among the short corn?"

Second herd—"Fine lifin there."

First herd (derisively)—"Syboes and leeks! Ye langleggit billie-goat wantin' the breeks!"

Any reader not yet acquainted with the genial and instructive works of Hugh Haliburton would do well to find them out, and borrow them from the shelves of the circulating library. In poetry he gives us two volumes, "Horace in Homespun" and "Ochil Idylls"; before us at present we have also his entertaining prose volumes, "In Scottish Fields" and "For Puir Auld Scotland's Sake." Not only does the gifted author discourse brilliantly on his beloved Ochils, but, going further afield, treats of popular Scottish literature, and selects specially as themes the promising young poet, too early called away, Robert Fergusson, and the ever-popular Allan Ramsay, "the joyous Ramsay," as he was termed by Scott. And, having introduced that name at the beginning, we may fitly end these observations by recommending his essay on the Mid-Lothian bard, of whom he tells us Burns wrote:

> "Yes! there is ane—a Scottish callan;
> There's ane—come forrit, honest Allan!
> Thou needna jouk behint the hallan,
> A chiel sae clever;
> The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan,
> But thou's for ever!"

Centenarians.

MUCH is to be said in favour of old age, and not a little against it. Circumstances must, in a great measure, determine whether the venerable man or woman of seventy-five would wish to live to eighty-five, or even ten years more, and some have been found to attain the hundred without experiencing any painful labour or sorrow. But on attaining or approaching the latter ultimatum, there are few to whom the quaint lines will not have occurred, either in their own experience or of that of the neighbour and friend on whose pensive face they have seen, if, haply, they have retained their eyesight, a far-off look betokening weariness, and the desire for rest:

> "I would not live always,
> I would not, if I could;
> But I need not fret about it,
> 'Cause I could not if I would."

Even should the frame be wholesome, the mind cheerful, and circumstances easy, there is the monotony of living on through scenes that are the same, yet different; the change of customs and manners (not always for the better), though the sensible old folk are fully alive to the necessity of progress, the blank caused by the departure of that venerable relative or dear familiar friend who gladdened the heart like sunshine, and whose loss is not compensated for, but only alleviated, by some of the ripe survivors, the devotion of the middle-aged son and daughter, and the troop of younger faces gradually coming to the front. Yes, these are compensations in a world of vanity and mutability, and it must have been so in those cases of the centenarians whose portraits are now occasionally exhibited in the pages of the *Daily Graphic*. On the 3rd February we see a portrait and notice of an inhabitant of

Caermarthenshire, Mrs. Sarah Thomas, aged 109, with the usual comments on happy circumstances attending longevity, adding that one of her chief earthly sources of comfort was that of smoking, which she only refrained from on the 17th of January, and thus it was conjectured that soon all would be over with her; and so it was.

It is not to be inferred from this that the pipe kept her alive, but rather that she lived notwithstanding the pipe. Two men of eighty, who, at a long interval, met, congratulated each other on their healthy appearance, the one maintaining that this was due to abstinence, the other to indulgence. In these cases the abstemious man may have been in the house all day, and the luxurious man never in the house save to eat and sleep. Both of them must have been contented philosophers, each going his own way; the medium would be the best course, but how difficult to hit the happy medium when varieties of circumstance, habit, and temperament abound. A Scotch nobleman, who was a keen foxhunter, an ardent shot, and a skilled angler, well known in the border counties, lived to eighty-seven, having had many days of tremendous galloping, and in summer treading the heather, while the autumn saw him in the stubble field, and among the turnips, walking up his game, and no shot save an occasional blaze into the distance too difficult for his unerring eye. One of the most genial natures, he has been succeeded by one, who in these respects, "rives his father's bonnet."

A late distinguished Scotch judge made it a rule to walk his six, and even eight, miles a day in winter when he could, and always in summer. Professor Wilson's feats were, in the language of Dominie Sampson, "Prodigious." Many professional men, admitting the undoubted advantages of exercise, say, "My will, but not my time consents." But in these days, taking the banker and the accountant as types of many a hard-worked man, how zealously do they work before and after the event in order to have their delicious rounds at Muirfield and Musselburgh, at Barnton, Gullane, and North Berwick. A revival of recreation is in the air, and we expect to see in future issues of the *Daily Graphic* notices and accom-

panying portraits of A. B., C. D., and E. F., aged ninety-five. "Their longevity was due to their fondness of, and constant indulgence in, golf."

But as man does not live or recreate by golf alone, we must turn to other sources of pleasure whereby he can cast aside the care of business. This one takes to a country life, and another, not so fond of it as to be induced to the absenting himself from town in winter, makes tracks for the Highlands in summer, varied by a trip to the Continent. Your enthusiastic friend of the rod says there's nothing like fishing. The keen shot asks *him* to take a back seat. "What sport," says he, "is equal to the moors in August? there you find the *real* sportsman, who works while he plays. Astir early, he sniffs the mountain air before the morning meal; treading the heather with buoyant step, the excitement carries him on to his twenty miles; the bag is heavy, the variety of game a beautiful sight when spread out at lunch beside the waterfall; the cares of business life are reduced to a minimum; the sirloin at eight p.m. has a finer flavour than can be perceived by either your angler or foxhunter; the vocal and instrumental music that follows never sounds so sweet as it does to the ear of the man who has trodden the hills and brought down his twelve brace of grouse, and who, during the night, dreams that he is to bag fifteen brace on the day following." Arguments follow, though not heated ones. The shooter of grouse, the angler, foxhunter, and golfer agree to differ.

It must not be lost sight of, however, that with many the inclination, the means and opportunities, are wanting for sport, and although golf is comparatively an inexpensive pastime, it is not sought as an indulgence by everyone. Many a man smiles with tolerance at what he considers the vanity and vexation of spirit in the pursuit of some, if not all, sports, and it must be remembered that in this world of diversity of tastes there is room for everyone.

But what a length have we wandered from the subject of centenarians! There are comparatively few statistics manifesting that sportsmen have survived to *that* extreme of life; many records there are, however, of their attaining a good

old age. Cases of the Mrs. Sarah Thomas type are generally to be found among the humbler classes whose lives have been equable and unexciting. In the autobiography of Dr. Guthrie we have an extraordinary narrative of the appearances presented by several old Shetlanders, among whom there are instances of peculiar longevity.

"Mr. F. Dundas, M.P., having heard, when on a visit to Shetland, of a very old man who lived on the mainland or one of its islands, went to see him. On approaching his cottage, he saw an aged but hale-looking man at work in a field close by, and not doubting but that this was the person he was in search of, he made up to him, but had no sooner begun to moralise on topics suitable to old age and the close of life, than the person he adressed turned round on him to say, 'It'll be my faytherye've come to see; there he is sitting at the cheek o' the door!' And there, on walking up to the house, he saw a grey-haired, venerable patriarch sitting on a stone by the door warming his cold blood in the sunshine. On going up to him and introducing himself as a traveller who had come out of his way to see one who had seen so many years, he was much surprised when this old man, pointing his staff to the door, said, "It'll be my faytherye've come to see; he's in the house there!' He entered, and there, in one who, with bleared eyes and furrowed brow, cowered over a peat fire, while he stretched out his palsied hands to catch its warmth, and over whose shoulders, bent under the weight of years, fell a few spare silver locks, he saw the very picture of a great old age. He was sure that he had now got hold of the veritable man. Raising his voice, for he found the aged patriarch deaf almost as a door-post, he let him know the purpose of his visit. But what was his astonishment when this withered form by the chimney neuk, pointing to the door of an inner room, said, 'Oh, it'll be my faytherye've come to see; he's ben there;' and an old woman who sat by the fire, added, 'Surely, sir, you'll not go till you've seen the Lucky Dad?' And ben there to be sure, lying in a 'box-bed,' he found the father of the other three generations, alive indeed, but more like a dried mummy than a living man."

Dr. Guthrie once visited a centenarian of his own cloth, the late Rev. Mr. Ingram, Unst, who survived the hundred, and at Coleraine in Ireland, at a stone-ware shop, he enters to see a woman of one hundred and seven. "I found an old grey-haired woman behind the counter, but this was her daughter, an auld young lass of eighty. On learning this, I said I wished to be served by her mother, that I might have it to say that I had not only seen but bought from a woman a hundred and seven years old. On this, coming at once from a back room to the call of her daughter, the old lady (no beldam appeared,) walking slowly and softly, but straight as a rush, the only marks of her great age being the eyes, bright, however, with intelligence, deeply sunk in their sockets, and her face wearing a very bleached and bloodless hue."

If some of our octogenarian and nonagenerian friends become garrulous, especially over Waterloo, and the arrival of George IV. at Leith and his triumphant entry to Edinburgh, or any other pet recollection of theirs oft repeated, try to bear with them, remembering that we would be the same had we lived as long; as Alexander Pope puts it, they are only children of an older growth.

> "Behold the child by Nature's kindly law
> Pleased by a rattle, tickled with a straw;
> Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
> A little louder but as empty quite.
> Balls, routs and plays employ his riper stage,
> And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age."

We shall be curious to see from what part of the country, and under what circumstances, the next chronicled centenarian has lived out the extraordinary age of a hundred.

An Old English Gentleman.

A COTEMPORARY and life-long friend of Mr. Gladstone, and who stood by his side as groomsman when the illustrious statesman was married to Miss Glynne, was the late Sir Francis Hastings Doyle of Irish extraction, but born and educated in England, where he took a prominent part in business, in literary and social life. Acquiring distinction at Oxford, he subsequently became professor of poetry there, a chair which he held for ten years, having as a young man graduated as a barrister, and thereafter been appointed Receiver-General of Customs and a Commissioner of Customs. He was one of that numerous band of Englishmen who, possessed of great abilities and ample means, turned both to good account, the one serving the other, and it would seem that after a long tenure of active business life which would doubtless be lucrative, his ambition and taste lay in the direction of literature; and, therefore, his term of holding the professorship gave ample scope for lecturing on poetry and leisure for other literary work, and yet he was not a prolific author, nor have we heard in Scotland of his works being extensively read, and yet his "Lectures on Poetry" and his "Reminiscences and Opinions" will well repay those readers whose taste lies in that direction. In the latter, written when he was an old man, the reader will from nearly the beginning until the close of the work be fascinated by the baronet's gracefully written epitome of men, manners, politics, literature, and things in general. A Tory in politics, he admits the usefulness of the Liberal party. Expressing strenuously views of his own, he has an open mind about the views of others, while his remarks on Mr. Gladstone we would take to be an echo of those so strongly (more than politely) expressed by the numerous Tories who have been so fond of exposing the statesman's weak points and ignoring his strength.

To those acquainted with the counties of Forfar and Kincardine, and specially to those who know the leading places there, it will be remembered that the estate of Fasque belonged to the Ramsays before it passed to the Gladstones, and hence the friendship that existed between the ex-Premier and the late Dean of Edinburgh. Sir Francis records a visit paid to the Gladstones at this interesting place close to Fettercairn, and not far from Edzell, with its umbrageous policies and fine lakes, where there is a grand prospect of the Grampian range, and the traveller is not far distant from another famous old Scotch house, Monboddo. Mr. Gladstone was then, at all events when in Scotland, a Presbyterian, and taking Sir Francis to the Scotch kirk, the latter relates that he does not relish it; but that was only for one day. He gives a record of the great acumen of the then laird of Fasque, afterwards Sir John Gladstone, father of the great statesman, showing the exalted talent that was in the family, however much they might differ in politics. Sir Francis must now in his own words give the particulars of a characteristic and amusing incident: "On another occasion we started on horseback for Dunnottar Castle, a place in the neighbourhood of great historical interest. He was riding a skittish chestnut mare, who would not let him open a gate in front of us. My cob was perfectly docile, and quiet as a sheep, so I naturally said, 'Let me do that for you,' but 'no' again. His antagonist had to be tamed out of her obstructiveness, and for forty minutes she reared, and sidled, and plunged *à la* Randolph Churchill rather than *à la* Northcote, whilst I sat as motionless on my sleepy little nag as the Emperor Aurelian sits on that hollow-backed brute at Rome, which artists insist on our admiring. In time, however, a steady hand and a strong will are apt to prevail with mares as with other personages of the same sex, and we went on towards our castle." Well done, Gladstone, and well done, Doyle!

Again the curtain rises in the theatre of life, and the scene is changed to Oxford, where Doyle must have enjoyed the life of a student; not too hard, but striking the happy medium between the learning from books, his intercourse

with distinguished young men, and a rational indulgence in the varied sport obtainable there. An outstanding incident connected with the latter is felicitously given; he confesses that, though fond of riding, he was not a good horseman, and would occasionally come near to disaster. Being short-sighted, he was mounted one day on a nag with the same failing, but for all that, they were trusting—the rider to the nag's sagacity, the nag to the rider's care—when the latter fancied he saw a patch of thick gloom in front. "But I said to myself, 'If there is anything, Duchess will take care.' Duchess very likely echoed my thought, and meditated in her own mind, 'If there is anything, Mr. Doyle will look to it.' Anyhow, we came at once without warning upon a black donkey roped to a tree in the hedge-row, and lying comfortably across the road. The brute, on being disturbed, rose up suddenly just under Duchess's nose. What she exactly did I never knew, but I found myself flat on my back several yards off. Luckily, however, I was then light and muscular, and so got no hurt. Luckily also, Duchess being desperately frightened, had not pluck enough left to gallop away to her stable, but stood there shaking like an aspen leaf till I got into the saddle again. I then rode on to Christchurch, if not a sadder, at least a slower, and I hope, in that slowness, a wiser man."

Doyle's poetry has been favourably spoken of by competent critics, and especially two pieces are praised as belonging to the minor classics. That great sporting event in September, the Yorkshire race for the St. Leger, is now the theme of his muse. A native of Yorkshire himself, and with a keen eye for sport, he there depicts the scene of excitement in words so nervous and style so graphic that readers are reminded of that famous ride from Ghent, the most spirited account of racing given by Browning or any other poet. Too long for quotation here, the reader is presented with the kernel of the poem;—

> "Ay! mark his action well!
> Behind he is, but what repose!
> How steadily and clean he goes

What latent speed his limbs disclose!
What power in every stride he shows!
They see, they feel, from man to man
The shivering thrill of terror ran,
And every soul instinctive knew
It lay between the mighty two.
The world without, the sky above,
Have glided from their straining eyes—
Future and past, and hate and love,
The life that wanes, the friend that dies,
E'en grim remorse, who sits behind
Each thought and motion of the mind—
These now are nothing; Time and space
Lie in the rushing of the race,
As with keen shouts of hope and fear
They watch it in its wild career.
Still far ahead of the glittering throng
Dashes the eager mare along,
And round the turn and past the hill
Slides up the Derby winner still.
The twenty-five that lay between
Are blotted from the stirring scene,
And the wild cries which rang so loud
Sink by degrees throughout the crowd,
To one deep humming, like the tremulous roar
Of seas remote along a northern shore.
Just on the post her spirit rare,
When hope herself might well despair,
When time had not a breath to spare,
With bird-like dash shoots clean away,
And by half a length has gained the day.
Then how to life that silence wakes;
Ten thousand hats thrown up on high
Send darkness to the echoing sky,
And like the crash of hill-pent lakes,
Outbursting from their deepest fountains,
Among the rent and reeling mountains,
At once from thirty thousand throats
Rushes the Yorkshire roar,
And the name of their Northern winner floats
A league from the course, and more."

Great in variety are the themes on which a poet fastens for his muse, and to the poet of real genius events past and present, scenes new and old, heroes and heroines, present themselves. Love and war, the senate house, and the Highland sheiling, have, according to the temperament and ex-

perience of the singer, been turned into tuneful verse, and now we have Doyle selecting a rare and sublime instance of heroism in the person of a young English soldier condemned to die by the Chinese for not performing the *kotou.*

"Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame;
He only knows that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

"For Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd
Like dreams to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
In grey, soft eddyings hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself so young?

"Yes, honour calls! with strength like steel
He puts the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.
And thus with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink
To his red grave he went.

"Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed;
Vain those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep untamed
The strong heart of her sons.
So let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great."

With the utmost candour, and often with considerable humour, Sir Francis relates the different events of his long life, important and trivial, and one of these occurred when, as a young man of twenty-five, and staying at Ampthill, where the young ladies of the house had a Sunday class, being short of teachers, some of the gentlemen visitors were pressed

into the service, and Doyle's experience on that occasion, and his manner of telling it, savour strongly of anecdotes we have heard regarding similar catechisings in Scotland. A young damsel had been handed over to his care, who, answering with fluency, it seemed to him to be task work learned by rote, and her understanding of the meaning to be wholly wanting, and so her temporary instructor inquires, "Now, my dear, you have been talking to me about a state of salvation—do you know what a state of salvation means?" "No, your honour," "Do you know what to save is?" "No, your honour." "Ah, I see. Do you know what being in a pond is?" "Yes, your honour." "If you fell into a pond and anyone pulled you out, you would thank him, I suppose?" "Yes, your honour." "Well, as far as the pond goes, he would save you, he would be your saviour; but there is a much worse place than a pond to fall into—can you tell me what that place is?" "Yes, your honour; hell, your honour." "Good little girl,' I cried out rejoicingly, forgetting, in my premature exultation, that the fear of hell rather than the hope of heaven often works upon the childish imagination as the chief incitement to religion, and that children know more of that subdivision of theology than of any other. I now felt secure of victory, and after two or three more questions, I addressed her with the utmost confidence. "Now then, you can tell me what a state of salvation means." "Yes, your honour." "What is it, my dear?" "Being in a pond, your honour."

With many barristers of the Circuit, Doyle was on terms of close intimacy, Wortley, Murphy, and Sam Warren, but he reserves his highest praise for David Dundas of Ochtertyre, who, in addition to talent and wit, was an agreeable talker and charming companion. Again and again is he referred to by Doyle in his reminiscences. Story after story could have been told of Dundas, but the following seems one of the best. "He was once playing at whist with a lawyer called Jacob, a man of the highest reputation in his time; but the cards went against Dundas with special ill-luck; upon this he laid them down with an air of sorrowful resignation, and patheti-

cally exclaimed: 'The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of See-saw.'"

There were few men of celebrity that Doyle did not become acquainted with in his long life; his description of them, his criticism on the men and their work, show marked acumen, but best of all are his charming reminiscences of a lengthened career. Though not in the front rank of celebrities, he played an important part in the drama of life, and his surviving friends miss a companion both wise and good. Since commencing this notice of him, there has been put into our hands a touching tribute that he paid to the memory of his friend and relative, Captain Williams Wynn, who fell at Alma:—

"By noble thoughts and hopes befriended,
By honour, to the last attended,
His haughty step the hill ascended,
At once—his hand and brain reposed,
At once—his dauntless life was closed;
One mystic whirl of mighty change—
On sea-like rush of blackness strange—
And all the roaring tumult dim
Was cold, and dark, and still for him.
Pain cannot rack, or fever parch,
Now that his course is run,
And ended that majestic march
Up to the Russian gun.
For there, with friends he loved around him,
Serene at sleep—they sought and found him."

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

A LANCASHIRE man of good family and repute, with much local influence, and of great personal capacity, Mr. Hamerton, had he chosen to follow the profession of a lawyer, or enter the Church, and adhere to the politics of his district, had many avenues opened to him which would have led the way to success, and, possibly, to brilliant fame; but he was of so aspiring and independent a nature that he could not brook the idea of remaining in the same groove and channel that his ancestors and neighbours were contented with; hence, we find him striking out for art and literature, in both of which, though after many a swim against wind and tide, he achieved eminent success. Art critics have awarded him a high place as a painter, an etcher, and a critic, and his contributions of a dozen works to British literature have made the author of "Round my House," etc., most popular with the reading public.

By marriage, and ultimately by residence, Mr. Hamerton allied himself, partly by choice and partly for professional purposes, to France. His wife, Eugenie Gindriez, was an excellent type of a French woman, and by her thoroughly domestic way, and many accomplishments closely akin to those of her husband, the union was a happy one, and was ultimately approved of by the various relatives of the husband, some of whom held aloof at first, while Mr. Hamerton's relations to his wife's family were of the most loving description. To many a hardy Scot a residence for four years almost continuously on the banks of Loch Awe would prove anything but a happy lot, and to a French girl of nineteen the idea of living even through one winter there would seem to most readers an awful one, and yet this was the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton for four years—throughout the

storms of winter and the consequent privations that had to be endured in that region forty years ago; and yet the life at Innistrynich is spoken of in his "Painter's Camp," in his "Autobiography," and in Mrs. Hamerton's "Memoir," with enthusiasm, and bearing the most pleasant memories of their unique but delightful experience there. And only a little reflection is required in order to see that with the varied resources of this bold, adventurous pair, and specially looking to the artistic and literary ability of Mr. Hamerton, the Argyllshire life had many advantages; through sunshine and storm, in every changing season, not a single effect of light and shade either on mountain or lake was lost on the gifted artist; and even the bending of strong trees before the blast, and the howling of the tempest on a wintry night, could be utilised for descriptive purposes from his glowing pen, eloquent alike in prose and in poetry.

> "When stormy winds
> Were working the broad bosom of the lake
> Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
> Rocking the trees and driving cloud on cloud."

As idyllic a life truly as the reader can possibly imagine, and graphically is it described, whether in the narrative of Mrs. Hamerton, or that of her gifted husband. Let the latter now describe the preliminaries of setting up their establishment in the Highlands:

"Before my marriage I went to Loch Awe to prepare the house on Innistrynich, and furnish it. Of all strange places in the world for a young Parisienne to be brought to, surely Innistrynich was the least suitable! My way in those days was the usual human way of thinking, that what is good for oneself is good for everybody else. Did I not know by experience that the solitude of Loch Awe was delightful? Must not my paradise be a paradise for any daughter of Eve?

"It was a charming bachelor's paradise the morning I left for Paris, a bright May morning, the loch lying calm in its great basin, the islands freshly green with the spring. At

Cladich the people who knew I was going to fetch a bride threw old shoes after the carriage for luck. It did not rain rice at Loch Awe in those days.

"I was an excellent traveller then, and did not get into a bed before arriving in Paris. There was a day in London between two nights of railway, a day spent in looking at pictures, and making a few purchases. At Paris I went to a quiet hotel in the Cité Bergère. I was utterly alone. No relation or friend came with me to my marriage. Somebody told me a best man was necessary, so I asked a French acquaintance to be best man, and he consented. The morning of my marriage there was a *garçon* brushing the waxed oak floor on the landing near my door. I had a flowered white silk waistcoat, and the man said, '*Monsieur, est bien beau, ce matin, on dirait qu'il va à une noce.*' I answered, '*Vous avez bien deviné, en effet, je vais à une noce.*' It was unnecessary to give him further information."

The four years at Innistrynich were happily and usefully spent by Mr. and Mrs. Hamerton, and here they were visited by various friends, English and French, who, according to their several proclivities, enjoyed the mountainous home.

Notwithstanding the frugal life led on the island, the place was an expensive one to stay at, and as the income was small, and various inducements presenting themselves abroad, Mr. Hamerton resolved on migrating to France, where he established a home for the remainder of his life, and which is well described (as well as some of the incidents in the Franco-Prussian War) in "Round my House," The indefatigable industry, and the anxiety over the safety of his household, told on Mr. Hamerton in the form of nervous ailments; but his work was almost incessant, for by this time he had become editor of an art journal, *The Portfolio*, to which he contributed a series of sixteen "Chapters on Animals," afterwards published in book form, illustrated by the etchings of Veyrassat and Karl Bodmer; this book has long been an established favourite, being written *con amore* by a lover of animals, one who understood them, and thoroughly appreciated their capacities of affection and intelligence, and the skilful artists

combine with the writer in rendering the book a perfect gem, one that should be in every library. From the quotation previously given, as well as those that follow, it will be seen how vivid is the sense of humour in Mr. Hamerton's writings, but not less keen are his discriminating remarks on the animal creation. Taking up Dr. Arnold's remarks, "The whole subject of the brute creation is to me one of such painful mystery that I dare not approach it," Mr. Hamerton says: "Mystery, indeed, there is everywhere, and it is often painful; but surely in shrinking from the contemplation of Nature the loss is greater than the gain. The more we study animals the more evident is it that they live for the most part in the heaven of exuberant health. That gladness which we seek, often vainly, in all artificial stimulants, in wine, tea, gin, tobacco, opium, and the rest, the brute finds in the free coursing of his own uncontaminated blood. Our nervous miseries, our brain exhaustion, are unknown to him. Has not one of the sweetest of our poets, who knew those miseries of the intellectual, poured forth in immortal verse his passionate longing for the clear, keen joyance of a skylark? Which of us has not envied the glee of his own dog? Human happiness may be deeper, but it is never, after earliest infancy, so free from all shadow of sadness or regret."

Naturally, after the first comprehensive chapter introducing his subject, our author takes up the subject of dogs, and in none of the remaining chapters is his keen discrimination and abounding humour more manifest; dozens of times have we perused and enjoyed the following passages, and are consequently glad in recommending to readers a book which they ought to find more fascinating than the unwholesome novel; or, at all events, if novels *will* be read, surely readers may turn aside from them at intervals and take up the following. "When the theory of selection has done its worst, I still cling to the belief that the relation between dog and man was as much foreseen and intended as that between sun and planet. Man has succeeded in domesticating several other animals, but where else has he found this spirit of unconquerable fidelity? I please myself with the thought that

every man is, or may be if he will, a centre round which many kinds of affection press with gently sustaining forces. Let us not undervalue the love which rises up to us from below, bathing our feet in warmth. Only the love of animals and that of children whilst they are still quite young is absolutely free from criticism. All our contemporaries criticise us; even our wives do in their hearts, and our sons in their adolescence. The man in his family lives in a glass case, and cannot quite withdraw himself. He is surrounded by more affection than the bachelor, but he incurs in a minor degree that amenability to criticism which is the penalty of a prime minister."

As to the reasoning power of dogs, Mr. Hamerton's humorous stories now come in. "A certain lawyer, a neighbour of mine, has a dog that guards his money when clients come in to the office. There are two or three pieces of furniture, and sometimes it happens that the lawyer puts money into one or another of these temporarily, the dog always watching him, and guarding that particular piece of furniture where the money lies. In this instance, the dog had gradually become aware, from his master's manner, that money was an object of more than ordinary solicitude; in fact, he had been sent to guard coin left upon the table. I refrain from repeating current stories about the sagacity of dogs, because, although many of them are perfectly credible, they are naturally exaggerated in transmission. I happened to be in a railway carriage where several sportsmen were telling marvellous stories about their dogs, whilst an elderly man sat in his corner, and said nothing. At last he spoke, 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'all this is very remarkable, but I have a dog who is still more wonderful than the most wonderful of yours. For example, you see that river; well, if I were to throw a sovereign into that river, my dog would immediately plunge in, *and bring me the change in silver.*' 'Really, sir, you surprise me!' said one of the sportsmen, not quick enough to see the intended sarcasm. Auguste Villenot used to tell a story with a like intention about a blind man's dog in Paris, which, after receiving money for its master, continued the busi-

ness after his death, and accumulated a considerable fortune!"

In a subsequent portion of this charming work the author introduces to our notice an animal more peculiar to the Continent than to our British shores, at all events, to Scotland, namely *kids*, and the accomplished artist of the illustration reproduces in his etching what Mr. Hamerton says of the playful nature of the kid. Moreover, there is a description of them in the group which certainly the most casual observer must have remarked in meeting a flock of them, but perhaps may never have heard such a vivid delineation of the subject. "In their grouping, merely from the instinct of imitation, and of course without the slightest intention or conscious preference, they constantly arrange themselves with a wonderful and beautiful symmetry. If there are two kids, one puts himself in a certain position, looking, let us say, from the left of the spectator to his right; in this case the other is pretty sure to come and put himself exactly in the same attitude, but looking from right to left. If there are three kids, the third will make a centre piece of himself, whilst the two others group instinctively as symmetrical supports. I have seen a hundred natural groupings of this kind invented by three kids which belonged to me last year, all of which were quite symmetrical enough in arrangement for the severest Greek ornamentation, and yet perfectly free and natural at the same time. Not even the most studied arrangements of the dance exhibit combinations more gracefully and artistically perfect."

Turning from those small animals to a species presenting a great contrast in point of size, Mr. Hamerton, in a chapter headed "The Bovines," shows that by close study he has made himself a thorough master of the subject on hand, and not only so, but by his graceful description of each set of them, sustains the reader's interest to the close. The following are some of his introductory sentences:—"The patient oxen! This is their main virtue, patience. And their chief gift or endowment is strength. No animal known to us in Western Europe has patience comparable to that of the ox, and for vast strength, steadily exerted, he is above rivalry. The dray

horse is as strong, but he does not possess the persistent steadiness of trained oxen. The bovines have not the horse's irritability; their temper is very calm, slow to anger, and of infinite endurance. They work always upon Nature's grand old principle of unhurried but untiring application, pushing on always with pressure equal to their task, as if life in this world were infinite for them, and the hours, instead of flying, walked on at their own slow pace. Better servants man never had, and, notwithstanding their slowness, they achieve enormous results.

"The animals which work for us show their character as men do in their work; and, therefore, in speaking of the working animals, let me inquire first how they acquit themselves in service. The time when these animals are grandest is not, I think, their idle time; not the hours they pass in luxurious indolence at summer noontide, under the shade of widely-spreading trees, but their moments of supreme effort in harness, dragging great wains home in the late evening, when the sky is charged with thunder, and the harvest is hastily garnered.

"It has always seemed inexplicable to me that oxen should be so much used for labour in one country, and not used at all in another not divided from it by any visible line of demarcation, and that this usage of employing oxen in agriculture should descend traditionally in some places, and not spread itself in other places where there seems to be no reason for believing that they would not be equally useful. I imagine that for agriculture of a primitive kind, such as that common in the regions where oxen are principally used, the advantages of employing these animals or horses are so very nearly and nicely balanced, that mere habit and tradition will settle the question either way; but it is clear that to very small farmers indeed, such as the poor peasant landowners of France, there is a gain in employing oxen or cows, because they are sure to have some animals of that kind, whereas a horse is as much a matter of separate acquisition as a steam engine."

There is only room here for reference, and that most favourably, in the way of recommendation to Mr. Hamerton's

elaborate work, in two volumes, "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," which contains the very germs of his early life in the Highlands and his thoughts on art; equally interesting is "Round my House," giving his riper experience in France; so if any readers are on the look-out for works of interest and edification, here they are ready to their hand.

Blackford.

LOOKING at the County Directory of Scotland (1894) there are given two places of this name, one at Lockerbie, the other Blackford House, Rothie-Norman, Aberdeenshire, while in the Ordnance Gazetteer, Scotland, there are other two, *viz.*, the Perthshire village and parish lying at the base of the Ochils between Auchterarder and Dunblane, well known to travellers by the Caledonian route to Perth; and, of course, looking to its size and importance, the Perthshire place stands out prominently in the eyes of the public, as the village alone has a population of 700, and the parish 1600. The number is largely increased in summer by visitors to the village and its vicinity. Then there is in Midlothian, close to Edinburgh, the well-known hill written of by Scott, with the snug little mansion nestling at the foot of its northern slope, which in these latter days has a station on the suburban line, and materially lessens the sweet repose exhibited by the place thirty-five years ago when we were frequently within those walls, which, notwithstanding the railway, are happily left intact, and the main portion of the garden is as yet undisturbed.

Should these lines be read by any of the numerous descendants of our grand-uncle, Walter Cassels, we would fain hope they will produce a sympathetic interest in recalling the days, and especially the summer days, when all of us were made welcome at Blackford House. They will recall with us the old timbered avenue sloping down from the Grange Loan, and the entrance by the inner gate, where, on a May morning, the garden and hill were vocal with the music of birds, the air perfumed with hawthorn and lilac, and the forenoon so enchanting that the old gentleman had for long been outside. He hails you from his favourite garden walk, and with boy-like glad-

ness points out the two bird nests he had just discovered, studded with tiny eggs, shows you the promise of the coming fruit and vegetable crop, speaks with genuine gratitude of the delicious retreat he had secured for the evening of his life, and on entering the house, after a short rest, produces his diary, from which he reads copious notes of his tours in France and Italy. Speaking French like a native, he delighted to converse in that language with any kinsman or friend who could maintain a conversation with him, and on a mistake being made, he with hearty, but thoroughly good-natured, laughter, enjoyed the joke or any story, such as the German teacher in broken English pronouncing the title of the well-known song, "Oh! for the wings of a dove!" "Oh! *forty winks oaf a doave!*"

"The Happy One" was the name well given to this estimable old gentleman, whose peculiar characteristic was to look on everything not only on its bright, but its brightest, side. It was remarked of him by one of his kinsmen that whenever the conversation took a gloomy turn, or news of a sorrowful nature came in, he remarked, "It's a great pity,"—gave the breast of his coat a pull, and adroitly changed the subject; not that he shirked any of the inevitables of life, but that his mercurial temperament always bore him bravely above the misfortunes falling to his lot. Taking an intelligent interest in the various topics of his day, he would occupy an unobtrusive place on the platform of a political or ecclesiastical meeting, and in his younger days Mr. Cassels was actively engaged in banking and merchandise; but it is with his mature and old age that these recollections have to do, many persons now in middle life, and a few in their old age, will recall the man of the flowing silvery locks, surmounting features of a most pleasing and handsome description, while the robust voice and the cheery ringing laugh are by memory heard as if it were yesterday we were within the walls of Blackford.

Our friends and readers must take the will for the deed in not presenting a more finished sketch of a man and a house so well worthy of high-class portraiture, but further reminiscences by those better acquainted with Walter Cassels would

certainly be warmly welcomed, and find a place in the pages of this magazine.

In these days of auld langsyne the hill of Blackford was private property, belonging to the late Richard Trotter of Morton Hall, Convener of the County of Midlothian, and remained in his family until some eight years ago, when the magistrates of Edinburgh perceiving its great adaptability as the most beautiful recreation ground on the southern side of the city, approached General Trotter with a view to its acquisition for the benefit of the citizens and the general public. As in the days of Scott, Blackford Hill commends itself to all visitors; the eyes of a citizen glow with pleasure and pride as from its summit he surveys so gorgeous a panorama of land and sea; the tourist from foreign lands can scarcely find words to express his admiration, so he generally turns to Scott for words better fitted to describe the scene, finding in the declamation of Lord Marmion some of the most thrilling verses in the English language; and beyond the interest attaching to the castle, the old and new town, the serried ridge of the crags, the summit of Arthur Seat, and the magnificent sweep of the Haddingtonshire coast, there are nearer at hand and prominently in view, the venerable ruin of Craigmillar, the delicious village and parish of Liberton, and in the brighter days of spring, the floating forms of the swan on yonder loch, hard by the village of Duddingston, whose minister-painter, John Thomson, has perpetuated his name by his artistic genius. Go to the walls of the National Gallery, and there realise how much the former minister of Duddingston accomplished on canvas; look at his "Aberlady Bay" (even now in sight from Blackford Hill), his "Turnbery Castle," and the many scenes in Ayrshire and the North that he has bequeathed to us by his brush, and you feel proud of another distinguished Scot long resident at the most picturesque manse in Midlothian.

Again, from the summit of the hill, look down to that wooded ravine in which, partially hidden by trees, stands the hermitage of Braid, a fitting residence for a man of letters so popular and distinguished as the brilliant essayist "Shirley."

Further afield you can trace Craighhouse and Morton House, both residences of the distinguished historiographer-royal, Dr. John Hill Burton; the time-worn Tower of Liberton, the renovated mansion of "The Inch," the golf courses of the Braids and Morton Hall, on which, through your field-glass, you see half a dozen advocates let loose from toil, and driving the ball with tremendous *swipe*. These are but some of the sights obtained from the summit, but on this morn of calm survey we feel specially interested in dear old Blackford itself: the house through which we have been courteously shown by the present occupant, the sloping garden, the adjacent steading, and every detail known minutely in boyhood, and Scott never spoke more to our hearts than he did in thus giving his own experience of the place:

"Blackford! on whose uncultured breast,
  Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,
A truant-boy I sought the nest,
  Or listed as I lay at rest,
  While rose on breezes thin
The murmur of the city crowd,
And from his steeple-jangling loud,
  Saint Giles's mingling din:
Now from the summit to the plain
Waves all the hill with yellow grain;
  And o'er the landscape as I look
Nought do I see unchanged remain
  Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook;
To me they make a heavy moan
Of early friendships past and gone."

A Great Institution.

AMONG all the varied departments of Her Majesty's service there is none more important or interesting, more efficient, or conferring on the public (too liable to forget the boon they derive from it) a greater service, than the Post Office, an institution whose machinery, by long practice, has been brought well-nigh to perfection by the many able and assiduous men, who, to benefit the State and the public, have toiled ungrudgingly in that branch of the service, and some of whom have been recognised by the Government, and marked out for honours, while with others the sense of many years of noble duty has had to be its own reward. The name of Rowland Hill occurs first and most prominently as the enlightened pioneer of improvement and economy, and carrying on with zeal and discretion the benefits that he inaugurated we have Scudamore, Blackwood, and Baines, all good men and true, the latter contributing to the literature on the subject, "Forty Years at the Post Office," the most interesting work that has appeared since the publication of "The Royal Mail." Many readers will find interest even in the statistics of such an important service, and no doubt they are wonderful enough; but then, like all statistics, they are dry, and we turn with relief to incidents of a dramatic nature—and these are numerous in the records at the Post Office—moreover, they are veritable facts, instead of the artificial and peppery delineations of the weird story-teller or thunder and lightning dramatist.

Should any doubt remain in the mind of the reader as to the fare provided by the excellent *chefs* on the literature of the mails, he can easily procure their works at one or other of the libraries; for ourselves, it would be, indeed, a rare work of fiction which could compete in interest with the books above-mentioned, the latter ("The Royal Mail") giving the startling incident of the collapse of a bridge at Elvanfoot,

over which the coach was going on a dark night; and in the former, the author, Mr. F. E. Baines, C.B., presents us with two volumes of entertaining matter, which, doubtless, have been widely circulated beyond his own friends and the employés of the Post Office. And when we consider the magnitude of the operations at St. Martins-le-grand, the lesser, but still tremendous, work at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, or cross the Tweed to ponder on our own office in Edinburgh and the other great towns of Scotland, down even to the village posts, and the remote office where sometimes a thatch-roofed cottage, adorned with honeysuckle, is the repository of Her Majesty's mails, a subject of interest comes readily to hand, and with due appropriateness, seeing that a great national celebration in honour of our Sovereign lady comes on apace.

In order to show how the minds of these busy servants of the Queen are relieved by incidents, and how the public in their turn are amused by the recital of them, turn with us to Mr. Baines, and, if wearied over figures which necessarily he has to give copiously in order to make his work complete, hear the following:—"An unusual incident connected with the American mail packet service occurred on December 15, 1892. On that occasion a gentleman who had booked his passage through from England to America, and who had an urgent engagement at New York, was unlucky enough to miss in Dublin the mail train from Kingsbridge terminus to the south. He promptly chartered a special train, which started from Dublin at 9.26 a.m., and reached Queenstown in the short space of 3½ hours, *i.e.*, at 12.57 p.m., but the mail tender with the mails and the passengers had started from Queenstown Pier at 12.31 p.m. Nothing daunted, our traveller boarded as speedily as possible another tender which was lying in the harbour. In this he set out in pursuit, and was lucky enough to reach the packet just as the mail tender had been thrown off, and the transfer of the mails and passengers completed."

"There is the legend which finds acceptance of a belated traveller having overtaken the mail packet at Queenstown by

means of a whale-boat, but in this case I am not able to verify the reference. Association, however slight, with a 'whale,' suggests a prudent reticence."

The two following remarkable facts would, if narrated by any novelist, have been utterly disbelieved, but told by a writer such as Mr. Baines, cannot leave in the mind of the reader any doubt of their authenticity:—"Some years ago a country postmaster related how a merchant, who lived a mile or two out of town, having sold produce at a channel port for £650, received a telegram from his agents informing him that a cheque for that amount was to follow by post. The post arrived, but with it neither cheque nor letter. Inquiry began. The postman of the walk recollected the missing packet distinctly, its shape, colour, and post-mark. He had, according to habit, so he said, poked it under the house door with two other letters and a newspaper. The merchant's wife had picked up three packets, and was positive there had not been a fourth. The postmaster came; he examined the house carefully, then he looked into the back garden. His eye alighted on a litter of puppies. A thought struck him. 'Have the dog-kennel cleared out, please.' 'Nonsense, why?' 'Kindly have it cleared.' 'Well, if it must be; Thomas, take out the straw.' On the floor of the kennel, torn in a hundred bits, lay the missing letter; in the bits the shreds of the cheque. A current of air along the passage had blown the letter, a light one, about. The puppies seeing it, had pounced upon it, and had had a good time.

"But if the puppies were chargeable with a mild kind of larceny, their behaviour was innocence itself compared with the conduct some time previously of a tame raven in Kelvedon, in Essex. This malefactor committed highway robbery with violence. As the postman was in the act of delivering a letter containing a cheque (in this case for £30) the raven pounced down from a height, dashed at the letter, forced it from the man's hands, flew with it around the town, alighted, and deliberately tore both the letter and cheque to pieces!"

Anthony Trollope had many years' service in the head

office of the Post Office in London, and did good service in his day, but owing to his arbitrary temper and conceit, came to loggerheads with higher powers in the person of the late Sir Rowland Hill. That gentleman had convened a meeting of surveyors to consider the draft of a circular. "His object," says Mr. Baines, "was to satisfy himself that the circular covered all the intended ground. When it was read aloud, the impetuous Trollope, properly eager as a young man to show that he had a head on his shoulders, challenged, not the scope and tenor of the instructions, but the literary composition. That, however, was not Sir Rowland's object in convening the meeting. 'I think, Mr. Hill,' Trollope is reported in substance to have said, 'that the language of paragraph so-and-so, literally construed, may be held to mean what you do not intend.' Sir Rowland was hardly the man to be checked by anyone, much less by a younger and (on postal policy at any rate) less-informed man. So he neatly rejoined, speaking slowly and deliberately, and enunciating the letter 'r' in each word with midland distinctness:—'You must be aware, Mr. Trollope, that a phrase is not always intended to bear a literal construction. For instance, when I write to one of you gentlemen, I end my letter with the words—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, whereas, as you know, I am nothing of the kind.'"

Who has not heard of Gretna, and of certain offices undertaken there on short notice, and with rapid despatch, by the brawny-armed man of the forge? The cottage is still pointed out, but both the mail coaches and the post-chaise have long since disappeared from the scene. With plenty of time, however, for the journey in the summer months, what a wealth of detail would be seen by those travellers through the border roads, and certainly a finer drive cannot be imagined than the route from Melrose to Hawick, down Liddlesdale to Carlisle. Why, even yet, on passing along by the Esk at Netherby, which we did the other day, with snow-clad hills alit by a brilliant sun, who can keep from reflecting on the doughty deeds on land and water of which this was the very scene in the good old days, or from repeating:

"He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
'O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

"'I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied,
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,
And now am I come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.'"

The traveller sees the "merry sun shining on merry Carlisle," and in the afternoon glow reaches Kirby Lonsdale, and so on to Lancaster.

Turning again for information as to the working of the mail coaches to Mr. Baines' valuable book, we have in a short paragraph time and place, winding up with a specimen of his sly humour:

"The Manchester coach, which ran through Barnet and Derby, was continued by second coach to Carlisle, and by a third to Portpatrick, and carried the north of Ireland mails. Leaving London at 8 p.m., it was at Manchester (187 miles) at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, and at Carlisle at 4.53 on the morning of the third day, only seven minutes, by the way, before the coaches for Glasgow and Edinburgh were timed to leave, so that one would suppose that letters from Lancashire for Scotland generally must more than once have missed the junction. It passed through Gretna Green at 6.35 a.m., *not too early, probably, for the blacksmith.*"

With all the minuteness and elaboration attendant on Mr. Baines' work, the reader will find in the other book already mentioned—published ten years in advance of "Forty Years in a Post Office,"—by James Wilson Hyde, namely, "The Royal Mail: Its Curiosities and Romance," that the contents of this work do not belie the title, for most interesting it is throughout, and, of course, it is in the judgment of every reader to skip over statistics and figures. And while we have just been speaking of the delights of travel in summer by the

mail in days of yore, readers of Mr. Hyde's book will congratulate themselves on not having to travel over Crawford Moor in winter, and particularly on that awful October night in 1808, when a sad accident occurred at a bridge near Elvanfoot, an illustration of which is prefixed to the volume. "The mail coach, having passed the *summit*," says Mr. Hyde, "was speeding along at a good round pace, the 'outsiders' doubtless making themselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow, while the 'insides,' as we might imagine, had composed themselves into some semblance of sleep, the time being between nine and ten o'clock, when suddenly, and without warning, the whole equipage—horses, coach, driver, guard and passengers—on reaching the middle of the bridge, went headlong precipitate into the swollen stream, through a chasm left by the collapse of the arch. It is by no means easy to realise what the thoughts would be of those concerned in this dreadful experience—pitched into a roaring torrent, in a most lonely place, at a late hour on such a night. The actual results, were, however, very serious. The two leading horses were killed outright by the fall, while one of the wheelers was killed by a heavy stone descending upon it from the still impending portions of the wrecked structure. The coach and harness also were utterly destroyed. But worse still, two outside passengers, one a Mr. Lund, a partner in a London house, and the other named Brand, a merchant in Ecclefechan, were killed on the spot, while a lady and three gentlemen, who were inside passengers, miraculously escaped with their lives, though they were severely bruised. The lady, who had scrambled out of the vehicle, sought refuge on a rock in midstream, there remaining prisoner for a time, and by her means a second catastrophe of a similar kind was happily averted. The mail from Carlisle for Glasgow usually exchanged goodnight with the south-going coach, when they were running to time, just about the scene of the accident. Fortunately, the coach from Carlisle was rather late; but when it did arrive, the lady on the rock, seeing the lights approach, screamed aloud, and thus warned the driver to draw up in time. Succour was now at hand. Something ludicrous generally

finds itself in company with whatever is of a tragic nature. The guard of the Carlisle coach was let down to the place where the lady was by means of the reins taken from the horses. Hughie Campbell—that was the guard's name—when deliberating upon the plan of rescue, had some delicacy as to how he should affix the reins to the person of the lady, and called up to those above, 'Where will I grip her?' But before he could be otherwise advised, the lady, long enough already on the rock, broke in, 'Grip me where you like, but grip me firm!' which observation at once removed Hughie's difficulty, and set his scruples at ease. The driver of the wrecked coach was at first thought to have been carried away, but he was found caught between two stones in the river. Alexander Cooper by name, he survived the accident only a few weeks—serious injuries to his back proving fatal. As for the guard, Thomas Kinghorn, he was severely cut about the head, but eventually recovered.

"It was usual for the coachman and guard over this wild and exposed road to be strapped to their seats in stormy weather, but on this occasion, Kinghorn, as it happened, was not strapped, and to this circumstance he attributed his escape from death. When the mail went down he was sent flying over the bridge, and alighted clear from the wreck of the coach. The dead passengers and the wounded persons were taken by the other coach into Moffat.

"It may be added that the fourth horse was got out of its predicament little the worse for the fall, and continued to run for many a day over the same road; but it was always observed to evince great nervousness and excitement whenever it approached the scene of the accident."

The Banks of Allan Water.

WHILE these lines are being penned, many citizens will be mapping out their spring holiday, some intent on pastures new, resolved to strike fresh ground, others making for their favourite old haunts, and all with the desire of beholding a glorious sun to warm their half-frozen blood, and bring on vegetation apace. The busy man getting only free on Good Friday or Easter Monday may have to content himself with the scene which every year seems more beautiful—the hill walk from Bonaly over the summit to Glencorse burn—or, perchance, he shows a preference for Peebles and the Tweed with its tributaries. Supposing we try the entrance to the Highlands, and sojourn near this meandering stream, the Allan, the scene of a beautiful if plaintive song. The verses of it have been heard by many English persons whose eyes have never beheld the scene where the miller's daughter loved a swain who, proving unfaithful, broke the maiden's heart; but surely few dwellers in the Midlands of Scotland have failed to traverse its banks, or, at least, to have spun along on the rails in its immediate vicinity, and thus get some idea of a river whose course is as beautiful as its name. Green hills surround it, fertile plains encompass it, hawthorn and lilac are among the choicest perfumes on its banks. It has no envy towards its brother, the Teith, whose waters flow by the banks of the old Castle of Doune, and many fairest scenes of Perthshire; the angler, the poet, friends and lovers, have all felt themselves enriched by its companionship.

Not unfamiliar to Scotchmen must be the name of Strathallan, giving its title to one of our viscounts and his castle in the parish of Blackford on the water of Machany, which latter stream is not a tributary of the Allan but the Earn. We understand the course of the Allan is in length twenty miles, and that the trout it yields, though not large in size, are

very pretty; but it is of its scenery and adjuncts that we have to deal to-day, and, supposing the start is made of a morning at ten from the Bridge of Allan, and you steer for the woods of Kippenross on its right bank, how cool and refreshing is the sight and sound of the delicious stream which, having run past Dunblane Cathedral, now takes on the green tint of the trees, and winds in graceful turns past "the Bridge," entering the Forth a mile below the well-known village. Plodding on upwards, the cathedral village of Dunblane is entered long before noon, and reverently you enter the restored ecclesiastical edifice, of which says Mr. Ruskin: "He was no common man who designed that Cathedral of Dunblane; I know nothing so perfect in its simplicity and so beautiful, so far as it reaches, in all the Gothic with which I am acquainted." The sight of this noble structure, internally and externally, cannot fail to impress the most casual observer, and all visitors are loud in praise of the architect and the restorers.

And now, emerging from the village on our way to an old battlefield, the songster of our party, a splendid tenor, strikes up—

"I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane."

One would have thought the very spirit of Professor Blackie and Scotch song had been with us that day, for alternating with "The Miller's Daughter," and "Allan Water," and the "Flower of Dunblane," we had many others, including a special favourite, and what sweeter song is there in the Scottish language?

"Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine!
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess of this soul o' mine,

"Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine."

If companionship made the toilsome ascent up to Sheriffmuir easy, these melodies made it enchanting, but for a while they had to cease in order that a calm survey of the battlefield, and a recital of the humorous verse thereanent, should be had. Well, the centuries roll back to 13th November, 1715, and the Royalist troops under Argyll encounter those of the Pretender, led by Lord Mar. Charge followed charge, one defence succeeded another, hurry-skurry and pell-mell went the opposing forces. And with what result? Why, with no result at all, except the firing of musketry, and the flash of swords, because it was a dead heat, and both claimed a victory, hence the well-known description, which makes it more a burlesque than a battle:

"There's some say that we wan,
And some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But ae thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir,
A battle there was that I saw, man;
And we ran and they ran, and they ran and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa', man."

Some authorities say that Argyll's troops claimed the victory in this ineffectual conflict. Peaceful, indeed, as now seen by the visitor is this old battlefield, where the spot is commemorated by the "Gathering Stone of the Clans," covered by a strong iron grating; but the interest of the visitor does not cease with beholding this historical spot. On we go by the pastoral road, where the lambs are leaping in their youthful joy, and the heart of man is cheered with the April sunshine lighting up the amphitheatre of green hills, nestling among which is the Sheriffmuir Inn, a more appropriate "Rest and be Thankful" than the place of that name on Corstorphine Hill. As for the view from here, and from

some points of the descent by the Blair Logie Road, what pen can do justice in describing the Links of the Forth as it emerges from Kippen, and passing Stirling merges into that grand Firth, now alive with its trade and commerce, and bearing on its blue waters thousands of travellers preferring in these summer months the steamer to the railway carriage, and seeing the yellow whin on the Ochils, the Castles of Culross and Dunimarle, Donibristle and Aberdour. What countless pilgrims frequent the shrine of Stirling Castle, from which the historian and antiquary, the poet and author, pluck the golden fruit. Here, in the graveyard of the High Church, can be read one of the quaintest of epitaphs:

> "Our life is but a winter day;
> Some only breakfast and away:
> Others to dinner stay, and are full fed,
> The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed.
> Large is his debt that lingers out the day;
> He that goes soonest has the least to pay."

In a week's sojourn on the banks of Allan Water, one of the best excursions is to Aberfoyle, by road or rail, and here the primitive aspect of "the clachan," continuing many years after the days of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, is seriously marred by a set of modern tenements, and the numerous trippers now conveyed there by rail. We prefer remembering it when there was rail only to Bucklyvie, and when the walk of seven miles by Gartmore village, in sight of Mr. Cunningham Graham's mansion and estate, to the hotel, was gladly undertaken, because, while resting, your eyes surveyed one of the sweetest of our Perthshire lakes, Loch Ard, and the sources of that mighty river, the Forth, at one and the same time. Differing widely from the scenery of the Pass of Leny, Loch Lubnaig, and Balquhidder, this delicious nook of Perthshire has a mighty charm in its wood-fringed lake, yielding the best of trout in large numbers, its waterfall at Ledard, its romantic Pass of Aberfoyle hard by "the clachan," its hill road over the heights into Callander, and the two sources of the Forth forming a silver stream of rare brightness. Revel-

ling in the calm beauty of this mountain home, many have preferred it at Easter and early summer to the Bridge of Allan, while the enthusiasm of the angler knows no bounds, and the breakfast and dinner-table show the red-spotted trout, more agreeable to some palates than the rich and silvery salmon. Mark the sunburnt complexions of those two friends of the rod who, chartering a boat for the day, attended by the oarsman and gillie, have successfully plied the blue waters of Loch Ard, and now, at the dinner-table, recount the thrilling experience of hooking, playing, and, with adroit skill, securing the larger fish of the basket, the one of four pounds weight, the half-dozen from three to two pounds, and the three dozen of smaller dimensions. Yonder artist has progressed with his picture, and promises you a sight of it in the morning. Meanwhile, he and the rest of the company are intent on trout and black-faced mutton, with an appetite worthy of the village blacksmith, and ere the shades of night prevail, the smoker of cigars in the verandah outside hears through the open windows the strains of Heller's "Tarantella," and Mendelssohn's "Gondolier," with "Les Adieux" of Beethoven as a musical good-night.

The English visitor is frequently found in this section of Perthshire, and a highly-appreciative one he is, especially if he hails from the smoky regions of the English provinces. Should he have travelled by the Forth and Clyde route, you can give him interesting information regarding the canal of that name, because it was one of the earliest scenes of the steam vessel appearing on water. In 1789 a thirty-ton boat being launched, was propelled at the rate of six miles an hour, and at an interval of ten years a steam tug conveyed two barges of seventy tons each for a distance of nineteen miles. The success of this early enterprise led to a further development, until, in 1839, passenger boats were whirled along at sixteen miles an hour. Traffic and finance increased, this canal was amalgamated with another, the Monkland, and, finally, in 1867, the Caledonian Railway purchased the joint undertaking for £1,141,333. A local poet commemorated the origin of this canal and its primitive boat by writing:

"When first by labour Forth and Clyde
Were taught o'er Scotia's hills to ride
In a canal deep, lang, and wide,
Naebody thought
Sic wonders, without win' or tide,
Wad e'er be wrought."

This short visit of early summer to Loch Ard being over, we return to our head-quarters on Allan Water, and here at "The Royal," what a comfortable, elegant house, presided over by a host highly commended for his cutlets and his courtesy. Although much ground must be left unvisited, one specially desirable excursion presents itself in driving along the Ochils by Airthrey Castle, the village of Menstrie, that most ancient of villages and churches, Tullibody, the former said to have been founded in 844, and the latter built by David I. in 1149, and thus here in the immediate proximity of Alloa you have hoary antiquity and modern prosperity side by side. Look at that white-walled mansion with the small windows, the property of our oldest Scotch nobleman, the Earl of Mansfield; that is Schaw Park. The platform of the railway at Alloa presents a stirring scene, but the journey through the Devon valley to Dollar and the Rumbling Bridge must be postponed a few weeks, and then, my friends, your drive from the latter down Glen Devon into Glen Eagles and Auchterarder will equal in fascination anything you have yet beheld on or near the banks of Allan Water.

Two Distinguished Citizens.

A QUARTER of a century ago there lived in Edinburgh two men, eminent in literature and art, contemporaries and cordial, sympathetic friends, widely known in our city and neighbourhood, and one of them far beyond it. The author was also a doctor in fair family practice, a devoted adherent of the renowned surgeon Syme, and attached in the most friendly manner to his patients. Out of his surgical experience he drew many observations on mankind, and founded a story that, for profound interest and pathos, narrating the skill and gentleness of man and the heroic endurance of woman, has never been excelled, and almost never equalled. His friend the artist illustrated the story by some powerful pictures, and this remarkable story, "Rab and his Friends," caused the reputation of Dr. John Brown to shoot up like a brilliant meteor, and stamped him as a man of genius. The fame of it went through Scotland with a blaze similar to the Christmas stories of Dickens, and the other works that came flowing from his pen were delightful recreations from the labours of his profession, and remunerative withal. He was ready and skilful as a pen-and-ink sketcher, a humourist, a *raconteur*, a critic, a man of wisdom and of wit, and appreciated by a large circle of literary men, including Thackeray, Leech, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Although John Brown made his great *hit* in the story of "Rab," his numerous writings on Scotch folk and places, his felicitous language, his graceful ideas, his imaginative flights, his pawky humour, rendered him a powerful, popular writer. We hope his works are not on the decline, for they deserve to be read, each and all of them. The shorter stories of the "Enterkin," "Minchmoor," and "Jeems the Doorkeeper," for instance, are good specimens of the *multum in parvo*. They vividly delineate the subjects in hand; there is no wearisome

plot; there is a wholesome moral, relieved by flashes and stories of genuine humour; the reader arises pleased and refreshed from one, and gladly takes up another. His recommendation of the books to friends widens the circle of readers by they in their turn bringing them under the notice of other friends.

The Enterkin is one of the wildest mountain passes running from Leadhills, in Lanarkshire, down to the Durisdeer district of the county of Dumfries, and walking through it on a summer day is an experience never to be forgotten. It is easy and yet difficult—easy in being a gradual slope; the difficulty is to maintain a footing on parts where a slip or false step might hurl you headlong into ravines where the solitude and eeriness is intense. Nailed shoes, a stout staff, a trustworthy companion, a rest betimes, and midway the sandwich and flask, go a long way to ensure a pleasant and secure mountain tramp. For a pictorial and historical guide, take Dr. John Brown's vivid account, comprised in thirty pages, and illustrated by Sir George Harvey, the artist alluded to, and in two and a half hours you come to Nithsdale to rest and be thankful on the sylvan banks of the chief river in Dumfriesshire, and then you cull fresh flowers from the pen of our graceful author, who gives most apt quotations from others, and here is one singularly appropriate to the scene traversed. Says Sydney Smith:—

"There is a moral as well as a bodily wholesomeness in a mountain walk, if the walker has the understanding heart, and eschews picnics. It is good for any man to be alone with nature and himself, or with a friend who knows when silence is more sociable then talk. It is well to be in places where man is little and God is great—where what he sees all around him has the same look as it had a thousand years ago, and will have the same in all likelihood when he has been a thousand years in his grave. It abates and rectifies a man if he is worth the process.

"In cities everything is man, and man alone. He seems to move and govern all, and be the Providence of cities; and there we do not render unto Cæsar the things which are

Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's; but God is forgotten, and Cæsar is supreme. All is human policy, human foresight, human power; nothing reminds us of invisible dominion and concealed omnipotence—it is all earth and no heaven."

Another hill, which cast its glamour over Dr. John Brown, as it did over Principal Shairp and Professor Veitch, was the Minchmoor, situated between the Tweed at Innerleithen and the Yarrow at Hangingshaw. Many pedestrians traversing this route gain the ridge and descend the grassy slope into Selkirkshire with less toil and in shorter time than is required for the road journey. The views are splendid, the quietude is soothing, and the isolation less than that besetting the steep ridges of the Enterkin. The Antiquary has, at Traquair, one of the most original of the Scotch baronial homes and, at Philiphaugh, the scene of the well-known battle, you are on ground trodden of old by Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Mungo Park. You look on the domains of a popular Scottish duke, liberal to his tenants, kind to his dependants. The roar of the Yarrow is tempered by the limpid murmuring of the Ettrick. A quiet night at Yarrowford fits the traveller for a fresh start on the morrow for "lone St. Mary's silent lake," and, if an angler, for his day's fishing in Megget water. No wonder, then, that this Edinburgh doctor choose the Minchmoor for one of his walks, and afterwards gave the public so glowing a description of it.

Starting betimes the next morning, you reach that fine cluster of houses and cottages formed by the modernised manse, the elegant farm-house of Whitehope, the well-known kirk and kirkyard; and what tender memories come to us in passing along here! The kirk where the Russells, father and son, preached to the laird, the tenant, the shepherd, including the *Ettrick Shepherd*, the poetical James Hogg. The manse, wherein frequently after the Sunday's service there were entertained at dinner the elders whose homes were at a distance, where distinguished literary men have conversed with that scholarly gentleman and elegant writer, Dr. James Russell.

As a specimen, both of elegant style and filial reverence, hear his own words:—

"No one could preside over the services with more grace or gravity than the minister of Yarrow, whether in the palmy days of youth, or when in the enjoyment of a green old age. His commanding appearance and benevolent expression and dignified bearing at all times won the respect of his people; and when, on a sacramental occasion, he walked out in his court dress and cocked hat and powdered hair, there was something more striking and venerable still in the eyes of his rural flock. I have often heard the Ettrick Shepherd speak of it with admiration. When he entered the pulpit he came fresh from his study and his closet, his memory charged with the careful meditations of the week, and his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. In the crowd that thronged every pew, some standing in the passages, and others seated in the graveyard without, he found a most eager and sympathetic audience; and it was out of the abundance of the heart the mouth spoke—it went from the heart to the heart. Thoughts that breathe and words that burn fell from his lips . . . and in his later years, when he touched on the long period of his ministry, and the many melancholy changes in his flock, and the time of his own departure being near, many even of the sterner mould were melted to tenderness and to tears."

One of the most devoted of his flock was that interesting, widely-known hostess of the snug little inn, St. Mary's Cottage, the immortal Tibbie Shiels, on whose tombstone in Ettrick it is recorded that she was a widow for the long period of fity-four years; and it is pleasant to see recorded on the stone tablet, affixed to the wall of the modern part of the cottage, the duration of the time that she as landlady, and afterwards William Richardson, her son, presided at that eminently quaint little cottage inn on the lake's margin.

Returning to the more direct subjects of this essay, we recall more in detail the distinguished artist, Sir George Harvey, who accomplished so much good work on canvas, painting in true and faithful fashion the scenery of these

Scotch wilds, the pastoral uplands, the strongholds of the covenanters, the hillside services, mountain, lake, tree, river, waterfall. Associated in close neighbourhood with him for many years at the east end of Edinburgh, there comes to memory's view the silvery-haired old gentleman as of a morning he briskly walked along the base of the Calton Hill, and in the summer evenings watched the sun setting on the Forth from his elevated seat in Regent Terrace Gardens. His kindly greeting, his gentleness, sagacity, humour, the honours he so deservedly acquired, professionally and socially, lacking in the brilliancy of Macnee, his successor, and some other brethren of the brush, he was esteemed as an artist and a man in the highest degree; and during the last quarter of a century, Edinburgh was greatly enriched by the power and presence of these two citizens, Sir George Harvey and Dr. John Brown.

A Great Lawyer.

HENRY COCKBURN was a credit to the bar, and a distinguished ornament of the bench, holding his own alongside the bright lights of Jeffrey, Rutherford, M'Neill, and many others. In addition to his conspicuous career as an advocate and judge, his discerning taste for the beautiful in architecture and landscape was a source of pleasure to himself and of benefit to his contemporaries; nay, even to ourselves, where, at a short distance from the place from which these lines are penned stands Cockburn Street; and do not his descendants worthily follow his example, and keep his memory green, by naming a society, having for its object the perpetuation of scenic effect in Edinburgh and Midlothian, the "Cockburn Association"? And does not the Edinburgh citizen and the native of Midlothian acknowledge that among all the *bijoux* of Midlothian (and there are many), no more interesting calm retreat, far from the madding crowd and yet within easy hail of "mine own romantic town," can be found than the one possessed and enjoyed by, and identified with, the great lawyer and distinguished man, Henry Cockburn, *viz.*, Bonaly? Why, there's magic in the very name, there's a delicious glamour in the place, and specially now, in the sweet bloom and scent of May, when many hundreds, each week on to October, approach, from the Colinton or Glencorse side, that quiet snug mansion embosomed in trees, surrounded by the Pentlands, watered by pure rills, and recalling memories of the man who, so to speak, *made* Bonaly, for Cockburn and Bonaly are synonymous terms; and while there have been these forty years many other occupants of this fine little estate, some of them distinguished, the odour of Cockburn's name and personality breathes o'er it still. Familiar in the ears of Scotchmen are the names of many Scotch lawyers, their residences, and stories connected with them. We forget the name of the wag who wrote the

sarcastic and probably undeserved lines on another lawyer, Murray of Cringletie, raised to the bench with the courtesy title, *Lord* Cringletie:

> "Necessity and Cringletie talked to a tittle,
> Necessity has nae law, and Cringletie as little."

But a more amusing record is that given by a great lawyer himself who, at his snug retreat near Mid-Calder, Almondell, gave orders to the servant to show any friends who called on him in summer out to the garden. Says Erskine (for he it was) to one of these visitors, who found the laird usefully at work, "*Ye see, I'm hacin' my otium, cum diggin' a tattie.*"

But returning to the great lawyer, so much has been well written by himself and others about his life and work that little more can now be gleaned; for all that, some of us, forgetting about our famous countryman, may be interested in a reminder or two of his life and times. And, first of all, be it said, he is commemorated in our National Gallery by a vigorous portrait, and in the hall of the Parliament House by statuary. "Henry Thomas Cockburn," says the Dictionary of National Biography, "Scotch judge, was born probably in Edinburgh, 26th Oct., 1779. His father, successively Sheriff of Midlothian, Judge Admiral, and Baron of the Scottish Court of Exchequer, was a rigid Tory, and his mother's sister was the wife of Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville, long the Tory autocrat of Scotland. At the High School and University of Edinburgh he received an education of which he said in old age, 'We were kept about nine years at two dead languages which we did not learn.'" Then follows a concise and comprehensive analysis of the career at the bar and on the bench of one of Scotland's renowned sons, and, of course, older readers have long been intimately acquainted with these interesting volumes, "Cockburn's Memorials" and "Cockburn's Journal," and his "Life of Lord Jeffrey." Reaching the age of 75, he ended his life at Bonaly, in the spring of 1854, and his remains repose in the Dean Cemetery, alongside other eminent judges of his day.

It is well known that, in former times, the judges went on

circuit in spring and autumn. In modern years they go more frequently, and they now have the appliances of swift trains to expedite the journey, so that, in a light calendar, it has happened to be the good fortune of a judge to breakfast in Edinburgh, lunch in the provincial town where he had, say, half-a-dozen brief cases set down for trial, and return to his own home to dine. What was the state of matters between 1830 and 1850, and how did Cockburn set about his allotted duties at the assizes held north and west, east and south? By trains swift or slow? Did he exhibit red-hot haste to get through the criminal trials in order that he might fish in the spring, shoot in autumn? Not so; combining business with pleasure, and giving his wife and daughter a share in the pleasurable part of the business, a post-chaise conveys them at the steady pace of eight miles an hour, over Highland roads and by Border fields; they make a week or a fortnight of it, according to the dimensions of the work of the judge and the condition of the weather; and that he made good use of his time may be seen from his trenchant observations on mankind and Scotch scenery given in "Circuit Journeys," from his diary, and published by Douglas under the above title in 1888. His active mind, continually at work, was not satisfied at the close of a day when, having undergone severe official work, most men would have sought the varied repose produced by reading, music, or whist; but he uses his pen copiously to perpetuate his observations on all that was passing; his work—official and recreative—being both thoroughly performed.

Opening his "Circuit Journeys" almost at random, we light on an entry of his diary, which will be read with interest by many, especially by Borderers:—

"The first thing that attracted my notice was the statue of Sir Walter Scott in Selkirk, which I never saw before. A sad piece of sculpture, not very honourable to the gentry of Selkirkshire. There are two things good about it: the inscription, which quotes very happily his own lines on his favourite Yarrow and Ettrick, and the pride which the people of the town feel in the man and in his effigy. 'Have ye seen

oor Sir Walter, mem?' said a poor shopkeeper to Mrs. Cockburn, with a strong appropriate emphasis on the pronoun.

"All the natives seem gratified whenever a stranger stopped to look at it. The whole thirty-seven miles from Selkirk to Beattock is beautiful, at least to a Scotch and pastoral eye. I had been at the head of St. Mary's Loch once before, a few years ago, when I passed a day and a night at a farm-house of Henderland's, with Richardson and Sir Charles Bell and their ladies. The rest of the way from St. Mary's to this was quite new to me. Cosmo Innes, our Advocate-Depute, stayed all Tuesday night in almost a bothy at St. Mary's Loch for the sake of fishing. His hostess has two sons and some other kinspeople, who emigrated a few years ago to Canada, where she says they are all prospering in a Selkirkshire and Dumfriesshire of their own naming. In describing their felicity, she mentioned a circumstance which, to be sure, must strike a St. Mary's Loch woman. 'An' what d'ye think? In Yarrow Kirk ye sometimes canna hear ae word the minister says for the folk coughing. But ye may gang to *their* kirk the hale year round without either hearing a clocher or a hoast.'"

A Circuit Court had been concluded at Perth, and off the judges go to Aberdeen, where the wife of the provost had, on short notice, got up a party to meet them, including the officers of the 74th Regiment. Asked how she had managed to get them together in a few hours, there came the reply, "Troth, I just sent up the lass to the barracks, and bade them a' come doon." The venerable spouse's wig, an old brown one, much the worse for wear, got awry, as she thought, on which she put it right, her own head being too glorious with ribbons and muslin to be seen. "Madam," said he, with great solemnity, "I'll thank you to let my wig alone, *I never meddle with yours.*"

Referring to the convivial habits of the old days and Lord Hermand's share in them, our great lawyer says, "With him the jollity of the court was the only thing respectable about it." Nothing made it contemptible, even judicially, except sobriety. I once heard the servant of his serene colleague, Pitmilly, who had a strong taste for decorum and law, tell the

chambermaid at Perth to bring his master a large kettle of warm water. Hermand, who was passing to his dinner at midnight, said, "God bless me, sir, is he going to make a *whole kettle* of punch—and before supper, too?"

"No, no, my lord, he's going to his bed, but he wants to bathe his feet first!"

"Feet, sir!" exclaimed Hermand; "what ails his feet? Tell him to put some rum among it, and to give it all to his stomach!"

An inn, well known to travellers in Argyllshire, is King's House, kept, on the occasion of our great lawyer's visit there with his wife and daughter, by Angus Cameron, who thus quaintly expressed himself to the party: "There's a chyre for you, mem, for ye're heavy, an' no' able to stan' like other folk. An' here's a chyre for you, mem, for ye're young and tender! An' here's a chyre for you, ma lord, for your lordship and me's gettin' doon the hill noo."

"*We* thought," says Cockburn, "there was neither weight, nor weakness, nor age among us."

The scene is changed to Glasgow, and Lord Meadowbank is there on circuit with Lord Cockburn, when heavy work was in store for them, there being eighty-two indictments and one hundred and forty-two prisoners, involving one case of murder and a sentence of death; also an aggravated case of robbery by a band of five women, all found guilty, and sent to Botany Bay. As often happens among convicted prisoners, they fire a parting shot at the bench before descending the trap stair.

"I was greatly diverted," says Cockburn, "by overhearing an account which one of them gave, in a soliloquy, of her learned judges, as she was leaving the bar, 'Two auld grey-headed blackguards! They gi'e us plenty o' their law, but deevilish little joostice!'"

On a northern circuit Lord Cockburn was taken to visit an old worthy at the town of Forres, a Miss Macpherson, said to be eighty-four years of age, but, as is not unusual with persons advanced in years, she would only own to being eighty; there were still remains of good looks, her flow of

talk was great, and her acquaintance with persons and events was considerable; a pleasing northern accent added to the charm of the old lady's conversation. "She twice made use," says his lordship, "of an expression which struck me as very descriptive. I had asked who a particular Grant and a particular Fraser were, and she, meaning to describe them as just of their respective clans, said of each, 'Hoot, he's just the *growth of the ground.*' She goes to Edinburgh in a few days to get her tusks repaired. '*Not from vanity,* but because I can't eat well.'"

Such are a few offshots from the diary of his lordship. They may not be the best specimens that could be culled, but they give some idea of his racy style. Few men of his time could express themselves in so terse and trenchant a fashion. His legal contemporaries honoured and respected him, and his descendants of the bar and bench often quote him as an authority of great strength—as Cockburn, the great advocate, the great judge, the great lawyer.

Tarfside in Spring.

MANY are the compensations for the absence of leafage in the bonnie glen of the North Esk in spring. The chief industry on the plains is also a pleasing sight to the onlooker, in the shape of several pairs of sturdy Forfarshire horses, ploughing and harrowing the fields of brown earth bordering the river, their ruddy-faced driver, if oppressed by the mid-day sun, cheerfully toiling for his daily bread, and anticipating with gladness of heart the appearance of these fields in summer and autumn, when they are aglow with golden corn and the succulent turnip with the green shaw. While dressing in the morning, the first sweet notes of the cuckoo are like a kind invitation to join him on the hillside, and we are refreshed by their repetition at intervals up to dewy eve. Join us at the Highland breakfast, where the sun is so strong as to admit of an open window, through which is heard the "cluck" of the hen, and the attendant "cheep, cheep" of her little brood, which calls forth the following lines from the *raconteur* of our party, well versed in Scotch literature:

> "The herdie-dirdie cam' down the hill, hungry, hungry,
> Quo' the herdie-dirdie—'Far's my growl?' (gruel)
> Quo' the deemie—'It's there i' the bowl;
> The black chicken and the grey
> Hae been pickin' at it a' day!'
> He up wi' his club
> An' gied it on the lug.
> 'Peek, peek!' quo' the chicken;
> 'Will-a-wins!' quo' the hen;
> 'Little maitter!' quo' the cock, 'ye should hae gane to your bed when I bade you.'"

No letters or newspapers here till past mid-day, and time enough to be sure. What value are these compared to the

Vale of the Tarf on a May morning, when, before ten has struck, you cross the bridge hard by the elegant little church of the Episcopalians, and, ere the farm of Milltown is reached, you are introduced to the blackfaced stock; the further advanced of the lambs are, in their frisky adolescence, gambolling on the velvety green banks of the mountain burn, where both the native and the angler from the city are taking their first cast for the season. Judging from the frequent glittering of fins on the bank, you anticipate a bonnie dish of small hill-burn trout on the breakfast-table to-morrow, and in the sequel are not disappointed. The stream curves round rocks, and makes verdant the meadows, on which, at intervals, the croft of the humble cottager, with its thatch and its peat reek, blend with the still life; while round the door the gude-wife calls on her plump brood, and scatters among the hungry birds a liberal dole of *crowdie*; the shepherd sees to it that no lamb is left exposed to the colder winds of the glen; the gamekeeper needs little assurance that you are not a poacher and would not interefere with the "hare hirplin' down the fur," and even as he is looking on, satisfied of your peaceful character, there rushes past, at a gallop, a fine specimen of the *lcpus albus* of the hills. You are in immediate and close sympathy with the poet of the lakes:

> "The hare is running races in her mirth;
> And with her feet, she from the plashy earth
> Raises a mist, which, glittering in the sun,
> Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run."

And as to the grouse, how close are they sitting! We are innocent of guns, and the warm sunshine keeps these splendid birds among the cover on the braes. It is only now, in the spring, that the grandest sight of all in the glen is open to the early visitor to the North Esk. A quarter of a mile off is a herd of one hundred deer, come down from the bare hills to crop the sweeter herbage in the plains; startled are they for a minute, but, discerning that there is not a single rifle among the party, resume there feeding, only to look up occasionally. What noble attitudes, what graceful paces, either

when cantering off, or when scared into a gallop. They will live in peace until August, and then between that time and October, there will be a score less of them around Lochlee and Invermark, and venison will be on the table of the nobleman and his friends.

And now beyond the head of the loch, we emerge into those wild fastnesses, surmounted by Craig-ma-skeldie, at whose base, on this balmy day of spring, we rest peacefully, lulled by the sight and sound of a waterfall, nearly as fine as the "Reckie Linn" at Alyth, and finer than that at Inversnaid, and as it is seen to-day under circumstances very similar to those under which Wordsworth gazed on human and natural beauty at Loch Lomond, we repeat his stirring verse:

"This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
What hand but would a garland cull,
For thee who art so beautiful?
Oh! happy pleasure, here to dwell
Beside thee in some happy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess.
But could I frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality;
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee if I could,
Tho' but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee and to see;
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee.

"Nor am I loth, tho' pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold
As I do, now the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And thee, the spirit of them all!
With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away;
For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace

> Benignity and home-bred sense,
> Ripening in perfect innocence;
> A face with gladness overspread,
> Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

The Falls of Eunnich, though seen by few compared with the thousands who look on Inversnaid, are grander, and the surroundings more majestic; and the renowned Queen's Well at Invermark, being near at hand, is available even for those who have only one long day up from Edzell. This, the first Monday of May, being an annual bank holiday, has brought up many a visitor; the lodgings are looking their very best, and are being got ready for the June and July sojourners. Though well content to roam the Tarfside hills for a fortnight, some regret has been expressed that neither mountain ponies or guides can be had by the public to cross the ridge for Aboyne and Ballater; you cannot hire them in the glen, and to import them means considerable expense; here, again, look to the compensation of becoming more minutely acquainted with a valley whose very offshoots or inner glens are scenes of exquisite variety. Starting from our cottage, appropriately named Heatherbank, up to the upland farm called, with equal propriety, Burnside, your walk of three miles is alongside heather, and the musical course of several streams, whose harmonious symphony never palls on the ears of the gratified listener; the curlew utters his plaintive note, the lark sings for joy.

It need scarcely be said that the amenities of Tarfside are not ended with the sunny morning or the mellow afternoon. From the days of Milton the sober livery of evening has been recognised, the gloaming has a charm all its own. Our Ettrick Shepherd felt and expressed the natural delight of the hour when the kye cam' hame. "Come," says one of the Heatherbank party, "here is an evening effect on Craig-maskeldie which you must not miss." Obeying the summons, we are out of doors on the instant; and in the still hush of the hour of sunset, you have only to watch that summit to break forth instantly with a poetic description of it:

> "Touched by a light that hath no name,
> A glory never sung,

Aloft on sky and mountain wall
  Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits, vast and old,
  No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
  Is softer than the cloud,
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
  Of all its elms is twirled—
The silence of eternity
  Seems falling on the world.

"But I shall see a summer sun
  Still setting broad and low;
The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom,
  The golden waters flow.
A lover's claim is mine on all
  I see to have and hold—
The rose light of perpetual hills,
  And sunsets never cold!"

After words like these it would be desecration to attempt a further description of the glen at the gloaming. A calm and peaceful "good-night" follows the recitation of those lines on this the sweetest night of spring at Tarfside.

Lower Strathearn.

THE accelerated route to the North has been enjoyed by the travelling public for eight years, and although perforce the freshness and charm of its novelty has lessened, he would be an obtuse man that ever crossed that glorious bridge of the Forth without reflecting with admiration on the wondrous work of his distinguished countrymen who had conceived and carried out so noble an undertaking. Travellers may even be unconsciously impressed with the magnitude and utility of the great span connecting the Lothians with the shores of Fife, and leading them on quickly to their homes by the sea, their country quarters among the glens of Perthshire, and the remoter fastnesses of the North. What countless multitudes of men in business, sportsmen and tourists, foreigners and strangers, have crossed and recrossed that fine estuary as a pleasing prelude and appetising tonic to the scenes where the rapid express whirls them along! The woods of Blairadam remind you of the proximity to Loch Leven, and the lake, in its turn, bids you prepare to watch the leafy shade of Glenfarg; this latter is no sooner compassed than you descend on the smiling fertility of the Bridge of Earn, the extremity of Lower Strathearn. A luxury indeed is it to be in the morning express which reaches the Fair City at 11.30 prompt, and you step out on the expansive platform of a railway station second to none in the kingdom. Provided it is not the first or the eleventh of August, and you are an experienced traveller with cool nerves, the sensation is pleasant; the ten minutes at Perth is another tonic. Here many turn aside for provincial Perthshire; not a few prolong their journey to Inverness.

Stopping our railway journey at the Fair City, and not crossing the Tay, let us see what can be made of a survey on the banks of a large tributary stream of that noble river, a stream which, issuing from Loch Earn, flows peacefully adown

the sylvan vale of Upper Strathearn, meanders past Comrie and Crieff, and here at Forteviot meets our view as a river of some magnitude and of great beauty. The Earn, in its turn, receives tribute from the water of May. Many of us have heard of, some of us have seen, the Birks of Invermay; and the mansion of that name with its five policies is one of the most desirable in Lower Strathearn. Give us a favourable day in June for our inspection, and we shall describe to you a scene as fair as can be had in Perthshire. And now for the road. Trotting along the South Inch ere noon, you take a longing look across the Tay, remembering the richness of the laburnum, lilac, and hawthorn, on the slope of Kinfauns Hill, the model little village of Glencarse, and further afield the remainder of the Carse of Gowrie, with its fertility as well as its picturesque beauty. But, no! you must, however reluctantly, give up the Carse to-day, and now the sight of the Moncreiffe Woods reconciles you to the change, and it is many a day since you have been at the Bridge of Earn, which with the river flowing close by, tempers the heart of this mid-summer day, when the cattle are either under the shade or cooling their heels in the Earn. The landlady of the "Moncreiffe Arms" smiles a welcome, and you bespeak lunch to be ready on the return from Invermay. That mansion and park immediately ahead is Kilgraston, from which emanated these distinguished Scotsmen—Sir Francis Grant, President of the Royal Academy, and Lieutenant-General Sir James Hope Grant, colonel of the 9th Lancers, members of a Perthshire family of high social standing and great ability. The policies of Freeland come next to view, and right across the river the Earl of Kinnoull's seat, Dupplin Castle. How fine, how level is the road; how rich the pasture alongside the scattered village of Forgandenny, that calm retreat looking up to a spur of the Ochils. How trim and tidy are these Perthshire cottages, adorned with flowers; the air scented with the first fruits of summer; the husbandmen toiling in the fields; the gleeful children, ignorant of care; the district carrier delivering at manse and cottage supplies for the coming week.

And now is reached the gateway and avenue of that

mansion we have been speaking of and reading about for some weeks. Many avenues and cross-roads puzzle the stranger, but guidance being afforded by a local man, we are conducted along the path leading to the series of falls and rocks adorning the estate, and which, for to-day, we have come specially to see. That leading authority, the Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland, is an invaluable guide on every tour; so we copy out and take with us his remarks on this place:—"The chief attraction is the Humble Bumble Waterfall on the May, its name being derived from the peculiar gurgling sound of the rushing water. The river flows through a deep gully scooped out of the solid rock, which in some parts rises to a height of sixty or eighty feet from the surface of the water. The visitor can descend to the water's edge by a series of winding stairs, and from a small rustic bridge look down upon the surging torrent. The trees and banks are overgrown with moss, and ferns grow profusely at inaccessible places, and impart to the scene a most fairy-like aspect. The gully through which the river here passes is about a quarter of a mile in length, and in some parts no more than three or four feet in width, while the rocks on both sides rise to a height of eighty feet, almost making one giddy to gaze upon their precipitous and mossy sides. Trees have taken possession of the crevices wherever they could obtain a hold, lending an unspeakable grandeur to the scene."

All true enough, no doubt; but, as often happens, the realisation in this case fell short of the anticipation, and we came away with some feeling of disappointment—a feeling due entirely to the conjuring up of a scene which failed to meet our eye; and hence, whenever an active imagination is at work the ideal comes either to be shattered or materially lessened, the fault lying not with the landscape, but with the man who goes out to view it.

The strong rays from a June sun continued beating on travellers, who welcomed the occasional cooling breeze as if it had been wafted from Araby the blest; and then came the shade of the woods at Forgandenny and Kilgraston. The Perthshire folk are holding high festival here and at the Bridge

of Earn, where cutlets equal to those of the Edinburgh café are served. The horses are baited, and a fresh start made for the county town. Those who know the comfort and the punctuality of the afternoon express need not be told of the Glenfarg route, or how you always meet by this train either personal friends or fellow-citizens. Reaching Edinburgh before six, there is time to read the *Dispatch*, to have a bath and a lemon-squash ere the evening repast is served, a talk of two hours enjoyed; and be sure that among the songs for this evening, there is "Tam Glen," "Bonnie Wee Thing," and, to keep fragrant the day's proceedings, "the Birks of Invermay."

"The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures spend the day
Among the shades of Endermay.

"For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom must fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters love no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Farewell, the shades of Endermay."

Kirkhope and Oakwood Towers.

SUPPOSING the traveller has crossed the river at the manse of Yarrow, and ascended the fine mountain pass, which goes winding upwards to the height, from which a wide green pastoral is surveyed and the summit is gained, he has the pleasing prospect before him of making an easy descent to Ettrick Bridge; and, while his limbs are thus rested, the eye is soothed by the sight of that cluster of cottages at the foot forming the snug little village, watered by the pure stream, and adorned by its elegant manse and comfortable little church, where, last Sunday, to the tunes of Duke Street and Arnold, sweetest melody was heard ascending from the lips of a small country congregation. Arrived at the village there are seen a few of its industrious inhabitants. The tiny inn is available and welcome to the foot-sore pedestrian. The Ettrick is here spanned by a bridge at the curve, and, looking down, you see a pool, fourteen feet in depth, well-stocked with trout, while up the river, at the base of the bank below the manse, are the Linns, where, in a spate, this Selkirkshire stream brawls among the rocks with all the fierceness of a Highland torrent. Where, in all the Borders, can be seen manses more desirable for situation than this of Kirkhope and its brother across the hill in Yarrow? The influence of their surroundings tells happily on the respective clergymen of Ettrick hills and Yarrow braes, and the summer visitor is delighted with his lodgings here at Ettrick Bridge. We now call in for our friend *Howford*, from whose door you look across to the cottages of white harl and blue slate, surrounded by fields and trees of finest emerald; these are the *Buccleuch feus*, in one of which resides a local poet; on the lawn at Howford you rest, and are thankful in partaking of your host's cordial hospitality and fine flavoured cigar, while he discourses on the leading local topic of the hour.

Half a mile from the village, and looking down on it and its quiet cemetery, stands one of those Border peels, which here, as in Peeblesshire, are dotted over our pastoral wilds, and lend such a charm to the landscape. They have all, more or less, their historical associations, and each is planted in a situation commanding and pleasant, one standing on the brow of a hill, another on the summit of a high bank above a peacefully flowing river, a third adjoining the farmhouse or steading. This one, Kirkhope Tower, stands by itself, but is in close relationship with Kirkhope swire, manse, and farmhouse, and only three miles off from its friend and brother, Oakwood, of which presently. Leaving Howford, you come down the Ettrick to Hutlerburn and Fauldshope, where, at the latter, the river forms a deep pool, spanned by an elegant bridge leading to the snug farm; and now the dear friends living at Oakwood come in sight to welcome you to *their* tower, where the jays are curvetting round the chimneys, and the robin alights at the sill of the tiny window, the pet rabbits canter on the greensward, the brown collie and the fleet greyhound are the companions of their indulgent master and mistress, and at the back of Oakwood Tower are the premises where the usual miscellaneous collection of live stock do congregate. An excellent day this for sitting on the lawn when the greetings are over, and you are asked: "What news from Peeblesshire? How are all the folk in Manor Water? Does this valley please you as much as Tweedsmuir and the Talla? Will it compare with Tarfside, Invermark, Cortachy, or Glen Prosen?" Totally different is it from the three latter, but Oakwood has a charm all its own, with its exquisite surroundings, the cherished friends that are there, and the associations that Ettrick has with some that are gone and some now living, to say nothing of the glamour thrown over it by Sir Walter and "The Shepherd." Yes, truly, there is more to admire and cherish in Ettrick Forest than in some of the more prosaic districts of the Borders. The lines of Sir Walter on Ettrick, and inscribed on his monument in Selkirk, are too familiar to require repetition. No wonder that the great man's connection with the shire induced the

dwellers therein to perpetuate his memory by a statue in their county town. Highly to be commended is the taste exhibited by those who inscribed on it: "In proud and affectionate remembrance of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., for many years sheriff of the county." Yes, there is the granite face, the peaked forehead, which induced the humorous lawyer, Patrick or Peter Robertson (of rotund proportions), to address the novelist in the Parliament House as follows: "Good-morning, Peveril of the Peak," to which came the prompt rejoinder, "How are you, Peter of the Paunch?"

Lingering in the shade of Oakwood for many pleasant days, an excursion was made into new ground, by which, taking the steep hill to the back, and at a distance of five miles, we arrive at the hamlet of Ashkirk on the upper reaches of the Ale, a Selkirkshire stream, small at this point, but widening gradually, until at Sinton and Lilliesleaf it develops into the proportions of rivers like the Slitrig and the Teviot. At Ashkirk are two mansions, the manse and church, schoolhouse and smithy; up the river are several pastoral farms, and the old mansion of Todrig, as quiet a retreat as can be found in the Borders, where, like the happy valley of Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," the joys of life are collected, its evils excluded. Another day, proceeding from Selkirk, you pass the old Border mansion of Riddell, and ere noon are looking up at the crags of Minto on the Teviot, the English-like village of Denholm, where let us ascribe all honour to those who have so handsomely commemorated, by an elegant monument, their gifted son, John Leyden, the linguist, who, when in the full swing of his active career abroad, was cut down by fever. Regarding the gifted author of the "Scenes of Infancy," of which a few lines are given below, he was both a man and an author who reflected credit on our Borderland. Enjoying the friendship and patronage of the Earl of Minto, he was appreciated by Scott, who lamented the young poet's death:

"I knew him; a light too early quenched."

. . . . . .

> "A distant and a foreign shore
> Has Leyden's cold remains."

While Leyden himself, in one of his warm tributes to the great poet, says:

> "Thy mind whose fearless frankness nought could move,
> Thy friendship like an elder brother's love."

Ere you quit the scene of Leyden's nativity, there is recited on the village green at his monument his appropriate lines:

> "Dear native valleys! may ye long retain
> The chartered freedom of the mountain swain!
> Long 'mid your sounding glades in union sweet
> May rural innocence and beauty meet!
> And still be duly heard at twilight calm
> From every cot the peasant's chanted psalm!"

And now, walking through Denholm Dean, where we are again reminded of the boy Leyden, because it was one of his favourite haunts, we emerge on Cavers, well-wooded and adorned, and, passing through that busy and important town, Hawick, reach Branksome on the Teviot when the genial afternoon sun is gilding the old mansion and the finely timbered lawn, where the modern minstrel satisfies us as much as reading the lay of the ancient bard, while the two combined fill up the picture; memory, sight, sound, harmonise and blend into an ecstasy of enjoyment.

If the excursions *from* Oakwood were interesting, the days *at* Oakwood and Bowhill were better still, for, enjoying the run of the policies surrounding the mansion of the duke, we saunter at leisure, and, resting either at Newark or by the margin of the lakes, we reflect on the liberality, the popularity, of the Buccleuch family. Is there not a story of that genial uncle of the duke, the ardent sportsman of his day, Lord John Scott? George Williamson, the old huntsman, is being entertained to dinner at St. Boswells, on his retiring from his post, and settling down in old age to enjoy his little property. Says Lord John, "My good friend Williamson, we drink to

your health and prosperity. Many a man has hunted himself *out* of an estate, you and you only (as far as I know) have hunted yourself *into* one." Lord John would halt at mid-day, when fox-hunting, and have lunch in the snug bield of the nearest available cottage, getting from the gude-wife a mealy potato and a lump of butter to season the sandwich which his groom carried in the saddle wallet. Farewell for the present to the forest.

> "O Ettrick, shelter of my youth!
> Thou sweetest glen of all the south,
> Thy hapless bard, though forced to roam
> Afar from thee without a home,
> Still there his glowing breast shall turn
> Till thy green bosom fold his urn."

The Vale of Alford.

READERS of agricultural reports, including descriptions of shows of stock and of flowers, will be quite familiar with the above name—a vale literally flowing with milk and honey, where, in the heat of summer, the mountaineer finds cool breezes on the heights, the less energetic man strolling through the woods or along the banks of the rapid-running Don above or below the Bridge of Alford, not far from the village, the peaceful little capital of the vale. Should the visitor not have secured a house or lodgings, he will find excellent accommodation and considerable home comfort at the hotels, either of the Bridge or the village, and will realise what a good land and a large one it is, whether for grouse, trout, salmon, or scenery. The antiquary discovers treasures in the vale to add to his own stores of research, and anon to enrich the society of which he is a learned and useful member. Among the natives, all classes of the community, from the peer to the peasant, are represented. If solitude is sought, it can be had in full measure up in Strathdon; if society, combined with country life, is desired, here it is in the vale, twenty miles below the strath, and thirty miles by rail from Aberdeen; if you do not weary of a forty-mile drive, which, alas! some of us nowadays find monotonous, the roads can be traversed right and left. The railway, branching off the main line at Kintore, has a terminus at the village of Alford, and thus the iron horse conveys you with speed to many a place renowned in song and story, and well worth seeing without these sources of interest.

One of the excursions of lesser extent is only a few miles along the vale to Castle Forbes, a richly-timbered demesne on the banks of the Don, looking up to the heather hills of vast extent, and hard by the kirkyard of Keig, which contains, with many others, the grave and tombstone of a distinguished

professor, first at Aberdeen, thereafter at Cambridge. Without entering on the merits of the question of his deposition from the Aberdeen chair, let us simply record that having met and conversed with the man at Strathpeffer and at Achnasheen, we found him everything that was amiable and unaffected, and with sad interest now read on the tombstone, "William Robertson Smith, Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge; born 8th November, 1846, died 31st March, 1894. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Not far from here is the mansion of Whitehouse, where two years ago there was still living the venerable laird, Mr. Farquharson, who kindly entertained our party from the "Haughton Arms," Alford. Here for many years he lived in quiet retirement after a life of activity at home and abroad. Adjoining the village of Alford is the mansion of Haughton, where also resides a Farquharson, a name common to the vale, as well as to the banks of the Dee.

Another name which meets you in every parish and district of the shire is Forbes, and readily comes to memory the distinguished laird of Craigievar, who, as Sir William Forbes, captain in the Coldstream Guards, was in the Crimean campaign, and has now (being raised to the Peerage under the title of Lord Sempill) been for many years resident at that old baronial castle on the wooded heights, five miles from Alford, one of the most interesting of the old feudal residences that abound in the county of Aberdeen, and which is courteously shown to all visitors interested in the antiquities of Scotland.

A prominent hill near the Vale of Alford is Bennachie (in Gaelic *beinn-a-Chè*—"mountain of Ché," a Caledonian deity); seen also from the neighbouring parishes of Keig, Premnay, Oyne, and Garioch, its six peaks can be viewed from a distance of forty miles; intertwined by the river Gadie, this mountain and stream are peculiarly conspicuous, each the counterpart of the other, and they are no less famous or popular in Scottish song. When the well-known singing family, the Kennedy's, appeared on the platform, there was not in all their *repertoire* a song that moved the audience to higher satisfaction than—

"O an I were where Gadie rins
'Mang fragrant heath and yellow whins,
Or brawlin' down the bosky linns,
At the back o' Bennachie.

"Ance mair to hear the wild birds sang,
To wander birks and braes amang
Wi' friends and fav'rites left sae lang
At the back o' Bennachie.

"How mony a day in blythe springtime,
How mony a day in summer's prime,
I've saunterin' wil'd awa' the time
On the heights o' Bennachie.

"Ah! fortune's flowers wi' thorns grow rife,
And w'alth is won wi' toil and strife,
A'e day gi'e me o' youthful life
At the back o' Bennachie.

"Ah! Mary, there on ilka night,
When baith our hearts were young and light,
We've wandered by the clear moonlight
Wi' speech baith fond and free.

"Oh! ance, ance mair where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins,
Oh! might I die where Gadie rins
At the back o' Bennachie."

Looking down from Bennachie the vale is disclosed in its summer tints, and the Don, watering the plain, sweeps past village and hamlet, chief among which is easily discerned Monymusk, a place of some interest and importance. Pleasing to the eye of the visitor, the following account from the "Ordnance Gazetteer" must be pleasing to the ear of the historian or the antiquary:—"The antiquities are vestiges of two ancient Caledonian stone circles, a sculptured standing-stone and Latin cross, the roofless ruin of Pilfichie Castle, and vestiges of a chapel, which was one of the earliest seats of the Culdee missionaries in the North of Scotland. Malcolm Canmor in 1078, proceeding on a military expedition against the rebels of Moray, arrived at Monymusk, and finding that its barony belonged to the Crown, he vowed it to St.

Andrew in order to gain the victory, and is said to have marked out the base of the church-tower with his spear." Highlanders, and lowlanders also, on the nights of their festive gatherings foot it lightly to the strains of that well-known reel "Monymusk,"

Going right up the vale into Strathdon, by far the most interesting and picturesque piece of antiquity is Kildrummy Castle, formerly a residence of the Kings of Scotland, and captured by Edward I. of England in 1306. The church of Kildrummy is peculiar in architecture, as well as an edifice of great antiquity. There are ravines and woods in the proximity of both these places, and the traveller finds it worth his while to have traversed the vale to these interesting spots. Should he be an agriculturist there will be pointed out to him the native growth of oats, which, ripening a week earlier than the generality of that species of corn, is thin in quality, but strong in its abundance of straw. The number of pedestrians, drivers, and cyclists appearing on the road testify to the amenity of this section of the county, which, not so popular as Deeside, has still a large share of attention in the months of summer. But sojourning in the village of Alford for weeks, there is ample and pleasant opportunity of beholding the Dee and its mountainous surroundings, the distance over to Lumphanan being but ten miles, and by Tarland a little further. What driving route can excel it? where is the panoramic view that can vie with that which meets the eye when, on the summit above Tarland, the vale of Dee comes into sight, and the outline of that colossal hill discerned? You gaze on it enraptured. The guide-book, the map, book, newspaper are all cast aside, and you repeat—

"Shades of the dead, have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Loch-na-garr while the stormy mist gathers
Winter presides in his cold icy car,
Clouds there encircled the forms of my fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch-na-gar."

In very contrast to these clouds and tempests there was this day the cloudless sky, the perfect ether, and all Nature rejoicing in her summer bounty and strength.

Arrived at Deeside, you choose your own favourite section of it; maybe it is the solitude of the Moor of Dinnet, or the richer glowing woods of Aboyne and Glen Tanner. Ballater itself is not too far off, with its own peculiar charms, staying at which your favourite excursions are to the Gairn Shiel and Loch Muick, frequented by Her Majesty and the Royal family, besides those favourites of fortune lucky enough to have the means and leisure for exploring the offshoots of the Dee. Here you may stay on and on without weariness, or, returning to the Vale of Alford, find there more retirement than the highroad leading to Braemar, and with abundant amenity to refresh you after the arduous labours of the past winter and the chilly spring.

A most pleasing circular drive from Alford is to begin by crossing the Don at the bridge, and on to the beautifully restored kirk of Tullynessle. Halting at the manse, you are shown over the church and the timbered avenue of the adjacent manse by the respected clergyman, who, between his father's incumbency and his own, has identified the name of Paul with this rural parish, and who have been ministers there for well-nigh one hundred years. Ascending the long steep hill bordered by heathery moors, these sportsmen are doing rapid execution among the moor-fowl, and the beaters' work is cut out for them. The summit is reached, the descent is made on the sheltered mansion of Knockespock, and ere noon the village of Rhynie comes in view, famous in ecclesiastical history as the centre of the Strathbogie district, and few there are who have not heard of the squabbles in this Presbytery previous to the Disruption. And here comes a Disruption story from the neighbouring county of Kincardine. "Aye, Mr. S." (minister of the parish), says an old character, "mony folk cam' oot o' yir kirk at the *Irruption*, and mony mair wad ha' cam' oot but for the fear o' the Lord" (Lord A., patron of the parish). Arrived at Rhynie, a halt is made to look around the perfect amphitheatre of hills, chief among

which is Tap o' North, and the antiquary takes notes and measurements of the standing-stones and vitrified forts. No better place for a student than the manse of Rhynie, a gem of a residence in these summer months. Four miles ahead comes the village of Lumsden, and then Strathdon, and our delicious vale is re-entered, and the "Haughton Arms" comes in sight, with its hospitably spread table, and the mid-day letters spread out. Having started betimes in the morning, you now take your "ease at your inn," and while the columns of the daily paper are being perused, the fragrant perfume of the cigar scents the room, and the evening programme being sketched out, the lads and lasses vote for "O an' I were where Gadie rins," to be followed by the stirring reels of "Bogie" and "Monymusk," with power to add to their number.

Heavy Floods.

UNDOUBTEDLY there was through most of the Scotch counties a terrible fall of rain on the 16th of June last, there being simultaneously a snow-storm on Ben Nevis. The *Glasgow Herald* and the *Scotsman* had columns of description on the succeeding day, narrating that live stock had been drowned, that many families and individuals had been sorely inconvenienced, and that the lives of some of them had been endangered, while the crops previously parched had now been drenched; and travellers along our railways and roads could easily see the temporary lochs and ponds formed by the rain, and for a while their eyes were diverted from the mountain and fixed on the flood. The old stock phrases of "the oldest inhabitant recollecting nothing like it," and "the heaviest rainfall experienced for a quarter of a century," were freely used, and it is not for us to impugn the accuracy of these statements, or to challenge the memory of individuals regarding atmospherical conditions or their results; but the statement may be ventured that the Press, overtrustful of their provincial correspondents, are sometimes too ready to insert accounts which obviously are inflated, and that a calm survey of the situation would demonstrate clearly how on many a previous occasion, not remote by any means, the country had been inundated quite as heavily, and that if we are to record a flood of real magnitude and dire disaster, that in Morayshire in 1829, described by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder and others, is the outstanding event, before which all others save *the* Flood are of small importance. The Morayshire floods were floods *par excellence*, if such an expression can be used regarding an event unparalleled in magnitude and disaster up in the north, and as to which it is fervently to be hoped "we ne'er shall look upon its like again." The havoc wrought

by it was far-reaching, its effects continuing for many a year; compared with it, our recent flood is as child's play.

A personal experience of floods in England in May, 1886, may here be given. Travelling from Chester, and going on to see some of the cathedral cities further south, there were the Dee, the Severn, and the Wye, not only in gigantic proportions, but sweeping away bridges, carrying down live stock, and the Severn at Worcester invading the houses of many of the inhabitants, who were rescued by boats. Part of the road between Worcester and Malvern was washed away; whole fields were turned into lakes; and although there was some little interval of fair weather during a four days' sojourn at Ross, Herefordshire, enabling one to see Raglan, Tintern, and Monmouth, and tolerable weather at Stratford and Warwick, yet when Oxford was reached, down it again came with pitiless severity, and until the eve of the Derby Day there was very little sunshine. Verily, for a time "the waters prevailed."

> "Horribly beautiful, but on the verge,
> From side to side beneath the glittering morn,
> An iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
> Like Hope upon a deathbed, and unworn
> Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
> By the distracted waters, bears serene
> Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn,
> Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
> Love watching madness with unalterable mien."

But these English floods of eleven years ago, formidable as they were, are insignificant indeed compared to the great Scotch flood of 1829, when not only that river of the high banks, the Findhorn, surpassed itself, but its tributary the Divie, its companion the Nairn, and its big brother the Spey, came down in such unparalleled force as to spread consternation throughout the counties, and well-nigh paralysed the energies of the rescuing parties, who went forth to succour those who were in such sad distress and jeopardy. We have before us a book of 431 pages, with minute and graphic descriptions of this memorable flood, and to those who wish to read for themselves in full detail of the great disaster, we

refer them to this volume, published in Edinburgh in 1830 by Adam Black, with the title "Morayshire Floods: An Account of the Great Flood of August, 1829, in the province of Moray and adjoining districts," by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., of Fountainhall. Says Sir Thomas: "Sweeping the eye round from Moy by Kincorth, Binsness, Findhorn, and Kinloss, to Forres and the Cluny hills, the space within that circle was one entire sheet of water, with here and there a trifling patch of green or yellow ground, whither all the cattle in the vicinity had crowded, whilst the boats were seen sailing in various directions among the hedgerows. *The inundation covered a space of something more than twenty square miles in the Plain of Forres.* Within this space I may say the whole crop was destroyed. No one who has not seen this great theatre of the main action of this disaster can form any conception of the desolation, both temporary and permanent, that was produced. To particularise the damage would take a volume of itself. Of the beautiful bridge of Findhorn, consisting of one arch of ninety-five feet, and two others of seventy-five feet span each, nothing now remains but a fragment of the northern landbreast, and part of the inclined approach from the south. After the flood the salmon were killed in great numbers in corn and potato-fields, in bushes and in hedges. A boy was seen with a rabbit in one hand and a salmon in the other, which he said 'he had catched wi' his ain twa hands.' Where there were no trees the rabbits were drowned in great numbers; but where there were plantations, and especially where there were spruces and larches, the creatures climbed into them and were saved."

Here was, so to speak, the largest theatre, on the stage of which so silent a melo-drama was being played; and while the scene might change to up the river, and Acts I. and II. be played at Relugas, Logie, and Dunphail, Act III., with its wide watery scene and capacious stage, was awful to the sufferers, and very painful to the spectators, who here, unlike the theatre in the city, where they know that the actors sham suffering and death, knew too well that before their eyes not a few were suffering bodily pain and the loss of their posses-

sions, but that some of them were immersed in a watery grave.

Keeping in mind the proportions of the Findhorn higher up than the scene above described by Sir Thomas, and also the mass of rushing water which many of us have seen on the banks of that grand river the Spey, how well the flood of 1829 can be realised, not only from Dick Lauder's description, but corroborated as it is by many an old inhabitant. The journalist and the newspaper correspondent could *then* scarcely exaggerate a description of those mighty waters, although three words from the Book of Genesis is all sufficient in prose to describe it: "The waters prevailed."

> "The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
> And boil in endless torture;
> . . . . . .
> How profound the gulf! and how the giant element
> From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
> Crushing the cliffs which, downward worn and rent
> With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent.
>
> "To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
> More like the fountain of an infant sea
> Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
> Of a new world, than only thus to be
> Parent of rivers which flow gushingly,
> With many windings through the vale:—Look back!
> Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
> As if to sweep down all things in its track,
> Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract."

One characteristic of a flood on land, as well as of a storm at sea, is that no long time elapses before the normal calmness is resumed; the mountainous billows of the ocean are again still; the rushing torrent subsides into its wonted glide. This dire Morayshire flood occurred in August, and, terrible as it was, we doubt not that before September was gone the dwellers on the banks of the Spey and the Findhorn could say in the poet's lines—

> "The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
> With breath all incense and with cheek all bloom,
> Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
> And living as if earth contained no tomb."

The Barone Hill, Rothesay.

How often does it happen that the words of a sweet song, allied to melodious verse, are lost to us, sometimes from the singer pronouncing the words indistinctly, or it may be that the *very sweetness* of the melody is so all-absorbing that the words are missed? Then, again, some listeners may have ears exquisitely attuned to music, and comparatively little appreciation of poetry. Pleasure enough is it when one sense is gratified; a *supreme du richesse* when the two senses harmonise. Illustrating these propositions, there will afterwards be quoted the verses of that popular song, "Rothesay Bay"; but, as a prelude to these, the reader is now introduced to a hill, and to a poem describing it too little known, the author of which was a bright star during his too short life, that humorous and pathetic contributor to *Blackwood*, the writer of "Mansie Wauch," whose *nom-de-plume* was "Delta," but in real life known as David Macbeth Moir, physician, born at Musselburgh, where he spent his active, useful life. Dying there in 1851, a memorial in the shape of a monumental statue keeps his memory green.

It was of this hill adjacent to Rothesay, and commanding such a vast view of the surrounding islands and seas that "Delta," inspired with the spirit of the scene, thus sang—

"Ere yet dim twilight brightened into day,
Or waned the silver morning-star away,
Shedding its last lone melancholy smile
Above the mountain-tops of far Argyll;
Ere yet the solan's wing had brushed the sea,
Or issued from its cell the mountain bee;
As dawn beyond the orient Cumbraes shone,
Thy northern slope, Byrone,
From Ascog's rocks, o'erflung with woodland bowers,
With scarlet fuschias and faint myrtle flowers,
My steps essayed; brushing the diamond dew

From the soft moss, lithe grass, and harebell blue.
Up from the heath aslant the linnet flew,
Startled; and rose the lark on twinkling wing
And soared away, to sing
A farewell to the severing shades of night,
A welcome to the morning's earliest light.
Thy summit gained, how tranquilly serene
Beneath outspread that panoramic scene
Of continent and isle, and lake and sea,
And tower and town, hill, vale, and spreading tree,
And rock and ruin, tinged with amethyst,
Half seen, half hidden by the lazy mist.

"Byrone, a type of peace thou seemest now,
Yielding thy ridges to the rustic plough,
With cornfields at thy feet, and many a grove,
Whose songs are but of love:
Be this a stranger's farewell, green Byrone,
Who ne'er hath trod thy heathery heights before,
And ne'er may see thee more
After yon autumn sun hath westering gone;
Though oft, in pensive mood, when far away
'Mid city multitudes, his thoughts will stray
To Ascog's lake, blue, sleeping in the morn,
And to the happy homesteads that adorn
Thy Rothesay's lovely bay."

The visitor to the Barone Hill of Rothesay will, especially if he has a poetic vein in him, find a sympathetic interest in the above lines, and, indeed, in the whole poem, which is modestly entitled "Lines written in the Isle of Bute." How great an improvement is this on the *prosy* penny-a-lining style of the guide-books, should the traveller have been fortunate enough to take along with him "Delta's" poem, and the words of that most excellent song by Dinah Maria Mulock, descriptive of the glories of Rothesay Bay. The Dhu Loch, as viewed from the summit of Barone Hill, is one of the larger of those mountain tarns that come on us as a glad surprise, girt round by the mountains, and lying in their lap. And now, having come four miles up the steep ascent from the bay, how welcome are the rest and the shelter from the rays of the mid-day sun; sweeter than ever sound the words as the fair songstress, without an accompaniment, sings them—

"It's a bonny bay at morning,
And bonnier at the noon,
But its bonniest when the sun draps,
And red comes up the moon;
When the mist creeps o'er the Cumbrays,
And Arran peaks are gray,
And the great black hills, like sleepin' kings,
Sit grand roun' Rothesay Bay."

Should the mountaineer wish a circular walk, his plan is to descend the other side of the Barone, and visit Loch Fad and Kean Cottage on its sylvan banks, so called in honour of its former occupant, the renowned Edmund Kean, whose summer house on the wooded height bore the inscription—

"How pleasant from the loopholes of retreat
To gāze on such a world."

And here, surmounting the gate at the entrance lodge, are busts of Shakspere, Massinger, Kean, and Garrick. We read that its other name is Woodend, that it was built by Kean in 1827, and was afterwards occupied by Sheridan Knowles. While laving your hands and brow in the cool waters of the lake, the guide of the party reads aloud a brief description of it, copied from a well-known authority:—"Loch Fad (Gaelic *fada*, 'long') a narrow loch on the mutual border of Rothesay and Kingarth parishes, Isle of Bute. Lying 48 feet above sea-level, it extends 2½ miles north-eastward, varies in width between 1 and 2¼ furlongs, and sends off a stream 7 furlongs north-by-eastward to Rothesay Bay at Rothesay Town. It presents in its scenery a miniature of some of the most admired lakes in the Highlands, contains perch, pike, and trout."

And this excursion is declared to be the most pleasant of a series, embracing Mount Stuart, Port Bannatyne, Tignabruaich, and Ardrishaig; for it is away from the crowds on the esplanade of Rothesay, and those promenading the deck of the steamer,—a bright enough aspect of life in its way,—but wanting that calmness of repose which is so exquisite in the more secluded glades of the island; and now there arose

no difficulty in persuading our sweet songstress to give us the remaining verses of Rothesay Bay—

"Fu' yellow lie the corn rigs
Far doun the braid hillside;
It is the brawest hairst-field
Alang the shores o' Clyde,—
And I'm a puir hairst-lassie
Wha stands the lee-lang day
Shearing the corn-rigs of Ardbeg,
Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

"Oh, I had ance a true-love,
Now I hae nane ava;
And I had three braw brithers,
But I hae tint them a';
My father and my mither
Sleep i' the mools this day;
I sit my lane amang the rigs,
Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.

"Then a bit sigh stirs my bosom,
And a wee tear blin's my e'e,
And I think o' that far countrie,
Whar I wad like to be;
But I rise content i' the morning
To wark while wark I may,
I' the yellow hairst-field of Ardbeg,
Aboon sweet Rothesay Bay."

The celebrity of the Isle of Bute as a health-resort even in winter, the amenity of Largs and Millport, the importance of Rothesay as the capital and centre of the island, a capital having at the head of its magistracy a noble marquis, who is also the most extensive land-owner on the island,—all these facts are too well-known to be enlarged on here in an essay, the conception of which took place when walking on the summit of the Barone Hill on one of the few good days obtainable towards the end of June in the present year.

GLEN PROSEN.

To face page 185.]

Glen Prosen's Golden Broom.

ONE perfect day early in July, having crossed the river at the stepping-stones and ascended the steep bank leading up to Persie, the eye was arrested, not only by the superb glory of mountain and wood, but by other symbols of rich and bounteous nature. There was "a mist of bluebells on the slope and down the dell;" but finer even than that, there was spread out in lavish abundance, and stretching from the banks at Persie up the wooded dell to Shawfield, Lednathie, and Balnaboth, that glorious golden broom, which blended and harmonised so well with all her neighbours—whether trees, or ferns, or clover—one would have thought the very flocks and herds had some cognisance of this added force of beauty to the landscape in which, as is their wont, some were feeding, some resting, others laving their limbs in the cooler pools of yonder river, and gaining the shade of the trees. A wonderful, a beneficient sight that golden broom of the Prosen, at which, during the leisure of a forenoon, you gazed and gazed again, were soothed and abundantly satisfied. Yes, take your fill of that scene while you may—not at all likely you will forget it this season or any other. Amid the forms which your contemplation takes regarding it, there occurs to the mind, why is there so much thirst for *gold*, and why so little after the *golden broom?* What is the former compared to the latter? Why, with average health, a peaceful, a contented mind, you are far better roaming these golden-covered braes with your three hundred a year, than the faded man of pleasure or fashion is with his three, aye, his thirteen, thousand. What did the French financier say, as Carlyle tells us: "Where are nuggets and millions, when sleep is not to be had in the market at any price?" Yonder farmer, that shepherd, the cottagers of the vale, have such healthy looks and such pleasant ways, that a look at them, a

talk with them, convinces you they are realising what the Irish bard said:

> "And I knew that if peace was found in this world,
> A heart that was humble might look for it here."

Not that the vale of Prosen in its golden glory has a monopoly of these precious attributes. Travelling over to Clova or across to Glen Isla, the human element, with similar specimens of humanity, are met with, and amid scenes as fair as the heart of man could desire; but that Glen Prosen is the prime favourite with many from association and real merit is an experience known to many visitors to Cortachy, who really see more of its braes than do some of the local lairds and their friends. The tenant of a house, the occupier of lodgings, the visitor to the adjacent hotel, can, if he does not lie a-bed until the fashionable breakfast hour, or dally over his letters and newspaper until noon, cull the golden hours of happiness on those sweet braes, reflecting on the beautiful music, the songs that gladdened his senses when, before leaving his quarters, the fair songstress warbled forth, "Spring is Coming," "May Morning," "The Canadian Boat Song," or "Beauty's Eyes," and the skilled pianist gave us Silloti's "Cuckoo," and a melodious Barcarolle, promising a repetition or a variety in the afternoon, a concert in the evening, at which latter we had *inter alia:*

> "I've loved thee long, I've loved thee strong,
> I've loved thee in the winter, I've loved thee in the hay."

These noontide reflections over, you mount up to the higher banks on the Persie side of the Prosen, and there survey, in spite of the sad blanks caused by the ravages of that fearful wind of November, 1893, those timbered banks of our fine Forfarshire stream, which here runs in his full strength and breadth. Do not believe anyone who would tell you that the *toute ensemble* of this scene is not equal to the Tummel and the Garry. It is every bit as fine, though it is difficult of access from the main road, and is away from

such fashionable lines of route as Pitlochry. Here you look out on the slopes of that mountain monarch Cathlaw, and on this day of clearness, the length and the breadth of Glen Prosen are discovered, the heights of Glen Moy discerned, and the approach to Bach-na-gairn by Glen Doll viewed in the distance, all of which is enough to make the Lord of Airlie, and the Laird of Persie *nearly* forget those sad blanks of the trees, which must on less happy days come to their remembrance. Great is the importance of a timbered forest. Says a brilliant author: "I do not wonder that great earls value their trees, and never, save in direst extremity, lift upon them the axe. Ancient descent and glory are made audible in the proud murmur of immemorial woods. There are forests in England, whose leafy noises may be shaped into Agincourt, and the names of the battlefields of the roses; oaks that dropped their acorns in the year that Henry VIII. held his field of the cloth of gold, and beeches that gave shelter to the deer when Shakespeare was a boy. There they stand in sun and shower, the broad-armed witnesses of perished centuries, and sore must his need be who commands a woodland massacre. A great English tree, the rings of a century in its boll, is one of the noblest of natural objects; and it touches the imagination no less than the eye, for it grows out of tradition and a past order of things, and is pathetic with the suggestions of past generations. Trees waving a colony of rooks in the wind to-day are older than historic lines. Trees are your best antiques. There are cedars on Lebanon which the axes of Solomon spared, they say, when he was busy with his temple. There are olives on Olivet that might have rustled in the ears of the Master and the twelve. There are oaks in Sherwood which have tingled to the horn of Robin Hood, and have listened to Maid Marian's laugh. Think of an existing cedar which is nearly as old as history, which was middle-aged before the wolf suckled Romulus. Think of an existing English elm in whose branches the heron was reared which the hawks of Saxon Harold killed. If you are a notable, and wish to be remembered, better plant a tree than build a city or strike a medal—it will outlast both."

And now from trees and Nature, of which they are a component part, to man who is, so to speak, a tenant at will of this earth and all that it contains, proud man who one day will fall like a tree, who, noble as he may be, is ever more or less of the egotist, and who must be important to *himself* (as Alexander Smith puts it) whatever may be the estimate of him formed by others. If, as Shakespeare says, he is "dressed in a little brief authority," he makes the most of that brevity and of that authority. Listen to the words of that brilliant writer, above quoted, on this important subject. How true to human nature, to past experience, to the experience of generations to come, are the simple and true yet far-reaching words, in which "the importance of a man to himself" are expressed: "Nature rolls on in her eternal course, repeating her tale of Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter; but life in man and beast is transitory, and other living creatures take their places. It is quite certain that one or other of the next twenty springs will come unseen by me, will awake no throb of transport in my veins. But will it be less bright on that account? Will the lamb be saddened in the field? Will the lark be less happy in the air? The sunshine will draw the daisy from the mound under which I sleep as carelessly as she draws the cowslip from the meadow by the riverside. The seasons have no ruth, no compunction. They care not for our petty lives. The light falls sweetly on graveyards, and on brown labourers among the hay swathes. Were the world depopulated to-morrow, next spring would break pitilessly bright; flowers would bloom, fruit-tree boughs wear pink and white; and, although there would be no eye to witness, summer would not adorn herself with one blossom the less. It is curious to think how important a creature a man is to himself. We cannot help thinking that all things exist for our particular selves. The sun in whose light a system lives warms me, makes the trees grow for me, paints the evening sky in gorgeous colours for me. The mould I till, produced from the beds of extinct oceans and the grating of rock and mountain during countless centuries, exists that I may have muffins to breakfast. Animal life, with its strange instincts and affec-

tions, is to be recognised and cherished, for does it not draw my burdens for me, and carry me from place to place, and yield me comfortable broadcloth, and succulent joints to dinner? I think it matter of complaint that Nature, like a personal friend to whom I have done kind services, will not wear crape at my funeral. I think it cruel that the sun should shine and birds sing, and I lying in my grave. People talk of the age of the world. So far as I am concerned, it began with my consciousness, and will end with my decease."

Well, here is a nineteenth century author putting, in his own way, the ideas of mutability and impermanence, which are so often vividly brought before us in pithy language by the writers of the different epochs, and by none, of course, more powerfully than Shakespeare:

> "The great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve;
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

But the great bard in these lines, as well as when declaring that "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," would have us act so that in the brief span available there should be a record of work done by each and every man, the result of which should be that the world was left by us better than we found it. Great would be the mistake made by anyone who supposed that for this end length of years and vast magnitude of work was essential.

> "A life is measured not by years,
> So many or so few;
> But by the truth one strives to reach,
> The good one tries to do."

It may be regarded as strange that such thoughts have taken shape in Glen Prosen, when all around the world is on holiday, and when either sport or idleness is the order of the day; but it is well known that both the angler and the

hunter, if he is a man of any reflection at all, is not *completely* engrossed by the recreations of his summer months, and that by the riverside, or treading the purple heather, he can as readily, yea, perhaps more readily than in the sacred edifice, repeat the words:

> "O, Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
> To Thee all praise and glory be."

Secular and sacred song have this season abounded in Glen Prosen as well as at Clova. The interchange of calls and festivities between the visitors at the three resorts (for Cortachy is, so to speak, in the centre) has been of the most agreeable character; and for the musical part of the entertainment there has been the variety of the violin, piano, mandoline, and the bagpipes. A favourite song easily suggested from the garden or the sitting-room table was as follows:

> "O, my love is like a red, red rose, that's newly sprung in June;
> My love is like a melody that's sweetly played in tune.
> As fair thou art, my bonnie lass, so deep in love am I;
> And I will love thee still, my dear, till a' the seas gang dry.
>
> "Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
> And the rocks melt with the sun;
> And I will love thee still, my dear,
> While the sands o' life shall run.
>
> "But fare thee weel, my only love,
> And fare thee weel a while;
> And I will come again, my love,
> Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile."

Such evening entertainments, occasionally followed by a stroll on the starry nights, within hearing of South Esk's gentle rush, constituted a splendid finish to these Diamond Jubilee days, ever to be remembered, spent, and greatly enjoyed, amid the golden broom of Glen Prosen.

An Eminent Musician.

WHEN the Edinburgh evening papers flashed through the city one October afternoon that Sir Charles Hallé was no more, many townsmen mourned the loss of a personal friend, while many thousands, not knowing the man personally, had come to look on him quite *as a friend;* what numbers of the musical world recall his visits to the Scotch capital twice a year in the sixties, when he entertained the Music Hall audience on Saturday afternoons at his pianoforte recitals; later on when, as leader of his renowned orchestra from Manchester, he presided at the annual Reid Concert in February, and gave two or three more performances within the week; and still further, the occasions when our Music Hall was enriched by the presence on its platform of Madame Neruda (latterly Lady Hallé) the most popular violin player of her day, when, along with Sir Charles, she performed the Kreutzer sonata, a solo by Sphor, or that most musical and plaintive Irish Lament of Stanford that fairly took the audience by storm. Some months ago we heard the talented widow of this eminent musician perform these pieces, but sorely did we miss the well-known face of Sir Charles, who, gliding with silent dignity as he used to do from the anteroom on to the platform, and bowing to his audience, commenced a programme consisting of Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata, the Presto Scherzando of Mendelssohn, and choice selections from the music of such composers as Schubert, Schumann, Scarlatti, Moscheles, Chopin, Berlioz, Kalkbrenner, Hummel, and many others. With delight had we in Edinburgh read the announcement of his coming, and on the Saturday forenoons pleasurable anticipation was at its acme, the afternoon was one of rich, golden beauty, and the retrospect so mellow that we know not wherewith to liken it, unless it be "Jerusalem the Golden," with milk and honey blest.

And however true it may be that the places of eminent men in every walk of life are filled by competent successors, you can never get quit of the feeling that in regard to a man who for forty years enriched his country by such distinguished services to musical culture, there can be for us one, and only one, Sir Charles Hallé.

Full of years and honours, Sir Charles was distinguished and popular in social life, respected by all ranks, honoured by the friendship of the Royal Family, was on terms of intimate friendship with men illustrious in the realms of art and literature, received the honour of knighthood from the English Government, and was one of the conspicuous figures in Great Britain and the Continent from the time when coming to Paris he studied there under the great masters, recollections of whom he cherished through life, and has, besides, given us interesting reminiscences of them. So apt and zealous a pupil was young Hallé, so correct was his ear, so refined his taste, and so dexterous his manipulation of the keyboard, that there was laid the foundation of that style in which he was afterwards to be distinguished as pre-eminent. Disdaining all sensational and clap-trap feats, he set himself calmly and diligently to study the mind of the composer, and to interpret that composer with the most accurate fidelity, sinking himself or any preconceived idea that might have entered his mind as to how this sonata, and that adagio, should be performed. With these views steadily before him, and the laudable ambition of acquiring distinction in his noble profession, diligence had its due reward. In middle age he was an acknowledged leader; and while some contemporaries attained the rank, so to speak, of grand dukes, Hallé reigned as the king of pianists, and as field-marshal commander-in-chief in the musical army. Prevented by a well-balanced mind and shrewdness from becoming vain of his achievements or position, one of his great charms was the modesty of his demeanour and conversation—a modesty and a true dignity unimpaired by the civility shown him by crowned heads or those who sit in high places.

And if such was the man, where was his sphere of action,

what places were his homes from the cradle to the grave? What manner of man was this in the domestic circle? how about his filial relations? What was he as a husband and a father? Happily, there is an interesting and beautiful record of him here, and joyous must have been his childhood and boyish days, for when in 1848 he lost his beloved father, the blow was so great that he speaks of himself as feeling weak as a child. "Born," says he, "at the moment when the church bells began to ring in Easter morn as (my dear mother often told me in after years), curiously enough, Easter Sunday fell every eleven years on April 11 until I was fifty-five years old, but will not do so again in my lifetime." Marrying in 1841, he says, "Once more the number 11 became of significance in my life, for I was twice 11 years old, and married on the 11th of the 11th month of the year. My wife, née Desirée Smith de Relieu, was born at New Orleans, and had been residing for some years in Paris with her mother, a widow. Madame Smith had a negro servant, formerly one of her slaves, who had followed her to France, and was much attached to her. It was customary in Paris to give a party, a ball generally, to the friends of the bride and bridegroom on the eve of the wedding, a custom which we followed. Madame Smith's confidential servant had been instructed to engage a number of day-waiters for the occasion, and great was my consternation when, at the proper moment, the ices were brought in by ten waiters—all grinning niggers!"

The Revolution was at its height when Hallé, sorely to his disappointment, had to quit the French capital, where he had hoped to settle for life, and enjoy a professional career amid a social circle containing many musical, artistic, and literary celebrities; so he had to seek an English shore, and begin anew in a land foreign to him. Though a disaster to France, it was well for the musical culture of England and Great Britain that Hallé had to seek our shores, and to himself, also, there came in course of time a feeling of reconciliation in having done so, and come to the land of his adoption, where success and distinction were the rewards of his diligence and

integrity. Pleasant is the record of Hallé's life as a naturalised Englishmen in London and Manchester; glad are we to read of his provincial tours, and specially of his enjoyment in the frequent visits paid to Edinburgh, where he was an honoured, a welcome guest. Mark his cold, clear-cut features, his highly intellectual expression, as seen in our streets, our institutions, as going the round of the pictures in the Royal Scottish Academy of a forenoon; and in the evening wielding his baton from the conductor's chair. A description by Hallé himself of the great Berlioz is in some respects applicable to the writer of it. "And what a picture he was at the head of his orchestra, with his eagle face, his bushy hair, his air of command, and glowing with enthusiasm. He was the most perfect conductor that I ever set eyes upon, one who held absolute sway over his troops, and played upon them as a pianist upon the keyboard."

The friendship of Berlioz and of Stephen Heller must have been a strong incentive to Hallé in those early days of professional struggle; the two men had exercised a marked influence over him, and he retained their friendship for life. How encouraging, also, to his youthful aspiration to witness amongst the audience attending his first concert such men as Liszt, Chopin and Meyerbeer! Hallé's description of Chopin and his compositions form one of the most fascinating chapters in his "Life and Letters." "I heard him play, and was fascinated beyond expression. It seemed to me as if I had got into another world, and all thought of Kalkbrenner was driven out of my mind. I sat entranced, filled with wonderment; and if the room had suddenly been peopled with fairies, I should not have been astonished. The marvellous charm, the poetry and originality, the perfect freedom and absolute lucidity of Chopin's playing at that time cannot be described. It was perfection in every sense. In listening to him you lost all power of analysis; you did not for a moment think how perfect was his execution of this or that difficulty; you listened, as it were, to the improvisation of a poem, and were under the charm as long as it lasted."

On equally familiar terms with the renowned Berlioz, Hallé

continually speaks with rapturous admiration of him as a composer, soloist, and leader, and there is recorded one remarkable incident when at an evening concert in Paris, at which Charles Hallé had to play Beethoven's G Major Concerto, the overture for the occasion was "Le Carneval Romain," a work of such difficulty that its rehearsal with elaborate care would have been most desirable in order that its success should be assured. Now what happened? Not only was *any* rehearsal of it totally forgotten, but Berlioz, undismayed, announced with determination that it should nevertheless be performed. "To see Berlioz during that performance," says Hallé, "was a sight never to be forgotten. He watched over every single member of the huge band; his beat was so decisive, his indication of all the *nuances* so clear and so unmistakable, that the overture went smoothly, and no uninitiated person could guess at the absence of a rehearsal."

Who that has the taste or the ear for music has not admired and enjoyed that eminent master of the art, Mendelssohn, author of immortal works, achieving an undying fame, giving gratification to thousands, honoured in life, mourned in death? A moulding influence he also had on our eminent musician, who in those early days in Paris often encountered him, heard him play the organ, and would sit for hours delighted, entranced, when the great composer was at the piano playing "innumerable fragments from half-forgotten beautiful works by Cherubini, Gluck, Bach, Palestrina, Marcello, tutti quanti. It was only enough to mention one of them, whether it was a gloria from one of Cherubini's masses, or a psalm by Marcello, to hear it played to perfection, until I came to the conclusion that he knew every bar of music ever written, and, what was more, could reproduce it immediately."

Such a galaxy of talent exhibited to the appreciative senses of the capable Hallé could not fail to rouse his ambitious spirit to the utmost enthusiasm; and he had now only to bide his time, and await the ensured ultimate success appropriate to him either on the Continent or in England,

which latter (London and Manchester) were the scenes where he achieved the distinguished success he deserved.

Ah, me! to us Scotch people, especially the inhabitants of Edinburgh, what a sore blank it is in our midst that the illustrious Hallé is no more. He had come to be such a distinguished favourite with us that in course of time the Senatus of our old University delighted to honour him by conferring on Hallé the degree of LL.D., when many other eminent men stood by his side to receive like marks of distinction. How touching the narrative by his son of the father's appreciation of it, valuing, as he did, this Edinburgh mark of favour more than any of the honours that were heaped on him. Says his son, C. E. Hallé: "He had the robes made for him, sat to me for his portrait in them, and expressed a wish that he might be buried in them—a wish which, needless to say, was piously observed by us when the sad time came for giving effect to it." And surely it is with sad appropriateness there come to us now lines written by an amiable, distinguished man, famous in Edinburgh in the last generation, who, under the heavy cloud of grief at the death of a beloved boy of his, wrote thus of him. We offer them as a tribute of respectful sympathy to C. E. Hallé and Marie Hallé, and to the relations and friends of our eminent musician.

"Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till oh! my heart is like to break.

"Even to the last, thy every word—
To glad—to grieve—
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecay'd,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade:
And like the rainbow thou didst fade.

"We mourn for thee when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All—to the wall-flower and wild pea—
Are changed; we saw the world thro' thee.

"And though perchance a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth;
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward mirth:
We miss thy step upon the stair;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer;
All day we miss thee—everywhere."

May the public fame of Hallé long abide, as bright and as enduring as was the sweet flower of his beautiful domestic and social life.

The Hill of Edzell.

YES! it is a great advantage to have the railway extension from the Ancient City (Brechin) to the snug village of Edzell, and those croakers who spoke of their favourite haunt be inundated with visitors and thus spoilt, may go on croaking if it pleases them; there is plenty room in Edzell both for the happy people and the large army of croakers. Twenty minutes' journey instead of forty-five as of yore; what an advantage! and, stepping out of the train, there is seen the new Edzell Hotel; the Inglis Memorial Hall rapidly progressing to completion; Mr. Manson's carriage hiring depôt, and some new cottages. At the further end of the village the enlarged "Panmure Arms" rears its stately form, and the Swiss-like architecture is not unpleasing to the eye; but the internal comfort and luxury enjoyed there is the main point of interest to visitors who this season are remaining, many of them, for months. And small wonder, for although a stranger may not *at once* take to Edzell, he has only to remain for a week in good weather in order to pronounce it one of the fairest scenes in Forfarshire, and the ever bonnie glen of the North Esk, culminating at Invermark, as sublime as anything seen from Loch Ness, Fort Augustus, and Fort William. Those middle-aged people who are of comfortable (without saying lazy) habit have very near their habitations the banks of the Westwater and the North Esk, the auld kirkyard, the Castle of Edzell, second to none for beauty of site and surroundings, the village green, on which stands the Auld Kirk, numerous paths and bye-ways; the invalid, at his open window, can breathe pure air while looking out on the noble Grampians; the wearied pedestrian comes down from the hills, sits at the door of the "Panmure" reading his *Standard*, the *Scotsman*, and watching the gambols of the dogs, always

so lively when the visitors are about; carriages roll onwards the live-long day; peaceful, yet animated, is this fair village on the green.

To those who care not for the long drive to Invermark, there is a good substitute, with equally high mountains, up the winding vale of the Westwater, past the kirk and manse of Lethnot, and on to that beautiful spot, Craigendowie, where, surrounded by the heather bloom and the green pastures, is a snug and hospitable farmhouse, with an adjoining cottage, a cosy retreat sought after annually by those who prefer the silence of the hills. And what could add to the serenity of this pastoral parish of Lethnot, with its side road branching off over the steep hill of the Catter Thun to Menmuir and to Brechin? Just a little too isolated, save for the slaughterers of grouse, and the man who finds literature all-absorbing. To those visitors who take their enjoyment on the green at Edzell, and cycle along the level, who *must* see their fellows daily, a sojourn *here* would be little short of imprisonment; and hence, although it is a glen gladdened by the return of summer, but few visitors disturb the even tenor of the lives of its rustic inhabitants except for a drive along the quiet banks of its river. The scene of perennial interest, both for its immediate proximity to the village, and on its own intrinsic merits, is the old Castle of Edzell, with the summer-house at the corner of the green sward, in which, inscribed in the visitor's book, are the names of sometimes fifty people in a day. Look around and see on the walls the quaint emblems of justice, war, agriculture, and many of the arts and sciences; and when the edifice as a whole has been duly admired, the site of it, with its shelter of hill and wood, and the grouping of cattle and sheep among its pastures, forms a *toûte ensemble* of singular beauty. Again and again is the visit to the Castle of Edzell repeated.

The hill of Edzell comes in for a large share of notice from summer visitors, and the inhabitants traverse its slope to the hill farms adjacent. Leaving the north end of the village and going by the green, you soon reach the rustic path, and have a choice of circular walks of from two to twelve miles; but a

short climb suffices for the unfolding of the vale of the North Esk, by the woods of Gannochy and Stracathro, the heather heights above the interesting village of Fettercairn, the lower sections of the Glen Esk mountains, with the suburbs of Montrose in the further distance, a view embracing a large variety of landscape which has not a little of the English element, for the stranger to Edzell has to be told that the highway from Fettercairn and Edzell down to Brechin is, in its course of eleven miles, almost a flat, and is bordered so fully by trees that it might be supposed we were on English soil but for that huge range of the Grampians surmounting it; and a similar scene presents itself in most of the journey by road from Brechin to Forfar, and on down by Strathmore to Perth. Here, on each side of the path up the hill of Edzell, is waving the yellow corn, and there is the turnip field of vast size. On this evening in autumn the partridge skirrs, the hare comes out to feed, an occasional covey of grouse or black game that have escaped yon party of guns come flying across to seek the night's retreat, the sportsmen are like the labourers making for home, and the village smoke is seen curling aloft. You may perhaps realise something of what is pictured by Shelley in "The Cloud"—

"I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea;
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

"That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;

And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
  Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
  The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
  Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent of my wind-built tent,
  Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
  Are each paved with the moon and these."

Contrasted with the magnificent views obtainable at some eminence on the Caledonian Canal route, say from the hills above Glen Garry, this view from the hill of Edzell might be deemed, by many, a poor affair. The view from Edzell might be likened to a winsome, comely face, with a placid, equable expression that, after all, pleases more, and is better to live with than the one of supremely handsome features, with magnificent proportions, grand withal, but with storms and shadows sweeping over it like what are seen on the faces of some handsome men and women. The one creates an immense sensation, the other fosters and leaves a pleasing impression. You look spellbound and with some awe on royalty which you seldom behold; on the well-favoured rustic you gaze repeatedly with genuine pleasure. It is this which makes the hill adjoining the village, and many of its neighbours, such pleasing adjuncts; you have river and mountain and wood in full abundance; the roads are varied; steam, with its powerful iron horse, is at hand, and never, it is hoped, shall the province of our horse tribe be usurped or interfered with by the motor-car; it would be an insult to the Grampians, who would frown on the intruder, and drown it with their deluge.

Specially easy of access from such places as Brechin, Forfar, Montrose, Arbroath, Dundee, the village and its resources of accommodation would be inundated by the inhabitants of these places alone were it not that they liked variety, and many of them resort to places further off for a more complete change; so there is room for the visitor from Edinburgh, Glasgow, or anywhere else, with this important

proviso, that he applies *in time*, and *that* cannot be too early; indeed, he does well to apply *this* summer for a house or lodgings to be occupied the following one, and even doing so, many a would-be visitor to Edzell has to go elsewhere. The climate is bracing, and not absolutely too rainy; expenses are about the average experienced in a popular place of resort; the general amenity depends largely on the individual, and even here the croaker is not unknown, while there are several landowners and magnates. The laird with by far the largest acreage and rent roll is the youthful Earl of Dalhousie, who has every reason to be gratified with his estate and the tenants thereon. The general public, having little to do with the proprietors of these estates, can always appropriate the sentiments expressed by the poet in a Highland vale:—

"The heavens appear to love this vale;
Here clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,
Or 'mid the silence lie!
By that blue arch this beauteous earth,
'Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth,
Seems bound unto the sky.

"And did I ask to whom belonged
This vale? I feel that I have wronged
Nature's most gracious soul!
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children from their birth
Are joint heirs of the whole."

"Song Before Sermon."

SUCH was the dictum of that wise and witty man, the late Professor Blackie, who gave it forth in society, and also on the platform in presence of the clergy, who, if they took it in all seriousness, could not but regard with consternation the man who placed on a higher pinnacle than the sermon the song sacred or the song secular. "What?" they would say, "will any man dare to exalt above measure that which we only regard as an adjunct to the Sabbath services on the sacred day, and as one of the ordinary recreations on the days of the week?" or, adopting the style of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, "Song before sermon, my conscience!" "That we, the spiritual masters and pastors of the people, who, with sedulous care and studious thought, week by week elaborate those discourses which are designed to make our congregations good and wise, showing them how to live and die, should be told by a Professor of Greek that we only play second fiddle, and that the songster comes before us in importance and power; angels and ministers of grace defend us!" And yet, barring a very few of the clergy who are ultra-enthusiastic in the matter of song, this would inevitably be the thought of the majority of their brethren, with whom many a layman will agree in saying that the late genial professor had over-stepped the mark, and that song, although a great power, was *not* before sermon. "Let Blackie have his fling," would they say, shrugging their shoulders, "we doubt not his sincerity; his zeal outruns his discretion, even as when on holiday at Lerwick he said to his hostess, who after dinner announced they were off to a concert—would the gentlemen prefer sitting over their wine? 'Decidedly not,' thundered Blackie, 'wine is a stupid thing, sometimes a stupifying thing; but a Scotch song always sends my heart right up to Heaven!'"

Well done, professor, speaking out of the fulness of your heart as you also did in saying, "always work, always pray, and always sing; for *then* there's no room for the devil to obtain an entrance," and verily, if the world was peopled with men like you, the duties of the criminal judge, the police magistrate, and the policeman himself would be lessened, their occupations, like Othello's, might be gone; but if you taught by your life and your example a tithe of your fellow mortals to be better men and women on the lines above quoted, you have been a great benefactor by this brief sermon, an important part of your text being the power of song. Yes, the Psalms of David and the songs of Burns are no mean factors in the formation of Scottish character and life; they have solaced and delighted many of our English brethren; the backwoods of Canada have often echoed their strains; out in the colonies and far into the wilds men have treasured their Bible and their Burns.

Ere long we shall have to face a winter more or less rigorous, a tedious one, notwithstanding the joys of Christmas, and the many social delights incidental to the clear frosty days and the evening warmth by the fireside, a season that in this northern climate severely tries old and young, and the departure of which is eagerly looked forward to by the man of middle age.

Supposing he is seated at his hearth on an uncongenial evening at the end of March—there is snow on the hills, there is mud on the roads, and matters generally have been untoward with him; he is "down on his luck" as the phrase is, and something is to be done to cheer him wherewithal. Listen—fingers sweep the keyboard of the piano to the accompaniment of that sweet voice singing:

"I have opened wide my lattice, letting in the laughing breeze,
That is telling happy stories to the flowers and the trees,
For the spring, the spring is coming, 'tis good-bye to all the snow,
Yes, I know it, for the swallows have come back to tell me so.

"In one corner of my window they have built a tiny nest,
Where rosy sun can see it when each night he goes to rest;

"And I look at it each morning from my window, and I know
Spring is coming, and the swallows have come back to tell me so.
Oh! 'tis good-bye to all the snow,
For the swallows have come back to tell me so.
Spring is coming!"

So true to nature is the sentiment, and with such exquisite feeling and voice has this song of the swallows been sung, that the man's face brightens, his heart is gladdened on reflecting how "Gloomy winter's noo awa'."

And this happy turning-point being reached, new life is put into the family; daily is the song asked for, and appropriately there is given some weeks afterwards another song of the seasons:

"Come out, come out, my dearest dear,
Come out and greet the sun;
The birds awake on tree and brake,
The merry May's begun,
Come out and drink the diamond dew,
Come out and tread the lea;
The world is all awake, and you
Are all the world to me."

Let any family which has not yet tried the happy influence of song begin it now; try it after breakfast before paterfamilias and the brethren have gone forth to their avocations; it will leaven the whole day. The mother and sisters have here a sweet and simple mission which will tell for good on the household, including the domestics. Your very neighbours through the walls are the better for the song or for the music, if preference has been expressed for the latter, say a piece of Heller's, or the dance from Henry VIII.

And if on week days the cares of life are lessened by the sweet influence of song, how blessed and harmonious is the thrill animating an entire congregation assembled either at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's, London, our own St. Giles in Edinburgh, or any provincial church in the kingdom, wherever, in short, the psalmody has attained the proper state of efficiency, and where the worshippers are singing with heart and spirit, to hear the following verse:

"Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices;
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices:
Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way,
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day."

What more calculated to lead back towards the ways of peace an erring or sorrowful soul, or to bring comfort to communities and nations with healing on its wings? Or is it the time of storm and tempest, when many worshippers in that church have their thoughts directed to the mighty ocean, to the fishermen on its waters, to their relatives crossing the Atlantic or sailing for the colonies; and who amongst them is unresponsive to the intercessory hymn that pleads for their brethren on the mighty deep?—

"O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
Thus evermore shall rise to thee,
Glad hymns of praise from land sea."

A glance at the Scottish ballads will show how they treat of deeds of chivalry and devotion, how they are permeated by the spirit of the nation, how the daring exploits of men and the heroic endurance of women is there expressed by a narrative of their actions, tersely showing us not what they *should* do, but what they *did*. Come to Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and find there a continuance of the same themes; and in any poetry and song worth the name you will find an educative force which, if not superior to the sermon, goes hand in hand with it; a song may be found in a sermon and a sermon in a song, so the learned professor was not far wrong in his dictum. Toil is lessened, pleasure enhanced, by the anticipation and the recollection of our favourite verses, and life is leavened by our sweetest melodies. Then take one of the quaint songs of Scotland, of which there are few better specimens of pawky humour than:

"The piper came to our town, to our town, to our town,
The piper came to our town, and he played bonnilie;
He played a spring the laird to please, a spring brent new frae 'yont the seas,
And then he gae his bag a squeeze, and played anither key.
He played 'The welcome owre the main,'
And 'Ye'se be fou, and I'se be fain,'
And 'Auld Stuarts back again,'
Wi' muckle-mirth and glee;
He played 'The Kirk' he played 'The Queer'
'The Mulin Dhu' and 'Chevalier'
And 'Lang away but welcome here,'
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.
And wasna he a roguy, a roguy, a roguy,
And wasna he a roguy, the piper o' Dundee?"

You can see before you the kilted Highlander, marching along, conscious of his power over these pipes, as, to suit all tastes he plays his lament for the widow, his merry strain for the bride, and a dance step for the children, his keen eye watching the effect produced on the listening throng, and anticipating the financial reward that is to follow, enabling him at the close of day to fill *another pipe. Requiescat in pace.*

As a conspicuous instance of the power of song to cheer the heart, making one's self and their friends happy, we have only to point to our townsman not long since departed, the late Professor Blackie, the most prominent figure in our streets, who, when beyond the four score, went along singing by the way; to Sir Douglas Maclagan, happily still with us, than whom there was no better exponent of Scotch or of German song. Among the Edinburgh lawyers and doctors there is no dearth of talent in this direction, but, on the contrary, an aptitude for minstrelsy, which, added to their other acquirements, makes their society eagerly sought after. Why should not a select band of their number meet annually at breakfast, say on May morning, with that roguy the piper o' Dundee in attendance, and celebrate that gladsome day with a service of song.

When lately dipping into the poetical works of an author too little known or read, there was found some of those

pathetic verses which move us to tears in spite of ourselves. A lad from the country has left the paternal home, and thus expresses his sense of loneliness in the crowded city:—

"I used to wauk in the morning,
Wi' the loud sang o' the lark;
And the whistling o' the ploughman lads,
As they gaed to their wark;
I used to wear the bit young lambs
Frae the tod and the roaring stream;
But the warld is changed, and a'thing now,
To me seems like a dream!

"There are busy crowds around me,
On ilka lang, dull street,
Yet, tho' sae mony surround me,
I kenna ane I meet:
And I think o' kind, kent faces,
And o' blithe and cheery days,
When I wandered out wi' our ain folk,
Out owre the simmer braes.

"Waes me, for my heart is breaking!
I think o' my brithers sma',
And on my sister greeting,
When I cam' frae hame awa'!
And, oh! how my mither sobbit,
As she shook me by the hand,
When I left the door o' our auld house,
To come to this stranger land.

"There's nae hame like our ain hame,
O, I wish that I were there!
There's nae hame like our ain hame,
To be met wi' onywhere;
And, O, that I were back again,
To our farm and fields sae green;
And heard the tongues o' my ain folk,
And were what I had been."

Whether he be a townsman sojourning in the country, or a native of the soil, there will always be an example of the power of song in that man who looks from his path by the river along the woods, and upwards exclaiming "I to the hills will lift mine eyes."

In Memoriam.

ROBERT REID, DROWNED AT THE CLIFFS, ARBROATH, 27*th August*, 1897.

> "Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
> And stars to set, but all—
> Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!"

SURELY a vast number of fatalities on the water have occurred this season. Though little heeded by the public, they have blighted many a home; they have saddened many a heart in this plaintive season, when the leaves are changing colour, and ere long will bestrew the dank grass. During the fourth week of August, a respected clergyman in the county of Fife was bereft of his daughter. At Elie, the young local doctor met with a watery grave; while crossing the estuary of the Tay and coming up to the town of Arbroath, there is found in the burying-ground at the venerable abbey of that town, the hallowed spot containing all that is mortal of a most amiable young man, who, adopting the legal profession, had not long ago entered on the practice of it with enthusiasm and ability. Though our intercourse with him was entirely social, we had several conversations on law and lawyers, among the latter being mentioned the sheriffs of his native county, which embraced the late Alexander Stuart Logan, one of the ablest lawyers of his day; since then there has been a sheriff of Forfarshire who is now occupying the Scottish Bench, while the present sheriff of the county is pre-eminent in his knowledge of law, and in his lucid, forcible exposition of it. But being on holiday, Mr. Reid, naturally, did not dwell on these subjects, but branched off into general conversation, including the great amenities of those glens of Clova and the Prosen, at the foot of which he, like ourselves,

was sojourning these last two summers, where he was such an acquisition as a companion on the banks of the South Esk at Cortachy, and in the social circle of which he was such an intelligent yet modest member. It was not so much before a general company as in the companionship of a quartette that Robert Reid shone like a bright star, and alike in what he said, and his manner in saying it, all marked by intelligence, kindness, humour, there was a very peculiar charm. He could, as occasion demanded, be gleeful as a child, or drop into pleasant converse on the topics of the hour, while his heart would go out in sympathy to those in delicate health, or afflicted in any way. And regarding his gentleness, the words of a poet now come to us as appropriate to Robert Reid, and none the less so that they were originally addressed to a woman :

> "Upon my heart thy accents sweet
> Of peace and pity fell, like dew
> On flowers half dead ; thy dark eyes threw
> Their soft persuasion on my brain,
> Charming away its dream of pain."

The loss to his bereaved family is a theme too sacred for touch here. It is to his friends and fellow townsmen that we, the summer visitors to these green valleys, where we met him in cordial intercourse, would address these lines, wishing to lay them as a wreath of lilies alongside the Immortelles which strewed his grave, over which a company of sad mourners stood four days after he had gone down "like some strong swimmer in his agony." It was only eleven days before the fatal occurrence that, bidding him a cordial farewell at Cortachy, he and his brother requested us to come and see them in their native town, with no thought on either side of the impending calamity which has so heavily clouded over this autumn, and which causes these lines to be written with tearful eyes and a very sad heart, feeling that the "strange superfluous glory of the air" lacks something, "and that because an eye and an ear are gone, the colour of the flower is duller, the song of the bird less sweet, than in a time they can remember."

The Kaim of Kinprunes.

HARVEST goes on apace in the parish of Inverkeillor, where agriculture flourishes. While the mind and heart of reaper and spectator are gladdened by the pleasing sound made by the reaping machine, the eye surveys with pleasure the field, bounded inland by wood, and seaward by those blue waves, over which skims the light yacht, the northern steamer ploughing its course at nineteen knots, and the crafts of the fishermen tossing in the storm, or lying becalmed on a glassy sea. At intervals in the nearer distance are heard the shots from the guns of those local lairds and their guests, and though the partridges fall in plenty each autumn, a never-failing supply will skirr over the Kaim of Kinprunes next year, and so on while the earth remaineth. With the "Antiquary" in your hand as a sufficient guide, you know that the ground now trodden is that on which Monkbarns and Lovel and Edie Ochiltree had their memorable conversations. The blue smoke calmly ascending into the September sky from yonder village comes from the fishermen's huts in Auchmithie, which is the Musselcrag—as the adjoining town of Arbroath is the Fairport—of Scott's "Antiquary." A classical scene truly, and one not to be hurried over, especially on a day when the combined ozone from the sea and the Forfarshire hills come as the best of tonics to the pilgrim seeking out this Kaim of Kinprunes, with all its stirring memories. And supposing that the pilgrim has earlier in the season been over other scenes immortalised by the great Wizard of the North, whether in the Orkneys, the Lammermuirs, or our own, beloved borderland, here he comes as to a culmination of points of interest, a feast of fat things, days on the north-eastern shore, where in these later days he has walked in sunshine and shade with some who, alas! have left us behind

with others whose cheerful voices now make merry the way. "Sunshine and shade is life, little Annie,—flower and thorn."

But to the subject in hand, which is mainly scenes from the "Antiquary." "Prætorian here or Prætorian there, I mind the biggin' o't"—the unceremonious interruption to the learned discourse which the prosy Antiquary was delivering with pompous pride to Lovel, embellishing it with quotations by the dozen, and with Latin phrases not a few. Mark the chagrin on the countenance of Monkbarns at so rude a breaking in on that part of his oration, "I could press into my service Claudian's famous line, 'Ille Caledoniis posuit qui castra pruinis,' for pruinis, though interpreted to mean hoar-frosts—to which, I own, we are somewhat subject in this north-eastern sea-coast—may also signify a locality, namely, Prunes; the Castra Pruinis posita would, therefore, be the Kaim of Kinprunes," etc. No need is there for giving more from the speech of an enthusiastic, almost an infatuated, Antiquary in the full flood-time of his pet hobby, never noticing the impatience of his auditor, nor caring for it, even had he done so. Impatience! What right has *any* auditor, or auditors, to be impatient while *we*, riding our galloping horse for the benefit of mankind and ourselves, give the rein to our knowledge, our imagination, our credulity? Fie on't! impatience, forsooth! You auditors should not know such a word; your patience only should be inexhaustible. Even in these modern days the *bore* must be tolerated—while he can frequently be avoided—but give him an ear and a sympathetic look occasionally; it will gratify his harmless self-esteem; the process will be to you a lesson in the forbearance so essential to the harmony of life.

Scott's Antiquary, though dead, yet speaketh, and in his own special way discoursed well, not only on the Kaim of Kinprunes, but withal, and genially, on any subject in hand; and if he did speak with cynicism and sarcastically on mankind, there was no sting under the overflowing good-nature of dear old Monkbarns. Members of three learned professions, feeling the thing seriously, would take umbrage at his remarks on their particular provinces; but remember that the

author in his creation of his famous character did not mean us to regard Monkbarns as in earnest. His design was to amuse us. Most successfully has he done so in many of his passages, and in none more so than during the interview with Lovel's landlady in Fairport, when the young swain was lying sick and *distrait* in his lodgings. Says the landlady, "My poor, poor gentleman is, I am afraid, very unwell, and oh, Mr. Oldbuck, he'll see neither doctor, nor minister, nor writer! And think what it would be if, as my poor Mr. Hadoway used to say, a man was to die without advice of the three learned faculties!"

"Greatly better than with them," grumbled the cynical Antiquary. "I tell you Mrs. Hadoway, the clergy live by our sins, the medical faculty by our diseases, and the law gentry by our misfortunes."

"Oh, fie! Monkbarns, to hear the like o' that frae you! But ye'll walk up and see the poor young lad? Hegh, sirs! sae young and weel-favoured—and day by day he has eat less, and now he hardly touches onything, only just pits a bit on the plate to make fashion; and his poor cheek has turned every day thinner and paler, sae that he now really looks as auld as me that might be his mother—no that I might be just that neither, but something very near it."

It would be quite superfluous to comment on the playful libel perpetrated by the Antiquary in the above speech, and equally so to remark that amongst these three learned professions there will always be found many most useful and noble members, whose ability, discretion, and zeal are boundless as the sea on which we are now looking, and as nearly as possible approaching the Infinite as the source from which they came. Their separated or united forces, combined with the mighty power of a free Press, have gone a long way in creating and maintaining the splendour of our achievements and the glory of our empire. Detrimental to the common weal would be the day that witnessed the decline of these professions; but that day never shall arise. Their progress towards perfection is what is confidently looked for.

Standing out prominently amongst the *dramatis personæ*

in Scott's "Antiquary," and an intense favourite with readers of the Waverley Novels, is old Edie Ochiltree, whom we have just seen at the Kaim of Kinprunes, and whose venerable face and figure have been depicted by the artists of Scott's works. Of a class now quite extinct, he is peculiarly interesting in the light of a character of the bygone age. Akin somewhat to the court jester and the village fool, perhaps mid-way between the two, let us look at the easel of the great painter himself, and thus see his lineaments more plainly. "He had the exterior appearance of a mendicant. A slouched hat of huge dimensions; a long white beard, which mingled with his grizzled hair; an aged, but strongly marked and expressive countenance, hardened by climate and exposure to a right brick-dust complexion; a long blue gown, with a pewter badge on the right arm; two or three wallets, or bags, slung across his shoulder for holding the different kinds of meal when he received his charity in kind from those who were but a degree richer than himself—all these marked at once a beggar by profession, and one of that privileged class which are called in Scotland the king's bedesmen, or, vulgarly, blue-gowns."

And that the old man was both ready in speech and prompt in action is manifest through the various acts of this sensational melodrama; taking as an example the scene in the cave where that unscrupulous adventurer, the German necromancer, Dousterswivel, is strenuously endeavouring to hold his losing game, but is wincing at the jibes of the old bedesman.

"Does you know, Mr. Edies Ochiltree, who it is that you put off your gibes and your jests upon?"

"Brawly, Mr. Dusterdeevil, brawly do I ken ye, and has done many a day; but there's nae jesting in the case, for I am wearying to see a' our treasures. We should hae had baith ends o' the pockmanky filled by this time; I hope it's bowk eneugh to haud a' the gear?"

"Look you, you base old person," said the incensed philosopher, "if you do put another jest upon me, I will cleave your skull-piece with this shovels!"

"And whare wad my hands and my pike-staff be a' the time?" replied Edie, in a tone that indicated no apprehension. "Hout, tout, Maister Dusterdeevil, I haena lived sae lang in the world neither to be shuled out o't that gate. What ails you to be cankered, man, wi' your friends? I'll wager I'll find out the treasure in a minute," and he jumped into the pit and took up the spade.

"I do swear to you," said the adept, whose suspicions were now fully awake, "that if you have played me one big trick, I will give you one big beating, Mr. Edies."

"Hear till him now," said Ochiltree; "he kens how to gar folk find out the gear. Od, I'm thinking he's been drilled that way himsell some day."

At this insinuation, which alluded obviously to the former scene betwixt himself and Sir Arthur, the philosopher lost the slender remnant of patience he had left, and, being of violent passions, heaved up the truncheon of the broken mattock to discharge it upon the old man's head. The blow would, in all probability, have been fatal, had not he at whom it was aimed exclaimed, in a stern and firm voice:

"Shame to ye, man! Do ye think heaven or earth will suffer ye to murder an auld man that might be your father?"

Some readers of the "Antiquary" may possibly have forgotten the famous encounter by Hector of the seal. In the midst of one of his uncle's long-winded, classical orations, there was discerned on the beach an object, whose identity baffled, for a time, the onlookers, but which turned out to be none other than a seal, asleep at first, but, on hearing the approach of footsteps, showed every activity in regaining the sea. Disregarding the advice of Monkbarns, and his cries, "They bite, they bite, I tell you, like furies!" Hector came up to the seal, who, "making use at once of her fore-paws and her unwieldy strength, wrenched the weapon (walking-stick) out of the assailant's hand, overturned him on the sands, and scuttled away into the sea without doing him any further injury." The nephew was long in hearing the last of his uncle's raillery on this supremely amusing incident, nor was

the Antiquary a man to let slip any occasion on which he could introduce or edge in his persistent banter; so all through the remainder of the volume we have him exercising his lungs, and his nephew's patience, on the subject, culminating in Hector exclaiming: "My uncle is the best man in the world, and in his way the kindest; but rather than hear any more about that cursed *phoca*, as he is pleased to call it, I would exchange for the West Indies, and never see his face again."

Miss M'Intyre, gratefully attached to her uncle, and passionately fond of her brother, was, on such occasions, the usual envoy of reconciliation. She hastened to meet her uncle on his return before he entered the parlour.

"Well, now, Miss Womankind, what is the meaning of that imploring countenance? Has Juno done any more mischief?"

"No, uncle, but Juno's master is in such fear of your joking him about the seal. I assure you he feels it much more than you would wish. It's very silly of him to be sure; but then, you can turn everybody so sharply into ridicule—"

"Well, my dear," answered Oldbuck, propitiated by the compliment, "I will rein in my satire, and, if possible, speak no more of the *phoca*. I will not even speak of sealing a letter, but say *umph*, and give a nod to you when I want the wax-light. I am not *monitribus asper*, but, heaven knows, the most mild, quiet, and easy of human beings, whom sister, niece, and nephew, guide just as best pleases them."

There is only space here to refer to that perilous adventure by the cliffs, and the timeous rescue of the adventurers, so dramatically and powerfully told by our great Northern Wizard. But, before closing, be it known that not far distant from this camp or Kaim of Kinprunes is the parish wherein our great orator and philanthropist, Guthrie, laboured in the earlier years of his ministry, and we wind up the day with a drive over to Arbirlot, and cull from our diary a letter which, years after he had ceased to reside here, he wrote to his wife on revisiting the place. Says the letter: "It is very sweet down in the den (dell) here. The first morning I got up at

four. There were the *doos carrooing*, the primroses dotting the opposite bank, the plane trees, the song of larks overhead, and the musical rush of the Elliot at the old mill; all the same, apparently unchanged, as we used to see and hear them twenty-seven years ago. It was very strange to look out on all this, and difficult not to fancy that the intervening period had been a dream."

Alas! it is like a dream to us to remember meeting, not long ago, a gallant young spirit, whose steps had often trod these paths and shores; but the reality has been decreed by the high hand of Providence, and hence we must exclaim, *Fiat voluntas tua!*

No Tick Here.

In a certain hotel on the coast of Forfarshire the ingenious landlord has, with practical sagacity and no small humour, stuck up on the wall behind the bar, and in full view of his customers, a clock which, perpetually standing at 11.30, is misleading as to time, and consequently useless as regards the primary purpose of clocks. And probably the reader will think that it is otherwise valueless. A motionless clock! what purpose can it serve? Well, cast your eye over it, and observe in distinct letters beneath the hands the words, with a meaning so unmistakable that all alike are advised of the lines of business conducted on so wise and cautious a basis by the shrewd boniface, "No Tick Here." Laconic and witty, there is also true wisdom in the principle they embody, a principle which, if more generally carried out, would make the commercial, social, and domestic world better and happier. Not that the merchant or shopkeeper need use these very words, and by means of a motionless clock (though he might do worse), but abbreviating the notice by one word, and having in his premises and on his accounts the words, "Terms, Cash." Though he might lose a few customers who have an irresistible clinging to the credit system, he would gain that much larger number to whom credit, if not a delusion and a snare, is a false system, involving a deficiency of self-respect, and an obvious unfairness to the seller of goods. Perhaps the most powerful illustration of the evils of credit is the case, and by no means an uncommon one, of the tailor who has two prices, cash *and* credit. The unscrupulous purchaser, taking advantage of the latter, often runs a bill, payment of which is postponed again and again, until, unable to pay, his too confident tradesmen have to put this down as a bad debt, but takes care so far to *recoup* himself by adding on a fancy price

to the account of a liberal-minded and prompt-paying customer. Meanwhile, the dishonest customer has been faring sumptuously day by day, and indulging in every luxury open to the man of wealth. He travels first-class, occupies the box-seat of the coach (one shilling extra), smoking the most expensive Havannas, and at the end of a railway journey, though he has only a handbag to convey for half a mile, travels in a cab, and gives cabby sixpence extra.

Fortunate if we have not relatives of this description, we are rarely without acquaintances who act on the system, living as if this was a world of tick, who would scruple not to humbug others during a long life, and who, whatever other education they may have acquired, have not learned the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, who not only appropriate your umbrella and cane, but are ready, if allowed, to grab your fishing-rod, your rifle, your ammunition, your tackle, your books, or, in short, anything that is yours. Scorning to be positively dishonest, they would say, if you met them on the highway with any of these articles, that they took them out with the full knowledge of the butler, the gamekeeper, or the housemaid, who perhaps handed the articles to them with a smile, and assured them that master would make them most welcome to their use; and if this has not repeatedly occurred, who has not had the further experience of the borrower? Mark his manner as he enters the room and tries to address you in the ordinary tone on the usual topics. There is something in the way of his commenting even on the weather, and his answer of "Very well, thank you," in response to your inquiry as to the health of the family, which convinces you that something is up. You are not long kept in suspense. Fidgeting about, or glancing with abstracted look at the newspapers, comes the request for the loan of that five pound note, which through misfortune—never through fault—he has recently lost, and which, if you will kindly now advance to him, he promises, with *absolute certainty*, to repay that day three weeks. Needless to say that three times three weeks elapses, and you do not even receive a payment to account. And while in some of these cases the lender can quite easily

accommodate the needy man, it frequently happens that he can ill afford to part, even temporarily, with this five pound note, but, being kind-hearted, and averse to being thought mean, he yields to the plausible solicitation of the borrower, to the ultimate prejudice of both of them, each forgetting the sage advice given by Shakespeare:

> "Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
> For borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

And had William Shakespeare himself been, instead of a mighty poet, a humble innkeeper at any of the towns of Warwickshire, he would, in all probability, have adopted the design now made known for the benefit of all whom it may concern, communicated silently by means of this clock, which, motionless and voiceless, yet speaketh: "No Tick Here."

Are these absurd and evil systems of credit and borrowing on the decrease or the increase, or are they, like many other systems, *in statu quo?* Well would it be if legislation stepped in to decrease the magnitude of the evil, and to regulate the extent to which, and the terms under which, borrowing and credit should be sanctioned. The advice of experienced men of business, of sagacious friends, counsel from the pulpit, emanations from the press—each and all of these have healed the wound but slightly; and, until some more searching remedy can be found, we would advise the wayfarer, when sauntering along these northern shores, to meditate on these and such other matters as concern his peace; and then, with money in his purse, and thirst on his parched lips, to enter the sanctum of our boniface, which he will find not very far from Arbroath, and there see this wonderful silent clock, admonishing the unwary, the improvident, and in the three words, "No Tick Here," pointing a moral and adorning a tale.

Alexander Smith's "Christmas."

In the December issue of the *Scots Magazine* mention was made of that distinguished writer, Alexander Smith, who, to the great loss of Scottish and British literature, was taken away to a better world when he had lived but the comparatively short period of thirty-seven years in this one; but, measured by the amount of work accomplished, and the superiority of that work, he had lived long indeed. Though he is uncommemorated by statues in our streets, or by portraits in our galleries, and there is nought to bring his face to remembrance save the bronze medallion on his tombstone in the Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh, few men are more worthy of a place among the immortals. His "Summer in Skye" and "Alfred Hagart's Household" bear abundant testimony to his power. Speaking of Smith's "Dreamthorp: Essays Written in the Country," Mr. Alexander, his biographer, says that *there* Smith is at his very best, and to-day it is our endeavour to manifest this proposition, that our favourite author was a profound thinker and a far-reaching seer. In this book of almost three hundred pages, the *menu* consists of a varied and *recherché* repast fit for kings and emperors, yet here it is, open to all at a moderate price, and obtainable in loan from many circulating libraries. Each reader can select his favourite of the twelve essays; but there would be no surprise if the majority fixed on one which has always been, and still remains, the special favourite with us, where Smith's theme is *Christmas*, not so much as a festival, when the merry faces of the young go far to rejuvenate in spirit those of us who are getting old (though he does not by any means lose sight of this aspect of it), but as a time when, amid the snow of a country village, he looks beyond the small world at his feet, and far away does he behold the vast sphere of the world

at large, with all its varied interests and aspirations, the pre-eminence to which certain nations were approaching, and to downfalls past and present. Gifted with much of the prescience of Carlyle, Smith does not, like that sage, use such strong and mystic language. He is always temperate and reasonable, never alleging aught but the truth; nothing does he extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.

A wonderful time that Christmas! Far less pleasing in its natural aspect than May-day, it cannot but be regarded as hallowed in its spiritual significance. We Scottish people are more and more regarding it as a religious festival, and as a prelude to a happy New Year, which, if it fails to come to some of us, it would be cruel not to wish to all our brethren. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." The poor are always with us, and, if the rich fail in reaching the happiness that their friends are wishing them, may it not be because some of them mind themselves to the exclusion of the poor; and no one ever yet heard of selfishness being the guiding post on the road to happiness. True, our cities and our country places abound in charitable and philanthropic institutions. To our credit be it said that the wants of the poor, as a class, are being more and more inquired into, their sufferings relieved, their comfort promoted; but, apart from the classes and the masses, are the well-to-do families and individuals relieving as they might do those of their kith and kin not so fortunate as themselves? *That* is a question more easily asked than answered. But *this* can be affirmed—that many a man and woman can carry along with him a Christmas spirit amid the roses of June; his generosity of deed, his charity of heart and mind, can blossom like the roses; the lives of many may rival the purity of the lily. Active duty nobly performed will make his November green as the verdure of May; his integrity will blossom throughout the whole year.

Such thoughts as these have in considerable measure been attained to by the perusal again and again of that admirable discourse on Christmas, which our gifted and favourite author gave to the public more than thirty years ago, and which con-

tains gems and precious stones, set in the richest embroidery. Introducing some of them to the reader, it is remarked that a text of Smith's discourse was a line from Shelley, who "cannot in any sense be termed a Christian poet," yet who wrote that line, "The Cross leads generations on." Taking up this theme, Smith goes on himself with thoughts that breathe and words that burn as powerfully as those which have emanated from any study or any pulpit. "Believing as I do," says he, "that my own personal decease is not more certain than that our religion will subdue the world, I own that it is with a somewhat saddened heart that I pass my thoughts around the globe, and consider how distant is yet that triumph. There are the realms on which the crescent beams, the monstrous, many-headed gods of India, the Chinaman's heathenism, the African's devil-rites. These are, to a large extent, principalities and powers of darkness with which our religion has never been brought into collision, save at trivial and far-separated points, and in these cases the attack has never been made in strength. But what of our own Europe, the home of philosophy, of poetry, and painting?—Europe, which has produced Greece and Rome, and England's centuries of glory; which has been illumined by the fires of martyrdom; which has heard a Luther preach; which has listened to Dante's mystic, unfathomable song; to which Milton has opened the door of heaven—what of it? And what, too, of that younger America, starting in its career with all our good things, and enfranchised of many of our evils? Did not the December sun now shining look down on thousands slaughtered at Fredericksburg in a mad, most incomprehensible, quarrel? and is not the public air, which European nations breathe at this moment, as it has been for several years back, charged with thunder? Despots are plotting, ships are building, man's ingenuity is bent, as it never was bent before, on the invention and improvement of instruments of death; Europe is bristling with five millions of bayonets; and this is the condition of a world for which the Son of God died eighteen hundred and sixty-two years ago! There is no mystery of Providence so inscrutable as

this; and yet is not the very sense of its mournfulness a proof that the spirit of Christianity is living in the minds of men? For, of a verity, military glory is becoming in our best thoughts a bloody rag, and conquest the first in a catalogue of mighty crimes, and a throned tyrant, with armies and treasures, and the cheers of millions rising up like a cloud of incense around him, but a mark for the thunderbolt of Almighty God—in reality poorer than Lazarus at the gate of Dives. Besides, all these things are getting themselves to some extent mitigated. Florence Nightingale—for the first time in the history of the world—walks through the Scutari hospitals, and 'poor, noble, wounded, and sick men,' to use Her Majesty's tender phrases, kiss her shadow as it falls on them. The Emperor Napoleon does not make war to employ his armies or to consolidate his power; he does so for the sake of an 'idea' more or less generous and disinterested. The soul of mankind would revolt at the blunt, naked truth, and the tacitum Emperor knows this as he knows most things. This imperial hypocrisy, like every other hypocrisy, is a homage which vice pays to virtue. There cannot be a doubt that when the political crimes of kings and governments, the sores that fester in the heart of society, and all 'the burden of the unintelligible world' weigh heaviest on the mind, we have to thank Christianity for it. That pure light makes visible the darkness. The Sermon on the Mount makes the morality of the nations ghastly. The Divine love makes human hate stand out in dark relief. This sadness, in the essence of it nobler than any joy, is the heritage of the Christian. An ancient Roman could not have felt so. Everything runs on smoothly enough so long as Jove wields the thunder. But Venus, Mars, and Minerva are far behind us now; the Cross is before us; and self-denial and sorrow for sin, and the remembrance of the poor, and the cleansing of our own hearts are duties incumbent upon every one of us. If the Christian is less happy than the Pagan, and at times I think he is so, it arises from the reproach of the Christian's unreached ideal, and from the stings of his finer and more scrupulous conscience. His whole moral organisation is finer,

and he must pay the nobler penalty of finer organisations."

There it is! our favourite author, like many others, was highly strung, and, moreover, set up a high standard, conceived a fine ideal of what life might be under the banner of the Cross, the Gospel of peace, forgetting how much of Nature there is in human nature, and the result is a sadness mingling with the Christmas joy, the New Year's hope, and here is he in touch with an eminent Scottish divine, who has declared that the nation with its religion is bad enough, but it would be immeasurably worse without it. How could the reflective Alexander Smith think otherwise even while sitting in his snug room at Dreamthorp, amid the genial surroundings incidental to the twenty-fifth of December? And the very eve of a New Year's day could not dispel the plaintive mood, for January *in itself* does *not* equip men and women with armour wherewith to go forward and onward as Christian soldiers. Doubtless he and many others would take courage, recognising the freedom of the press, the purity of our literature, with such contributors to it as happily we have in men of his stamp. He could well shut his eyes to those obnoxious authors who crop up like weeds among the *flora* of authorship. Like Tennyson, he never wrote a line of which he was subsequently ashamed, but ennobled his distinguished craft, and has enriched the lives of many of his brethren in the crowded city, the peaceful glen, and the dwellers by the seashore. And he was the most genial of men. Unobtrusive and free from vanity, he was dignified; while humorous, his fun never degenerated into folly. Like his fellow mortals, his experience was a mingling of the sunshine and the cloud, prosperity and adversity. Not unduly elated with the former, the latter did not affect him too deeply. While looking at the wholesome tone pervading his poetry, we are to-day dealing entirely with his Christmas, and although Dickens had such a wide clientele of readers for his Christmas stories, the Scottish nation feels proud that they had in their midst a man who could thus express himself, and with this quotation is ended the theme of Alexander Smith's Christmas:

"From sermon I have returned like the others, and it is my purpose to hold Christmas alone. I have no one with me at table, and my own thoughts must be my Christmas guests. Sitting here, it is pleasant to think how much kindly feeling exists this present night in England. By imagination I can taste of every table, pledge every toast, silently join in every roar of merriment. I become a sort of universal guest. With what propriety is this jovial season placed amid dismal December rains and snows? How one pities the unhappy Australians, with whom everything is turned topsy-turvy, and who hold Christmas at midsummer! The face of Christmas glows all the brighter for the cold. The heart warms as the frost increases. Estrangements, which have embittered the whole year, melt in to-night's hospitable smile. There are warmer hand-shakings on this night than during the bypast twelve months. Friend lives in the mind of friend. There is more charity at this time than any other. You get up at midnight and toss your spare coppers to the half-benumbed musicians whiffling beneath your windows, although at any other time you would consider their performance a nuisance, and call angrily for the police. Poverty and scanty clothing and fireless grates come home at this season to the bosoms of the rich, and they give of their abundance. The very redbreast of the woods enjoys his Christmas feast. Good feeling incarnates itself in plum pudding. The Master's words, 'The poor ye have always with you,' wear at this time a deep significance. For at least one night on each year all over Christendom there is brotherhood. And good men sitting amongst their families, or by a solitary fire, like me, when they remember the light that shone over the poor clowns huddling on the Bethlehem plains eighteen hundred years ago, the apparition of shining angels overhead, the song, 'Peace on earth, and good will toward men,' which, for the first time, hallowed the midnight air, pray for that strain's fulfilment, that battle and strife may vex the nations no more, that, not only on Christmas Eve, but the whole year round, men shall be brethren, owning one Father in Heaven."

Can it be said that the subiects herein treated are already

thrashed out by other writers, and that these and kindred subjects are sentimental platitudes? We affirm that, notwithstanding all that has been written before and since the days of Smith, there remains plenty room for amelioration in public and private philanthropy. Let us try to realise in their fulness the lines of Burns:

> "Misfortune's sons are brothers in distress.
> A brother to relieve—how exquisite the bliss."

And, depend on it, that the festivity at Yule tide, and the New Year's good wishes, will then have a real significance and a charm they never can have if all that is thought of for our neighbour is, "Be thou warmed, and be thou fed," and *you do* nothing in the way of clothing and feeding him.

St. Cyrus from the Hill of Morphie.

WALKING on a clear day by the rocks at the lighthouse of Scurdyness, and on the links of Montrose, bright and fascinating as are these, the eye is irresistibly looking northward across the North Esk to where, as soon as the county of Kincardine is entered, a flat of sands is seen leading to high grassy cliffs that border an expansive ocean of blue, and surmounting all this, the spire of the parish church of St. Cyrus, seen for many miles in whatever direction you may travel, one of several churches and spires which abound in this district, and whether for amenity of situation or architectural beauty, are eminently pleasing. First of all the parish church of Montrose, with a tower and spire that confer a dignified grandeur on the town itself; twelve miles northward the parish church of Bervie, giving to this quiet village an air of importance, besides its wide bridge spanning the river about a hundred feet above its bed; the parish kirk of Fordoun, whose site is on a high knoll in the village of Auchinblae, and again close to Montrose, divided from it by the estuary of the South Esk, the church of Craig, small, no doubt, but lending to the landscape a subtle charm. Strong is the desire to see this village of St. Cyrus in detail. Our friend the archæologist is red-hot on obtaining a cast of a quaint, antique tombstone in the Stratton burying-ground lying in the auld kirkyard at the base of the cliffs, where also repose the ashes of Beattie, the local poet, of the Grahames of Morphie, and of Sir William Fettes Douglas, the painter of antiques of all kinds, and formerly President of the Academy in Edinburgh; the archæologist determines that this scene must have precedence, and so zealous, so intent is he on his work, that our hospitable friend, who this day accompanies us, has to exercise that patience of which he must possess such a store, for to-day we were two

hours late in reaching his house for dinner, and were astonished to find the housekeeper so calm—almost as calm as that glorious sea to which we were looking in the intervals of our work in the kirkyard, the walk from which was along the shore until the sloping sandy path up to the village was entered on, and the delicious garden enveloping the house of our friend and host arrrived at.

But first of all look from the windows to our friend's garden. A sloping bank conducts to the level, through which flows a small stream, spanned by a rustic bridge, and again rises the slope, conducting to the public road leading to Lauriston and Johnshaven on the Bervie line of railway; a small hamlet near the station of Laurieston is in the immediate vicinity of that ancient residence Laurieston Castle, through the policies of which flows the stream that constitutes the waterfall and den of Fenella, marching with the modern stately residence of Ecclesgreig, the latter in full view from our sweet village of St. Cyrus, where, of course, there is a railway station, scene of that most amusing encounter where the irate woman, completly ruffled by the neglect of the railway porter, told him he reminded her of the man that swept her grannie's *lum*, and stuck in it; he was *owre big for the place.* Walking through the village there are seen houses and cottages of symmetrical form, copiously adorned with flowers, and in front of the main row the stream, which anon flows through the garden of the house just left behind; while, striking upwards, Ecclesgreig is left on the right, and you walk beside the prickly furze so abundant on this hill of Morphie. Arrived at the summit, what a bright descriptive account is given of those Grampians, seen in broad outline, even the high ridge at the head of Glen Esk with which he is as familiar as his own loved St. Cyrus. How his eye glows when speaking of his days of sojourn by the pure waters of the Effock and the Tarf, in the sweet seclusion of the delicious glen in which he knows most of the inhabitants, so that we have a fellow-feeling in this interesting theme. Nearer at hand are the woods of Stracathro, dovetailing into those of Marykirk, Inglismaldie, and Laurencekirk; close at hand are the policies of Charleton

and Craigo; the Den of Morphie, with well cultivated farms, on one of which stands that antiquarian relic, the Devil's Stone, showing the broad, heavy indent made by his Satanic Majesty's paw when he alighted here. Fine, however, as all these views are, you turn back to view from this favourable altitude the village of St. Cyrus itself, the ocean spreading out from and beyond it; there at the hill foot is a cluster of houses so compact that one would fancy a large table-cloth would suffice to cover them; beyond this cluster is the straggling road of cottages, lodgings, shops, the two churches, manses, schools, and so impressive is the feeling of glorified amenity pertaining to this sweet village by the sea, as viewed from the hill of Morphie, that you exclaim:

> "Yet looking now o'er this delightful earth,
> A clinging spirit of immortal love
> Is blending with the sweet land of my birth!
> As if on field, lake, mountain, glen, and grove,
> When I am dead some part of me might move!
> Some faint memorial of my mortal day,
> Sleeping like moonlight the old words above!
> My soul in sorrow turneth from decay,
> O might it live on earth embalmed in heavenly lay!"

Of course there is seen from the summit of the hill of Morphie, as from the line of railway near to it, that most interesting town, now so extensive, and so embellished with every modern improvement compared to what was presented to the eyes of Dr. Johnson when visiting it in 1773. "We travelled on to Montrose," says he, "which we surveyed in the morning, and found it well-built, airy, and clean. The town house is a handsome fabric with a portico. We then went to view the English chapel, and found a small church, clean to a degree unknown in any other part of Scotland, with commodious galleries, and what was yet less expected, an organ." It was visited by Burns in 1787, and was the birthplace of Joseph Hume, Sir James Duke, Lord Mayor of London, George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A., and other distinguished men. The great Marquis of Montrose was born two miles off, in the parish of Maryton; his descendants have long ceased to have

any connection with the town or its precincts. Look at Montrose now as you approach it from Lunan Bay; the express whirls over a viaduct spanning the estuary, and on one of the finest suspension bridges in the kingdom, running parallel to the rails, the railway traveller sees pedestrians, equestrians, and occupants of carriages, crossing over into a town which in summer is well patronised by visitors, some for a couple of days' golf, others, alive to the amenity of the place, sojourning there for weeks, for months. As headquarters the resort is excellent; a complete service of trains makes it easy to reach Deeside, and the proximity of the Howe of the Mearns from the railway station of Fordoun sends hundreds of visitors to explore the valley and the hills round Auchinblae. We hope to give an account of Lunan Bay in a future article; meanwhile, let it be said that excellent hiring, at a moderate rate, is obtainable from the town, and that the drives are second to none in Scotland. With the exception of the hill at Lunan Bay, there are few steep ascents on the Montrose roads. The gates of Lunan House, and of Kinnaird Castle are freely thrown open to visitors, and though the neighbourhood possesses not a single lake, and only the minor waterfall of Fenella, there is a full repletion of splendid hill and river scenery, which, gladdening the traveller at the time he views it, sends him back to his winter residence in the south with the full conviction that he may go further and fare worse than in visiting so smiling a landscape, so glorious a sea; and that, with the general diffusion of picturesqueness, the particular object of delight is St. Cyrus from the hill of Morphie.

Professor Wilson's Poetry.

CAN it be from lack of appreciation of its intrinsic merit, or from the fact of the gifted author (who, after all, was more eminent as a prose writer) being gone from us these three and forty years, and from the number of poet-tasters that in these modern days have showered on us their gilded chaff, which an undiscerning public have accepted as genuine grain—from some, perhaps all of these causes, have the poems of this brilliant author been pushed aside into the recesses of the book-case, and the dust accumulated on the covers of what contained poetical treasures no less valuable now than in the days when he charmed alike his students, his friends, and an appreciative public. Like jewels out of fashion they have with their caskets been retained by the owners as too precious to part with, and from disuse have become dim, if not well-nigh forgotten. Why should this be? If only now and then they were like the jewels brought to light and exhibited even in the family circle, they would amply justify the process and confer as pure delight on both reader and hearer. The lengthened poems would satisfy many readers more than Wordsworth's "Excursion," the smaller gems will bear comparison with those of the great Lake poet; and seeing that Wilson was so great a Scotchman, and so eminent a citizen of Scotland's capital, it would be patriotic indeed to resuscitate an interest and admiration for his works by introducing them to our schools, and diffusing them in libraries for the benefit of a rising generation. Will any one affirm that they would have less educative force than the poems wont to be learned and recited in the schoolroom, or that in the library or drawing-room there would be no pleasure or gain derived from their perusal? Is our mainland so fascinating that we desire not a voyage to the Isle of

Palms? For the heart-stricken, is there not a fellow-feeling of intense pathos in his poem, "The Convict"? Where, in all the delineations of Nature in her varied form is he surpassed by other writers, dead or living? Pathetic, indeed, is it to contemplate the non-appreciation indicative of the slender reading that these poems obtain at the present day, and we would be glad to learn that in provincial libraries and homes they were more sought after than they are in our larger cities. And if corroboration is required of this view, we have not far to seek, for in "The Isle of Palms" you turn over but a few leaves ere the following description of a voyage meets the eye:

"How like a monarch would she glide
While the husht billow kiss'd her side
With low and lulling tone,
Some stately ship that from afar
Shone sudden, like a rising star,
With all her bravery on!

. . . . . .

And lo! upon the murmuring waves
A glorious shape appearing!
A broad-wing'd vessel, through the shower
Of glittering lustre steering!
As if the beauteous ship enjoy'd
The beauty of the sea,
She lifteth up her stately head
And saileth joyfully.
A lovely path before her lies,
A lovely path behind;
She sails amid the loveliness
Like a thing with heart and mind.
Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair
Slowly she beareth on:
A glorious phantom of the deep
Risen up to meet the moon.
The moon bids her tenderest radiance fall
On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings,
And the quiet voice of the rocky sea
To cheer the gliding vision sings.
Oh! ne'er did sky and water blend
In such a holy sleep,
Or bathe in brighter quietude
A roamer of the deep.

So far the peaceful soul of heaven
  Hath settled on the sea,
It seems as if this weight of calm
  Were from eternity.
O world of waters! the steadfast earth
  Ne'er lay entranced like thee!

"Is she a vision, wild and bright,
That sails amid the still moonlight
At the dreaming soul's command?
A vessel borne by magic gales,
All rigg'd with gossamery sails,
And bound for fairyland?
Ah, no! an earthly freight she bears
Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;
And lonely as she seems to be,
Thus left by herself on the moonlight sea,
In loneliness that rolls,
She hath a constant company,
In sleep or waking revelry,
Five hundred human souls!
Since first she sail'd from fair England
Three moons her path have cheer'd;
And another lights her lovelier lamp
Since the Cape hath disappear'd.
For an Indian isle she shapes her way,
With constant mind both night and day
She seems to hold her home in view,
And sails as if the path she knew,
So calm and stately is her motion
Across the unfathom'd trackless ocean.

"And well, glad vessel! mayst thou stem
  The tide with lofty breast,
And lift thy queen-like diadem
  O'er these thy realms of rest:
For a thousand beings now far away
  Behold thee in their sleep,
And hush their beating hearts to pray
  That a calm may clothe the deep.
When dimly descending behind the sea
  From the Mountain Isle of Liberty,
Oh! many a sigh pursued thy vanished sail;
  And oft an eager crowd will stand
  With straining gaze on the Indian strand
Thy wonted gleam to hail.
  For thou art laden with beauty and youth

With honour bold and spotless truth,
With fathers, who have left in a home of rest
Their infants smiling at the breast,
With children who have bade their parents farewell,
Or who go to the land where their parents dwell.
God speed thy course, thou gleam of delight!
From rock and tempest clear,
Till signal gun from friendly height
Proclaim with thundering cheer,
To joyful groups on the harbour bright
That the good ship Hope is near!"

Several of the passengers on this ship are sketched, and some minutely painted. Most impressive of all is the delineation of a fair young maiden, a native of the Welsh mountains, whose impressions of the mighty ocean, as the ship glides o'er its waters, are thus beautifully rendered:

"Yet oft will happier dreams arise
Before her charmed view,
And the powerful beauty of the skies
Make her believe them true.
For who, when nought is heard around
But the great ocean's solemn sound,
Feels not as if the eternal God
Were speaking in that dread abode?
An answering voice seems kindly given,
From the multitude of stars in heaven,
And oft a smile of moonlight fair
To perfect peace hath changed despair.
Low as we are, we blend our fate
With things so beautifully great;
And though oppress't with heaviest grief,
From Nature's bliss we draw relief,
Assured that God's most gracious eye
Beholds us in our misery,
And sends mild sound and lovely sight
To change that misery to delight.
Such is thy faith, O sainted maid,
Pensive and pale, but not afraid
Of ocean or of sky.
Though thou ne'er mayst see the land again,
And though awful be the lonely main,
No fears hast thou to die.
Whate'er betide of weal or woe,
When the waves are asleep, or the tempests blow,

Thou wilt bear with calm devotion:
For duly every night and morn,
Sweeter than mermaid's strains are borne,
Thy hymns along the ocean."

According to Mrs. Oliphant, and there is no reason for doubting her accuracy, Wilson's poetry was written as a pastime when he was a young man, and a child of fortune; but there is nothing in either of these facts entitling any one to depreciate the standard of his muse, which we maintain is a high one; his poetic vein received ample stimulus from his residence in the lake country, and his unceasing rambles in our Scottish glens; but a sad reverse of fortune reaching the poet ere middle age was attained, he had to seek for that kind of work which would certainly warrant the anticipation of income, and this he found in his vigorous prose works, and in the emoluments of his chair as Professor of Moral Philosophy in our Edinburgh College. In the latter capacity he kindled, in the hearts of his numerous students, an unbounded enthusiasm, and those who still survive—a gradually decreasing band—testify that one of the greatest benefits in their life had been in listening to the famous prelections of this, one of the most cultured and philosophic men of his time. Those interested in Wilson, and who have not as yet read his life by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, would do well to read that book, and also an epitome of the professor's famous career by Mrs. Oliphant, in her interesting "Annals of a Publishing House" (the Blackwoods), one of *the* books of the present season.

An extraordinary man this Wilson, and a great force in Scotland, a force brought out by that very reverse of fortune which caused to come to the front the full development of his mental resources, for had he continued to be the child of fortune that he was in his young manhood, the sporting propensities of his nature would have asserted themselves sadly to the exclusion of those brilliant and useful gifts of his by which the world was afterwards made better.

As a fitting conclusion to our essay on Wilson, as a poet there is here reproduced one of his gems, "The Evening Cloud," a special favourite with his admirers:

"A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
  A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow,
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
  O'er the still radiance of the lake below;
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
  Even in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
  Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
  To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
  Right onwards to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies."

Mrs. Oliphant's "Century of Great Poets."

THE recent death of Mrs. Oliphant will have revived fresh interest in the life and work of an authoress so distinguished and popular that we know not where to look for her equal; gratitude for the vast amount of her useful work is combined with sympathetic interest in that she had her hard struggles with fortune, and that she was too unsparing of her strength, burning the midnight oil long after her neighbours were asleep, her prolific pen committing to paper the thoughts which ran copiously into the fertile brain now stilled for ever. The larger portion of the reading public will remember Mrs. Oliphant as the author of those numerous and pleasing works of fiction which, written in a style like hers, are always in great demand, while by others she will be held in more regard as the biographer of Edward Irving and Principal Tulloch; and to-day it is our duty to speak of this gifted lady in her combined province of biographer and critic—for such it really is, as will be seen—and in which taste, discernment even to keen analysis, and justice holding the scales equally balanced, are all in harmony and abundantly manifest. What a theme for an able writer! Why, much might have been made of half or a quarter of a century of great poets; but given the century, what a wide sweep over the great horizon across which there were soaring poets of renown, delighting the world with their verse, some of them startling it with their vice, and others amusing it by their eccentricity. And so it will ever be, for the very condition of eminence in literature and fame as a poet is that necessarily the life and character of the man is a matter of vast interest to those he enchants with his works, as is witnessed at present when the demand at our libraries for the Life of Tennyson far exceeds the supply. So Mrs. Oliphant, turning aside from fiction, took

up a theme for which she was eminently suited, and about a quarter of a century ago contributed to *Blackwood* those powerful essays under the above title which we are now to glance at. There they are bound up and preserved for all who wish to read, and we can say for ourselves that an unflagging interest accompanies the perusal of her biographical and critical account of the poets.

> "If thou wert here, these tears were tears of light;
> But from as sweet a vision did I start
> As ever made those eyes grow idly bright.
> And though I weep, yet still around my heart
> A sweet and playful tenderness did linger,
> Touching my heart as with an infant's finger.
>
> "And now, when I seemed sure thy face to see,
> Thy own dear self in our own quiet home,
> There came an elfish laugh and wakened me;
> 'Twas Frederic, who behind my chair had clomb,
> And with his bright eyes at my face was peeping;
> I blessed him, tried to laugh, and fell a-weeping."

Such is the pathetic effusion of Coleridge, the address to his absent wife and child in the "Day-Dream," a pure gem, and directly intelligible to readers who can make little or nothing of his "Ancient Mariner."

No wonder that Mrs. Oliphant waxes eloquent over the renowned poet, the eccentric genius, the youngest of the ten children of a clergyman of the English Church, vicar of Ottery St. Mary, in County Devon. No wonder that greater admiration for his poetry, an increased interest in the man arises when we see both more clearly from the light shed on them by this genial, loving critic, who, as far as possible, lifts the veil of obscurity hitherto hanging over his chequered and pathetic life; but such are the circumstances that often give a fresh spur to genius, and there were alike the material and the circumstances in the case of Coleridge to bring forth all that was sublimely pathetic and intensely beautiful in verse, which has instructed and consoled those who have the hearing ear, the understanding heart. More fully illustrating this, and comparing Coleridge to Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley,

and Keats, his biographer-critic remarks: "He holds a position unsurpassed by any of them, and greater in actual power and influence than most. The others have laboured incomparably more, but they have attained no higher a result so far as fame is concerned. For in all of the others there are coarser elements—the visible prose of art as well as its higher inspiration—the scaffolding and tools and preparations which are necessary to every mortal structure, and betray when and how it was made. But Coleridge needs no scaffolding, no implements. His is pure poetry, as his nature is all spirit. 'The body that does us grievous wrong' is never visible, scarce necessary except for the mere voice, its most ethereal part. It has no active power in the matter. The song comes forth to us chanted softly, with now and then a rising swell of inspiration, out of the undiscovered world between earth and heaven. There is not even any effort of thought or invention, any strain of discovery. 'What we have seen with our eyes and heard with our ears'—in this is the great secret of his fame."

With so capable, so genial a pioneer as Mrs. Oliphant, one goes forth as hopefully as if we were making together an excursion into the Swiss mountains, where the stranger tourist without local guidance would fail to find the highways, to say nothing of the pleasant by-paths; and although a man often discovers for himself the desirableness of the landscape, how good a thing is it to have the mountain guide at hand, with the binocular slung over his shoulder, and the stout alpenstock in hand. Not seldom is there the added charm of a pleasing voice to recite verses appropriate to, or written specially for, the scene. Imagine for a moment having had Mrs. Oliphant as a companion in that valley, immortalised by this her favourite poet, and as the eye discovered the streaks of dawn about to light up the Vale of Chamouni, the ear listened to her recitation of the poet's words:

> "Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
> Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
> Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!"

You would go on your way feeling that the author of the "Song before Sunrise," and the reciter of it, had emphasised in sublime ways the grandeur of this, one of the finest scenes in Switzerland, which had called forth from the poet his highest tribute of praise. But it was not only mighty scenes and colossal grandeur that inspired Coleridge. Like Burns, we have him often at his best when depicting the homely, simple, domestic life of his fellowmen, the evening prayer of a child, the loving, the playful address to a fair convalescent, many of which are passed without notice by the flippant reader. And now at this Christmas season, a hundred years after they were written by the poet, we have his sacred Christmas Carol, of which the third and eighth verses are given, as showing how Coleridge could deal with sublime Scriptural truths:

"She listened to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she prest;
And while she cried the Babe is mine!
The milk rushed faster to her breast;
Joy rose within her like a summer's morn,
Peace, peace on earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

"Then wisely in my soul elate,
That strife should finish, battle cease;
I'm poor and of a low estate,
The Mother of the Prince of Peace.
Joy rises in me like a summer's morn,
Peace, peace on earth! the Prince of Peace is born."

Having dug out of the recesses of the library those five bound volumes of *Blackwood* containing Mrs. Oliphant's tributes to the renowned poets of a century, they are found as charming, nay, more so, than when perused in the years of their publication. He who reads them will have the discerning opinion of a gifted author on the life and work of those other poets above named, and on Scott, Cowper, Goethe, Schiller, and Burns. An elaborate, but not a tiresome essay, is

given to each; the very pith and marrow of the subject of their lives, the circumstances under which, and the themes upon which, they pour out their verse to an appreciative or non-appreciative public, for, alas! there will always be some who care nothing about, and who benefit nothing from, the inspiration of our foremost men. It was quite to be expected that Byron would pass under the review of this gifted authoress, who points out the important position he held among the great poets of a century; and regarding his wayward life, and the two alternative ways of treating it, she has adopted the plan of not shrinking from the painful task of analysing that in all its sad deformity, as probably the majority of conscientious writers would have done; but it humbly appears to us that in doing so sufficient allowance is not made for those awful laws of heredity, and the psychological study of character, without which no complete estimate can be formed of such a man as Byron. Take the very evidence she herself has adduced, here are her own words of his parentage and boyhood, and, after a perusal of them, let the reader declare if it was to be expected that the future peer and poet should develop into a model of virtue, or even like unto the average man whose ancestry and training have been favourable to his growth in the paths of righteousness: "George Gordon Byron was born in 1788, the son of a ruined *roué*, of whom he never knew anything, and of a high-tempered, high-spirited, Highland woman, ruined and driven half mad by the spendthrift husband whom still in her way she continued to love and admire for his very vices. Father he had none, except this disreputable memory of a man, with which he was sometimes taunted, and from which he could derive neither support nor honour; and little good but much harm came to him from his surviving parent, the furious, foolish, sometimes fond, and always termagant mother, ruined in temper and nerves as well as in purse, who had once been an heiress, courted and caressed, and whose poverty had neither dignity nor patience to make it tolerable." And again, "Thus he grew up, unchecked and uncontrolled, with no reverence for anything; no sense of loyalty, no power of sub-

mission. Unhappy boy! with his noble genius and his limited soul, he came into a world which afforded him nothing to respect and nobody to love."

Even after all this, no reviewer could allege that Byron's power for moral rectitude was impossible; but any student of human nature can at once see that the probabilities were all against it, and pointing in that other direction which unfortunately was taken, so greatly in contrast to the lofty flights of his poetic soul when describing the pilgrimage of Childe Harold, and where, as in a glowing panorama, the adventures and sentiments of the hero are set forth in poetry so sublime that Europe was spellbound by its dramatic force. That this was his grandest and most pleasing poem reviewers generally are agreed on, and Mrs. Oliphant, quoting largely from the work, manifests the highest appreciation of what is really beyond criticism. So widely is it known, so greatly is it admired, that quotation here is unnecessary, and we would turn to that pathetic refrain, "The Prisoner of Chillon," which since boyhood has been a special favourite with us, the scene of which was in later years visited, and reached from Lausanne, driving along the shore of Lake Leman.

> "Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls,
> A thousand feet in depth below
> Its massy waters meet and flow."

A special interest could not fail attaching to a visit to this, one of the most romantic and impressive of Swiss scenes, described by the great poet, and familiar as household words in many a family from whom the recital of it has drawn tears again and again. Assuming that the reader knows how the Castle of Chillon was the scene of a cruel captivity, one of the prisoners is made to tell the story:

> "I was the eldest of the three:
> And to uphold and cheer the rest;
> I ought to do—and did—my best,
> And each did well in his degree.
> The youngest, whom my father loved
> Because our mother's brow was given

To him—with eyes as blue as heaven—
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distrest
To see such bird in such a nest:
For he was beautiful as day
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles being free),
A polar day which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long night,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun;
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe,
Which he abhorr'd to view below."

The years rolled by, the brothers are dead, the surviving prisoner narrates the changes wrought in his spirit by their loss, and his imprisonment within those gloomy walls, even to reconcilement to his sad fate, and thus the poem is brought to an end:

"It might be months or years or days,
I kept no count, I took no note;
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote:
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be—
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage, and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come,
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
And seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell

In quiet we had learned to dwell;
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh."

No. II.

WIDE as the poles asunder in their manner of life and style of poetry, Shelley and Burns by these very contrasts present a most interesting study. Biographies are frequently loaded with such tiresome detail that readers will shrink from their persual, but a concise, a judicious epitome of a great man's life and work will ever be welcome. With discriminating care did Mrs. Oliphant pen her essays on these distinguished poets, showing the high rank that each attained in the domain of verse, the peculiar features of their lives, sorrowful, tragical as in the main they were. Shelley the young, ardent and sceptical; Burns also young, ardent, and—his follies, his trangressions notwithstanding—the reverential, as evidenced by his tender address to the humblest flower, his keen remorse when reviewing his great or lesser transgressions. Shelley, moving in the higher social scale, Burns, humble in rank but proud as the proudest of his poverty, his honesty and manly independence, and at length conscious of his imperial sway over the minds and hearts of men, especially his brother Scots, to whom he is now and always will be a king among men though inured to poverty, and buffeted by misfortune, by neglect. Let his poverty, his misfortune be forgotten. Now that they have long ceased to affect him, be it remembered that had he been born in the sphere of Shelley, and nurtured on English plains instead of Scotch mountains, we should have been deprived of all the wealth in poetic tenderness which he has bequeathed to mankind.

Taking up Shelley, Mrs. Oliphant graphically portrays him

as the man of wilfulness and rebellion against all the ordinary codes of society, brooking not restraint against aught he set his heart on, selfish, proud, impatient, petulant. Alas for human nature, there is only too sad a record of many a man distinguished in literature and art along with other professions, manifesting similar traits of character. "While he was but a boy, his life got astray among all kinds of painful and misleading currents, and the boat which was fit for nothing greater than an encounter with the water lilies, was forced upon many a rock and down many a rapid. Nothing can be more sad than a premature blight upon a life scarcely yet emerged from the bud, or capable of understanding the miseries which it is precociously capable of inflicting upon itself. Shelley lived but thirty years in this unkindly world. Before twenty of them had passed he had ruined himself in public estimation, estranged himself from his relations, and cut off from before his own wayward feet all possibility of a worthy career. Sad throughout was the fate of the unfortunate poet. Had he not been a poet, men in general would have made small moan over the misfortunes of the young fool who wrecked himself thus wilfully and early. As it is, his life has been the subject of countless comments, attacks and defences, and as a life we doubt whether there is much to be said for it one way or another. We give up accordingly the vain idea to treat Shelley seriously as a man. Poor wandering soul! he was after all little more than a boy when he came to a sudden conclusion in those blue Mediterranean waves which are salt and bitter to some as any Baltic. He was a poet, a spirit of the race of Ariel, and him who invoked Sabrina in Milton's stately verse—and it is in this character that we will understand him best."

Leaving for a while Mrs. Oliphant's criticism of the great English poet, we should say that according to the taste of each reader will be his appreciation of this, that, or the other poet, while in the case of Shelley, certain of his poems rise above all criticism being in the region of the sublime. While we can well understand the indifference with which "The Revolt of Islam" and "The Witch of Atlas" will be regarded, it is the

minor poems, the gems of his art that we turn to for the diamonds and emeralds, the sapphires of his poetic genius; towering supreme over them all, and dwarfing many a more elaborate poem is "The Skylark"; here are blended poetry, music, and philosophy.

"Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard,
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

"Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphant chant
Watched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

"What objects are the fountains
Of the happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

"With thy clear keen joyance
Langour cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

"Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

"We look before and after
And pine for what is nought;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought

"Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born,
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

"Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world would listen then as I am listening now."

Alexander Smith in his "Christmas" speaks of Shelley as one who cannot in any sense be termed a Christian poet, thereby agreeing with Mrs. Oliphant and all who have studied his life, and yet goes on to say, "Of this I am certain that before his death the mind of that brilliant genius was rapidly changing—that for him the Cross was gathering attractions round it,—that the wall which he complained had been built up between his heart and his intellect was being broken down, and that rays of a strange splendour were already streaming upon him through the interstices. What a contrast between the darkened glory of 'Queen Mab'—of which in after life he was ashamed both as a literary work and as an expression of opinion—and the intense, clear, lyrical light of this triumphant poem!—

"While blazon'd as on Heaven's immortal noon
The Cross leads generations on.
Swift as the radiant shades of sleep
From one whose dreams are paradise,
Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep
And day peers forth with her blank eyes;
So fleet, so faint, so fair
The powers of earth and air
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem,
Apollo, Pan and love
And even Olympian Jove,
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them.
Our hills and seas and streams
Dispeopled of their dreams,
Their waters turn'd to blood, their dew to tears,
Wail'd for the golden years."

"For my own part," says Alexander Smith, "I cannot read these lines without emotion—not so much for their beauty as for the change in the writer's mind which they suggest. The self-sacrifice which lies at the centre of Christianity should have touched this man more deeply than almost any other. That it was beginning to touch and mould him I verily believe. He died and made *that* sign. Of what music did that storm in Spezia Bay rob the world!"

Regarding Mrs. Oliphant's dissertation on the life and poetry of Burns, we venture to affirm that no higher discrimination has been shown by previous writers, even by Carlyle or John Wilson, or in the flood of oratory which has annually poured forth in praise of our national poet at the birthday banquets, or when from time to time the unveiling of the Bard's Statue has given the opportunity to Lord Rosebery and Professor Masson to enlarge with stirring eloquence on so interesting a theme, and we would fain hope that these distinguished men will join issue with us and the readers of Mrs. Oliphant's tribute to our greatest Scottish poet, which word for word they will find in *Blackwood's Magazine* in February, 1872. It is not too much to say that while in canvas we have excellent portraits of Burns, conveying the artist's skill in the likeness he gives us of the poet, that the word portraiture of Mrs. Oliphant, if not more valuable than that on the canvas, is a splendid auxiliary to the face and form on which we look so fondly. Carlyle's essay may seem extravagant, and John Wilson's as too much of an advocate for a man who had been much abused; but Mrs. Oliphant wrote at a date when excitement had died down, and when a calm review could be given of a man who had sung more sweetly than any other Scotchman, and whose faults by common consent had been condoned by charity and the lapse of time. What could be more touching or suggestive than the fact that the subject of these remarks had frequently confessed and oft lamented these errors which, patent to the eyes of his cotemporaries and not forgotten by his descendants, were dwelt on by many with a lack of charity which was simply disgraceful? Depend upon it that not for the sake

of rhyming, but in the spirit of contrition were these lines penned:

> "Is there a whim-inspir'd fool
> Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
> Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
> Let him draw near;
> And o'er this grassy heap sing dool
> And drap a tear.
>
> "Is there a bard of rustic song,
> Who, noteless, steals the crouds among,
> That weekly this area throng,
> O, pass not by;
> But with a frater feeling strong
> Here heave a sigh.
>
> "Is there a man whose judgment clear
> Can others teach the course to steer,
> Yet runs himself life's mad career,
> Wild as the wave,
> Here pause—and thro' the starting tear,
> Survey this grave."

Out of place would it be here to make mention of, or to quote from, poems familiar to all Scotchmen; some of Burns's briefer verses are apt to be overlooked. One extract only is given here, entitled "Epitaph on a Friend."

> "An honest man here lies at rest
> As e'er God with his image blest!
> The friend of man, the friend of truth;
> The friend of age, and guide of youth.
>
> "Few hearts like his, with virtue warmed,
> Few heads with knowledge so informed;
> If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
> If there is none, he made the best of this."

Fresh, powerful, and true as on the day they were written come to us now the words of Mrs. Oliphant: "The fact that he was a ploughman and an exciseman, and was of dissipated habits, are much more prominent in his career to the general eye, especially out of Scotland, than are the nobler facts of his work and character. In Scotland fortunately, thanks to

the national fire which he perhaps was the first to raise again out of its embers, after all the depression and discouragement of the seventeenth century, there exists such a warmth of feeling on this subject, that he who would touch our poet rudely may well bethink himself of our national motto before he makes the venture, and remember the thistle's sharp and instant reprisals. To have recreated that national feeling, that deep and warm and unquenchable patriotism which has made Scotland, small and poor, a force in the great universe, is no small work, however accomplished.

"Nothing but the fact of being to the manner born could enable a man to elucidate to us this great silent sea of living, which without such elucidation we should only know in these periodical storms which raise it into fury and confound all the wisdom of the wise and the conclusions of the learned. So far as this goes, the accident of birth secured for Burns a very great and real advantage—all the advantage which a man derives from an immense 'backing'; and from being the representative of a very large number of other men. Neither was there anything in his education to neutralise this advantage. For his characteristic and peculiar office, which was not that of a poet in the abstract, but of a poet born to real and special use and service, no training could have been more perfect. He acquired letters as those do whom he had come into the world to interpret—painfully, toilsomely, at a cost which made the scanty sum of instruction dearer than the highest attainments of an education more easily acquired. Every new book was to him an undiscovered country—a something novel and original won out of the niggardly hands of fate. The world of poetry and imagination was all the more lovely, all the more precious to him, that it lay side by side with the plainest and hardest of facts. Every intellectual step he made filled him with a delight and exultation such as a modern epicure of emotion would give worlds to taste. All that belonged to the mind and its ethereal existence—all in short that was not hard toil and actual struggle—was fresh and sweet, and novel and lovely, full of a beauty which surprised him and took his heart by storm. And while he

had this delightful relish of novelty in everything intellectual, his moral training was such as the world could not have surpassed. He was the son of a good, honest, and honourable man. He was brought up fearing God and serving his neighbour—if perhaps within too narrow a circle, and with too absolute a limitation of the title, yet cheerfully, unselfishly, without even the idea of separating his own interests from those of the intimate few around him. In all the events of the life of William Burns's household, there is nothing that is not worthy and noble. A man was above the reach of shame who came from such a house. He had as good a setting out in the world as any prince could have given to his best beloved son. The only drawback indeed that we can see in Burns's education was its tendency to cultivate that excessive pride and sense of bitterness under obligation, which was the grand stumbling-block of the peasant of those days. It cannot be called the weakness of any class now; yet we feel that the misery of wounded pride which attended indebtedness in the mind of the Scotch ploughman-farmer, and the morbid passionate terror of shame which reigned in many such humble house, was the weak point in their life, though it proceeded from very strength of character and integrity. But surely this was a failing which leant to virtue's side. The ease with which debt sits upon most people's shoulders now, and the readiness to take from all sources which is characteristic of modern civilisation, is a failing of an infinitely meaner kind, though the excess of virtue had its drawbacks too."

All very well, but as Mrs. Oliphant has to admit, a scene lovely to reflect on now, but a hard lot to endure at the time. Withal, he grew to be the poet of the people, to dignify the cottar's home, to invest the lucken gowan of the Ayrshire fields with a new charm, to magnify the daisy, to celebrate the very mouse! And when handed over to Dumfriesshire, new poetic triumphs awaited him, while under the same conditions of struggle and toil did he follow on to the close of a life of penury and distress, which ended at Dumfries. Plenty honours at his funeral! but the help which timeously given might have prolonged and sweetened his life was withheld,

his genius and worth alike unrecognised, the very marrow of his exquisite lines on liberality unthought of and unpractised by an unfeeling world:

> "Misfortune's sons are brothers in distress,
> A brother to relieve how exquisite the bliss."

Here was a brother indeed pre-eminently worthy of the practical help of his neighbours and his countrymen, who to their abiding shame neglected the poet and his family, but Burns soon reached a haven of infinite tenderness and pity where the weariness and poverty endured in this world were more than compensated for.

No. III.

WHILE there are thousands who never read Wordsworth nor know aught about him save that he was a poet inhabiting the mountainous region of Westmoreland, how many are there who reverently hail him as the very king of the Lake School of poetry, and who, when on tour among the hills of Westmoreland, turn with unabated interest to his placid home at Rydal Mount, and view with greater reverence than attaches to many of the mausoleums of crowned heads or aristocratic families the serene resting-place of the renowned poet in Grasmere Churchyard. As contemporary disciples he had Coleridge, Southey, and Wilson; the latter resided at Elleray, in the same county, while Southey's home was at Greta Hall in Cumberland; and between this noble quartette there was a band of brotherhood, tender, yet strong, as the masonic craft, and while each acquired high distinction of their own, Wordsworth was the colonel of the small staff that held so high a sway over readers, who, at length, christened them as the "Lake School." And that Wordsworth's influence was to be perpetuated is abundantly evident from the

ever-increasing class of readers who look to Nature as their source of inspiration and delight, and to Wordsworth as the "High Priest of Nature," the title happily bestowed on him by Wilson. In these later times, two of the foremost disciples of this great Lake poet will be found in John Campbell Shairp and John Veitch, ardent mountain-climbers and brother pilgrims to Rydal Mount and the churchyard of Grasmere; cultured men themselves, and writers of poetry —in which the spirit of the mountain breeze, the bloom of the heather, and the roar of that Selkirkshire river, which was as great a favourite with their predecessor as it was with them, is discernible—they would have been the first to subscribe to the full the glowing panegyric pronounced by Mrs. Oliphant in her notice of William Wordsworth, culminating in these words: "Wordsworth seated himself as on a throne in the seclusion of his mountains. He said to the world, as Constance said in the royalty of her grief, 'Here I and poetry sit; this is my throne—let kings come bow to it.' And when the hour arrived, the kings did come and bowed; and all the world acknowledged that the man who had been the first to divine his own greatness, had justified his own decision, and proved the value of his judgment."

The value of such a biographer-critic, such an ardent pioneer as Mrs. Oliphant, to the realms of Wordsworth's poetry, is incalculable. Many who never before had read their Wordsworth with appreciation, are led by her guidance through the valleys up to the mountain-tops, where, around and below, are the scenes of Wordsworth's labours, and where he dwelt, not only as a great poet, but as a man well-beloved by his friends and neighbours at Windermere and Keswick, Grasmere and Ambleside. Pure as a mountain rill, and fresh as the stirring breeze, come to us these lines of the poet, who, when the storms of January and March are over, comes out into the open and feels

> "Such an entire contentment in the air,
> That every naked ash and tardy tree,
> Yet leafless, showed as if the countenance
> With which it looked on this delightful day

Were native to the summer. Up the brook
I roamed in the confusion of my heart,
Alive to all things, and forgetting all.
At length, I to a sudden turning came
In this continuous glen, where down a rock
The stream, so ardent in its course before,
Sent forth such sallies of glad sound, that all,
Which I till then had heard, appeared the voice
Of common pleasure; beast and bird, the lamb,
The shepherd's song, the linnet and the thrush,
Vied with this waterfall, and made a song,
Which, while I listened, seemed like the wild growth,
Or like some natural produce of the air,
That could not cease to be."

Such is his "April Morning," a season of the year, a time of the day, when Wordsworth, like all poets of nature, are peculiarly susceptible to the out-of-door influence that comes with the melting of the snow-wreath, the unbinding of the frozen stream, and the up-shooting of the tender flowers by the margin of the lake. The poet travelled betimes, and has left on record his impressions of scenes on the Rhine, over into Switzerland and Italy, the grandeur of which were deeply impressed on his soul, and refreshed his spirit, but his heart ever remained true to the mountains among which he dwelt; for him there was nothing more majestic than Skiddaw and Helvellyn, no lake more beloved than Grasmere, no valleys so ethereal as the vales of Troutbeck and Saint John. How fortunate for mankind that our poet was not a native of London, or an indweller in any of the large provincial towns; that his lot was cast not only in the country, but in an earthly paradise, where sight, sound, and hourly association alike conspired to foster in him the "human faculty divine," the outcome of which has made him the poet-guide to the lakes of Westmoreland, as Sir Walter has been the poet-pioneer to the sister lakes of Scotland. Turn again with him on another spring day when mounting up to the lonely moor; he is at once joyous and pensive.

"I was a traveller then upon the moor;
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar,

Or heard them not, as happy as a boy;
The pleasant season did my heart employ;
My old remembrances went from me wholly,
And all the ways of men so vain and melancholy.

"But as it sometimes chanceth, from the night
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight,
In our dejection do we sink as low,
To me that morning did it happen so,
And fears and fancies thick upon me came,
Dim sadness and blind thoughts I know not, nor could name."

Any notice of Wordsworth in the pages of this *Magazine* would be incomplete without reference to his several tours in Scotland, accompanied by his loving sister, Dorothy, who, so far back as ninety-five years ago, came with the Lake poet across the Border, seeing the Scottish capital, the Border country, and the Highlands. When in Edinburgh, they sojourned at the White Hart Inn, Grassmarket, thereafter making for the inn at Roslin, where, remaining the night, the castle and chapel were seen, as also Hawthornden, which they duly remembered as having been visited by Ben Jonson, as the guest of Drummond, the poet. They had risen early on the morning of September 17th, to walk through the glen of the Esk, and at length "arrived at Lasswade before Mr. and Mrs. Scott had risen, and waited some time in a large sitting-room. Breakfasted with them, and stayed till two o'clock, and Mr. Scott accompanied us back almost to Roslin, having given us directions respecting our future journey, and promised to meet us at Melrose two days after." From Roslin the distinguished travellers went on to Peebles, and down the Tweed by Traquair to Melrose, where, meeting Scott, he pioneered them over the abbey, dined with them at the inn, before his departure next day to the Assizes at Jedburgh. Dorothy Wordsworth records that Scott was travelling in his character as Sheriff of Selkirk, "and on that account, as well as for his own sake, he was treated with great respect, a small part of which was vouchsafed to us as his friends, though I could not persuade the woman to show me the beds, or to make any promise, till she was assured

from the sheriff himself that he had no objection to sleep in the same room with William."

The grander and more accessible parts of the Highlands were also visited with the highest appreciation, the outcome being occasionally that the Lake poet wrote some of his finest sonnets on the scenes of Highland grandeur, which most favourably impressed him, the finest of which is, "Lines to a Highland Girl, written at Inversnaid, Loch Lomond." Partly on foot, sometimes by car, and occasionally by boat did they traverse our Highland scenery, discovering the similarity, though with a difference, between the Northern hills and those among which they lived at Rydal Mount. To many readers of Wordsworth, the most familiar poems on Scottish scenery will be his "Lines on Yarrow," but after perusing these and the Inversnaid poem, we can yet turn to one in which his muse rose to a more sublime height—his tribute to his brother Scotch poet, Burns. Totally diverse as were these two men in their character and habits of life, the pensive poet of the Lakes was not slow to recognise the fire of poetic fervour that glowed in the breast of Burns, and while probably he would turn away from the more mundane effusions in the collection of his works, it cannot be doubted that his heart would melt into sympathy with "Mary in Heaven," "Lines to a Daisy," and the pathetic "Address to the Mouse." Well, at the time when Wordsworth was standing at the grave of the Scotch bard in Dumfries, Burns had been dead seven years. Meditating alike on the poet and the man, William Wordsworth thus utters the feelings of his heart:

"The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now?
Full soon the aspirant of the plough,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave.

"I mourned with thousands, but as one
More deeply grieved, for he was gone,
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
And showed my youth
How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

"Alas! where'er the current tends,
Regret pursues, and with it blends—
Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen,—
Neighbours we were, and loving friends
We might have been.

"True friends, though diversely inclined,
But heart with heart, and mind with mind
Where the main fibres are entwined
Through Nature's skill,
May even by contraries be joined
More closely still.

"The tear will start, and let it flow,
Thou 'poor inhabitant below,'
At this dread moment—even so—
Might we together
Have sate and talked where gowans blow,
Or on wild heather."

While the main characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry are those of pensive reflection on mankind and Nature, the current of his life, prolonged to fourscore, was calm and equable, all the more so when contrasted with several other poets of his century, whose career, even while brief, was much more chequered than anything experienced by the lake poet during the whole course of his long life. They all had their uses, and although we listen almost with breathless attention to the brilliant colouring and the gorgeous description of the scenes depicted by Byron, we are never soothed into calmer contemplation by him as contrasted with the venerable poet taking his inspiration from the serene life which was enjoyed by him and his neighbours among the everlasting hills. We recommend our readers to Mrs. Oliphant's essay on him, which embraces, in small space, the kernel of Wordsworth's life and of his poetry.

The South Esk at Tannadice.

In a former number of this magazine (September, 1896), we endeavoured to depict the amenities of the South Esk at Clova; and now invite the reader to accompany us on a drive fifteen miles down the river. If he has not previously had a peep of the policies surrounding Cortachy Castle, he will *en route* have an opportunity of doing so from the fine bridge spanning the river close to the church and schoolhouse. Proceeding up the brae, an excellent view of the baronial pile is obtained, and the brown leaves are thickly strewn over the grassy lawns watered by the silvery Esk. In yonder castle there is being entertained by the noble owner another noble and distinguished soldier, Lord Roberts, whose valuable services are so highly appreciated by his Queen and country, and by that branch of the service in which he is so worthy and useful a commander. The brae surmounted, the church and manse at Memus are seen close to the public road, and ere long you are asked what woods are these wherein so many trees were levelled by the gale of 1893; and the answer is, these are the policies surrounding the old mansion and garden of Inshewan, the residence of the Ogilvys, closely allied to the Ogilvys of Clova, and more remotely to the family of Airlie. As a remarkable instance of longevity may be mentioned the last laird but one of Inshewan, who came short of being a centenarian only by the brief space of five days, a most popular country gentleman, as was also his son and successor. The village of Tannadice, now reached, is quaint and rambling, well sheltered, from being in a hollow, and would have no beauty worth mentioning except for being situate on the very banks of that stream which, rising in the wilds of Clova, and continuing its quiet course the length of Cortachy, has now assumed the magnitude of a noble Scotch river, and sweeps along past mansion, castle, church, and farmyard in pleasing

variety, and reaches its culmination of finest beauty when flowing through the policies of Tannadice House and beneath the arches of Finavon Bridge, all in the *parish* of Tannadice, for it is the parish we are dealing with, and though this includes the village, we would rather lead the visitor out of it, and on to the hill-tops, and more especially to the summit of Finavon Hill, where, on this fine October day, surrounded by the brown russet of the wood and the rich dark yellow of the stubble field, the rooks are wheeling in mid air, and following in the wake of those half-dozen ploughs that, by turning up the fertile soil, give a complete variety to a scene of singular brightness. The eye is soothed and gratified by this perfect autumn landscape. Immediately beneath are the mansion and the ruined castle of Finavon, separated by woods from the surrounding farms. The river, emerging from underneath Finavon Bridge, takes a grand wide curve ere it reaches Marcus Lodge and flows past Brechin Castle; and easily discerned is the church of Tannadice, surrounded by a God's acre as sweet and peaceful as any in Forfarshire, where, as well as in the sacred edifice, the rich and the poor meet together in their last resting-place here below. Strange, perhaps, that in the old kirkyard of Tannadice to-day there should come to remembrance certain passages from Shakespeare not altogether inappropriate. The scene there is a churchyard, and the clown with his spade has thrown up a skull, and sings:

> "But age with his stealing steps
> Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
> And hath shipped me intil the land
> As if I had never been such."

Hamlet, accompanied by Horatio, takes up the theme, and says: "That skull had a tongue in it and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! it might be the pate of a politician which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not? Or of a courtier which could say 'Good morrow, sweet Lord! How dost thou, good Lord?' This

might be my Lord such-a-one that praised my Lord such-a-one's horse when he meant to beg it. . . ." And then coming to the skull of Yorick, the king's jester, "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning, quite chap-fallen. Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that."

Then follows the argument of the priests as to whether the drowned Ophelia was to have Christian burial:

> "Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
> As we have warrantise; her death was doubtful:
> And but that great command o'ersways the order,
> She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
> Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
> Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her:
> Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants (garlands),
> Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
> Of bell and burial.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> We should profane the service of the dead
> To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
> As to peace parted souls."

This kirkyard of Tannadice is peculiarly still, and at the end near to the river are the graves of those who in life must have contemplated reposing in the secluded spots appointed to receive their remains, knowing that the survivors would come to strew flowers over the green sod, watered by the murmuring Esk. Here, after life's fitful fever, they sleep well. What a difference to the survivors on coming into the kirkyard of Tannadice compared to those gloomy vaults enshrouding the graveyard of a large city. The newly-formed line between Forfar and Brechin enables visitors to spend a day at Tannadice and Finavon; and while the former is interesting in its

secluded village, the latter will always be the popular resort. From its summit, you see into Glen Ogil, and the eye surveys a very wide range of the Forfarshire hills. Comfortable homesteads abound; peace, plenty, and contentment await the swain who, having toiled the livelong day, comes home to those comfortable abodes, farmhouse or cottage, each and all sheltered by belts of trees, vegetable and flower gardens, aglow with sunshine on this rich autumnal day, and viewed in company with an ardent archæologist, who minutely studied the vitrified fort at the summit of Finavon hill. Well contented might any one, from the peer to the peasant, feel in dwelling at this the richest and most varied part of the valley, where in winter he has these provincial sources of civilisation close to him, the towns of Brechin and Forfar, and in spring and summer, when the delicious Glen Prosen puts on her fairest green, and the vale of the North Esk is adorned with the yellow bracken, the milk-white thorn, to revisit again and again those haunts with which familiarity only makes us fonder and fonder. The verdant greenery, the golden broom, await us, we trust, for yet another summer; and meanwhile listen to what they both suggest to us in fond memory:

> "When pensive twilight in her dusky car
> Comes slowly on to meet the evening star:
> Above, below, aërial murmurs swell,
> From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell
> A thousand nameless rills that shun the light
> Stealing soft music on the ear of night;
> So oft the finer movements of the soul
> That shun the sphere of pleasure's gay controul,
> In the still shades of calm seclusion rise,
> And breathe their sweet, seraphic harmonies!"

The Conies.

"The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks."—*Proverbs.*

"The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and *the rocks for the conies.*"—*Psalms.*

THE public mind was much exercised over a subject which recently came up for discussion and solution before the highest legal tribunal in Scotland, the proposition in law being "Are Rabbits Vermin?" Decided in the negative by the Lord Justice-General and his colleagues, the question had to be argued by Counsel learned in the law and deliberated on by Senators of the College of Justice, a strange and almost ludicrous state of matters, considering the gravity and importance of those principles of law with which the Court of Session is wont to deal. And although one would think that it would only require half-a-dozen men of ordinary intelligence to meet together and in fifteen minutes declare, as the Court of Session has done, and with similar reasons for their decision, it is interesting as a point in law to know what has been done, and to read the Interlocuter of the Lord Justice-General characterised by great clearness and true eloquence, for his lordship not only expounds the law, but interprets the common sense and the equally common sentiment of a public who regard and truly estimate the rabbit as higher in the scale of animal creation than the weasel, the stoat, the rat tribe or the voles. Take away from our landscape the herd of bunnies that feed in our pastures of an afternoon, or that scud across our woods before the sportsman's gun; take away from the table of the nobleman or the ploughman that tender food so much appreciated by both, so wholesome, so palatable, in price so moderate; in the first instance, you deprive our landscape of so familiar and pleasing an adjunct that its loss would undoubtedly be left; in the second, our tables would lack an article of food to which we have been accustomed from boy-

hood up to maturity and old age, a dish so useful and popular that it had one fault, *viz.*, the frequency with which it appeared on the dinner table of the school-boy, for was he not in the habit of calling out ?—

> "Rabbits young and rabbits old, rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
> Rabbits tender, rabbits tough," etc., etc.

Vermin! why there's treason in the thought, in the very suggestion, and it could only have entered the mind of the litigious man, whose crops had suffered from the nibblings of many conies, with bold endeavour to force down the throat of the community that our dear little bunny was a member of the vile tribe. True it is that the rabbit must content himself with the same or similar territory to that occupied by vermin, just as in human life we have in the city or the village the man of respectability dwelling near to the weasels and polecats of society, but in this respect alone is he akin to the lower scale in animal creation:

> "The mole has made his run,
> The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores,
> The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
> The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there
> Follows the mouse, and all is open field."

But if moving on the same territory, how different in aspect, in disposition, and habits is the coney tribe to all the different *ferœ naturæ* mentioned in these lines of Tennyson, which conclude his poem "Aylmer's Field." More or less obnoxious are they all, although insignificant; the very term "mole-catcher," when applied to a man, is indicative of a lower type of humanity. The weasel, though small, is a deadly enemy of the rabbit, and the gamekeeper among his triumphs reckons the number of them he has slain, and has their skins displayed outside the wooden door of his gun-room; these, along with the wings of the hawk, testify to his watchful operations and faithful service. Were it not that the fox must not be ruthlessly dealt with in wholesale, the skin of his carcass would more frequently be exhibited alongside the

remains of these destroyers of game, but the gamekeeper has to be wary as Reynard himself, seeing that in those regions where "the pack" hunts, shooting a fox has been regarded as akin to child murder! Then, take sportsmen who, sometimes deprived of their grouse and pheasant shooting, take with keen ardour to a day among the rabbits, would not they be insulted if asked "how many vermin they had killed?" even although they had inadvertently spoken of the bunny as vermin when he crossed their paths among the coveys of grouse. No, you cannot classify the bunny as vermin, however frequently that epithet may have escaped the lips of the sportsman or the farmer, or been alluded to by poets from Shakespeare downwards. These men had neither to give a legal definition of the rabbit, nor did they think of analysing, dictionary-like, the meaning of the term. It is to be hoped, however, that the *status* of the wild rabbit will now remain as fixed according to the recent decision alluded to. For the benefit of those readers who have not seen the judgment of the Lord Justice-General, some of his weighty words are given here:—"The rabbit was so well-known, and vermin were so well-known, that the person whom he supposed to be interrogated, '*quilibet e popula*,' would, probably, if asked for his reasons, be unable to give them, or at least to give them so clearly as the Lord Ordinary. But the idea of noxiousness was the dominant idea implied in the word 'vermin'—extinguishing the thought of any small value which such animals when captured might possess in their skins or otherwise; and most vermin had, roughly speaking, no value at all. The primary idea about the rabbit, on the other hand, was that of value, both for food and for sport. A rabbit was worth a considerable sum of money, and rabbits as an article of food constituted a substantial item in the wealth of the country. It was superfluous to say that they were also prized and preserved as sport. It was true that the rabbit was gramnivorous, and in gratifying this appetite did not distinguish between *meum* and *tuum;* and when the present question was sifted, that would be found to be the real ground upon which the defender proposed to class him with vermin. It

was said that to the farmer the rabbit was vermin. Now, in the first place, that was not true in fact. When the farmer shot a rabbit he did not throw him away, as he did the vermin which were the enemies of his farmyard or of his crop, but on the contrary ate him for dinner or sold him to the poulterer. Even if the gain thus made were less than the damage done, this did not prove that the rabbit was vermin, although it might show that, as a consumer of crops, he was as bad as vermin. If, on the other hand, it were said that to the farmer the rabbit was vermin which to other people he was not, then it became apparent that the word was being used in the secondary sense as a term of vituperation, and not in its primary sense as descriptive of certain animals. The angry farmer, or for that matter the angry gardener, did not mince matters in speaking of rabbits, and very likely called them vermin, while on the other hand, the gamekeeper not only called certain domestic animals belonging to the farmer and the gardener vermin, but sometimes acted up to his opinions. This, however, was not the spirit nor vocabulary of legislation. The argument which justified the inclusion of rabbits in vermin by the fact that they ate crops proved a great deal too much, for it would include all the other birds and beasts which ate crops, and notably hares and pheasants. The answer made was that these were game, but that was really no answer at all except in a sense destructive of the defender's argument. If it were meant that the legislature had dealt specifically and in a particular way with game, it could not be supposed to have intended to include game in the word vermin, then, exactly the same argument applied to rabbits. If, on the other hand, it were meant that there was in the nature of things a relation and antithesis between the terms game and vermin, and that those two categories exhausted the wild animals of the country, then it must be said that the only relation between the two was that some kinds of vermin preyed on some kinds of game. Accordingly, he did not see how the hare or the pheasant could escape the opprobrium of being vermin if the rabbit was justly exposed to it on the grounds advanced. Yet, he supposed, it was not going too far to say that the in-

clusion of the hare or the pheasant among vermin would be a *reductio ad absurdum* of the defender's argument."

These are the leading sentences of the Lord Justice-General's very lucid judgment, which is reported at length in the public prints of 9th March last.

Norman Macleod of St. Columba's.

WITH filial reverence there comes from the pen of Mr. John Macleod, of Glen Saddell, a volume of memorials of his father, the late esteemed minister of St. Columba's, Glasgow, interesting in itself, and rendered more so owing to this, the first Norman, if we may so designate him, being the parent of the late celebrated minister of the Barony Parish, of another son, Dr. Donald Macleod, of high position in the National Church—the genial editor of *Good Words*, and of the late Sir George Macleod, Professor of Surgery, University of Glasgow. So far-reaching was the influence of these gifted brothers, as well as that of their kinsman, the late Dr. John Macleod, minister of Morven, now represented by two distinguished sons, that a biography of the old clergyman could not fail to be a valuable accession to this year's literature. It will be read by Highlanders with the highest appreciation, and also with keen interest by many of the clergy and laity throughout Scotland; and the biographer will be abundantly rewarded in this labour of love, for he has written well, not only on the life and work of his father, but incidentally on the condition of the Church, of education, and politics, during the period of his ministerial career. Touching also on the domestic life, and quoting various letters to his family, there is a variety and rounded completeness in the volume before us, giving a zest to all its pages, and causing a feeling of regret when we come to the end of it.

Prefixed to the memorials is a portrait of the old clergyman, and a drawing of the House of Fuinary, in Morven. Calmness and benevolence are the leading expressions in a face characterised by shrewdness; and a becoming gravity is tempered by the latent sense of humour, a quality which he manifested abundantly when occasion offered, on the platform or at social functions. With the zealous fervour of the Celt,

and devoted to his sacred office, Dr. Macleod was fully alive to the importance of a subject closely akin to religion—the education of the people. Their temporal wants found in him a ready sympathiser; in every measure calculated to promote the amelioration of the people, and the good of the nation, he was an earnest, an eloquent, advocate. Holding that politics were quite within the domain of the clergyman, he was a Conservative of the old type, but was respected by both parties, and in the course of his life did the State, as well as the Church, loyal service. Disaster fell upon the Highlands in 1836, in the shape of destitution, almost amounting to a famine, when no one rendered greater service to the afflicted Highlanders than Dr. Macleod, then in the prime of life, stemming the tide of destitution, and counselling the subject of emigration to the Colonies for many of his countrymen. For the Gaelic language he had the utmost partiality, and frequently ministered to the people in that tongue, at outlying parts of the Highlands, as well as at St. Columba's, where a large section of the congregation were Gaelic-speaking people. Thus in various ways did he come to the front, worthily and meekly bearing that high reputation for usefulness which has descended in full and increasing measure on his descendants, making the name of Macleod a household word in our land, and giving a stimulus to the cause of religion and education, as well as to literature.

With the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Sir George Clerk, Mr. Edward Ellice, and many other statesmen and philanthropists, Dr. Macleod was brought into contact in the days of Lord Melbourne's ministry. The biographer narrates a very suggestive incident, and gives us a story, the most amusing in the whole volume, as to his father, when on a visit to London, being taken to task regarding the differences and quarrels in the Scottish Church. Here it is entire:—"Although perhaps not conspicuous as a leader in Parliament, few members exercised more influence with their party than did Mr. Edward Ellice, senior, and at his hospitable table men of all shades of opinion and diverse interests met, and there many differences were smoothed over, or, at least,

the asperities of party lessened. He had faith in the good resulting from men meeting face to face, and becoming acquainted with one another. On one occasion, when Dr. Macleod dined at his house, a prominent M.P. addressed him across the table, and said, 'How is it, Dr. Macleod, that in Scotland you are continually in hot water with your church disputes and ecclesiastical quarrels?' 'Well,' was the reply, 'I do not know that we are worse than you are in England; I think we are disposed to be just, if allowed. When Dr. M'Culloch visited the Highlands, and arrived at the far-famed Loch Coruisg, in Skye, it was a lovely summer day; not a breath of wind disturbed the calm and quiet of the loch, nor a ripple the sea; rocks and trees were reflected as in a mirror. The boatmen had no English, M'Culloch no Gaelic. At length, in his eager anxiety to have some conversation, he addressed one of the men who spoke a little English, and asked, "Boatman, is this a quiet arm of the sea, a quiet, calm loch?" "Ou aye, sir," replied the boatman, "she's the quietest loch in the world if the winds and squalls wad let her alane."'

"The anecdote afforded great amusement, and the laughter was much increased when the politician, with grave and somewhat lugubrious expression added, 'Ah, yes, doctor, if thae winds and squalls wud let *us* alane.'"

Dr. Macleod's distinguished son, Norman, was, in the year 1838, inducted to the Ayrshire parish of Loudoun, to which he had been presented by the Marchioness of Hastings. His father, being in London on urgent business at the time, could not be present, but writes from the city a long letter, the first paragraph of which will be read with special interest:—

"14*th March*, 1838.

"Before this reaches you at Loudoun you will be a parish minister. God bless you, my dear Norman, and grant you His guidance and grace. I am indeed much disappointed at not being present on an occasion to which I look forward with much anxiety and such intense interest; but I hope soon to see you in your own manse, and to preach in your pulpit."

His ministry at Loudoun was the beginning of that distinguished career which continued at Dalkeith, and culminating in his charge of the Barony, Glasgow, made the life and work of Dr. Macleod's celebrated son known to all men. Honoured by the friendship of Her Majesty, and intimate with men of the highest position in Church and State, he was yet specially mindful of the poor, and his working man's congregation in Glasgow was nearer to his heart than many another scheme. A most interesting and elaborate memoir of him, by his brother, Dr. Donald Macleod, has been before the public for many years. It may be remembered that our Queen, in her journal, records her high estimate of Dr. Norman Macleod. Admitted to the inner circle of intimacy with the royal family, Dr. Macleod would read to them at Balmoral "The Cottar's Saturday Night." On his death Her Majesty deeply mourned his loss, saying that she looked up to him for advice and guidance more than to any other.

Returning to Norman Macleod of St. Columba's, to his unwearied and prodigious labours in the Highlands, in Glasgow, in Ireland, and on many occasions in London, we are, in connection with the latter, carried back to the days of that eminent Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, who, as is well known, was always affable and courteous, but, detesting trouble, was not slow to express himself strongly when in apprehension of being bored, and, in fact, did say, on the occasion of being told that a deputation of the Church of Scotland awaited him in the adjoining room—the business on hand being church extension—"What *am* I to do with that d— Church of Scotland?"

"When the deputation was presented, and several had stated the object of their coming, a worthy enthusiastic, and much respected deputy, Mr. William Collins of Glasgow, proceeded to give a lengthy account of the operation of the Church Building Society there, and what had been done to meet the deficiency of church accommodation in the growing and thriving suburbs of Camlachie, Strathbungo, etc., etc. Lord Melbourne lay back in his chair, closing his eyes, and appeared to be slumbering. Dr. Macleod quietly stretched

out his umbrella for the purpose of touching Mr. Collins, as a hint to shorten his remarks, but the apparently slumbering Premier was wide awake; from the corner of his eye he had observed the movement of the umbrella, and looked up with a twinkle in it, and a genial smile on his countenance."

Lord Palmerston is referred to almost in a single word, to the effect that Lord Shaftesbury said of him, "He neither cared for nor meddled with ecclesiastical questions, and that in theology he did not know Moses from Sydney Smith."

In addition to the various manses occupied, during his lifetime, by Dr. Macleod, he and his kinsmen will always be associated with the House of Fuinary, the subject of a plaintive lament, as wild and touching as "Lochaber no more."

"Farewell! ye hills of storm and snow,
The wild resorts of deer and roe,
In peace the heath-cock long may crow,
When I am far from Fuinary.

"'Tis not the hills, or woods, or plains,
Alone my joyless heart bewails;
A mournful group this day remains
Within the manse of Fuinary.

"Can I forget that sacred name?
Farewell, my father—best of men,
May heaven's joy with thee remain,
Thou reverend man of Fuinary.

"Mother! a name to me so dear,
Must I—must I leave thy care?
And face a world that's full of snare,
Far, far from thee and Fuinary.

"Brothers, who now your grief conceal,
Sisters of my love, farewell;
Your tears suppress, your sorrows quell,
Be happy while at Fuinary.

"Archy, my lovely, darling child!
May heaven thy infant footsteps guide,
Should I return—oh, may I find
Thee smiling still at Fuinary.

"No settled home on earth is found,
But all a pilgrimage around;
Farewell! oh, word of doleful sound,
Farewell—farewell to Fuinary!"

The biographer of this interesting volume of 300 pages is to be congratulated on the performance of a task which will keep green, in the memory of his family and of the public, the life of so useful and amiable a man as Norman Macleod of St. Columba's.

"Gloomy Winter's Now Awa."

THE town of Paisley has contained at various periods of her history certain local poets of the humbler class, artisans and weavers who, plying their busy trade during the working hours, have in the evening found their best recreation in singing the songs of their countrymen, and trying for themselves whether they could compose something to take hold of the popular mind. Probably it was only a coincidence that such men should be found in Paisley, which is just one of the many manufacturing towns of the West of Scotland, and having no material in itself calculated to inspire the writer of song, or it may be that the environs of the place, containing much that is interesting naturally and historically, had spurred on the bard, who already showed a proclivity towards song—for, be it remembered, there is a fine sweep of undulating hill and many a fertile plain between the town of the weavers and the Clyde ere it is caught up again in the broad waters of the Firth; and there can be no doubt that *the* local poet, towering conspicuously over a host of minor ones, found in the vicinity of his native town the braes, the waterfalls, the ruined castles that were of such important service to his muse, on which he built a fame that is far-reaching and long-abiding, while the culmination of this fame was reached at a centenary meeting in his honour held on the Braes of Gleniffer in 1874, at which there gathered round fifteen thousand people, delighting to honour the memory of one of Scotland's sweetest bards, the author of "Gloomy Winter's Now Awa'"; and further, to keep his memory green, a granite memorial stone has been incorporated with the house wherein the Paisley poet was born, each anniversary of his birth being enthusiastically remembered by a Tannahill Club, composed of citizens, who name him as the "prince of Paisley poets."

Surely it is well to keep alive the fame and the memory of

Robert Tannahill, who, though a man of frail physique and delicate health, terminating in death at the age of thirty-six, was so great an honour to the class from which he sprung, and whose songs have beguiled many a winter evening to all classes. While his most popular productions are "Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane" and "Gloomy Winter," there are several others characterised by artless simplicity, truth to nature, and genuine poetic feeling, as, for instance, "Midges dance aboon the burn," in which occur the following lines :—

"Beneath the golden gleaming sky,
The mavis mends her lay ;
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the ling'ring day ;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren from den to den
Goes jinking through the thorn.

"The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me."

Little imagination is needed in order to picture how Tannahill composed the plaintive, tender song, "Gloomy Winter." The blasts of the season having ended in March, he goes out on the April evenings, and time after time, till the verdant greenery of May transforms the landscape like a resurrection of the dead, he observes minutely the delightful change of colour, feels his cheek fanned by the balmy breeze, his ear is soothed by the melodious notes of the cuckoo, the ringing chorus of the mavis; and the still life leaving him undisturbed to his meditations, he breaks forth :—

"Gloomy winter's now awa',
Saft the westlin breezes blaw,
'Mang the birks o' Stanley Shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheery, O !

Sweet the crawflower's early bell
Deck's Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie, O!

"Round the sylvan, fairy nooks
Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheery, O!
Trees may bud and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O!"

Referring to Tannahill's melody of sweetest song on "Gleniffer's dewy dell" and "Glenkelloch's sunny brae," they will be appreciated fully by those who have the eye for Nature, and the ear for poetic description of it; consequently he appeals to a circle of readers not very wide, but when he *has* stirred their hearts, doing so with something like the force of Burns and the Ettrick Shepherd. Tannahill comes in for notice in "The Scottish Nation," "The Poets and Poetry of Scotland," and "Chambers's Lives of Illustrious Scotsmen." Our favourite record of the Paisley poet, however, comes from the pen of a West countryman, himself no mean poet, who had studied the Scotch bards in general, and those of his native district in particular: no lack of appreciation here in his high estimate of the author of "Gloomy Winter":—

"The touch of the poet was loving and true. His genius was like the light of early spring—clear from speck or stain of vapour, but with tremulousness and uncertainty in it; happy, but with grief lying quite close to its happiness; smiling, although the tears are hardly dry upon the cheeks that in a moment may be wet again. . . . Gladness flowed upon him from the bright face of spring, despondency from the snow-flakes and the sweeping winter winds. Then by the aid of that love of Nature, how clearly he sees and how exquisitely he paints what he sees—

'Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks.

'Towering o'er the Newton wuds,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white cluds.'

Neither Keats nor Tennyson, nor any of their numerous followers, surpassed this unlettered weaver in felicity of colour and touch." And Alexander Smith (for he it is) recommends his readers to bring Tannahill's song-book out to the scenes depicted, and prove the truth of his verse. The ground trodden of old by Tannahill was in due time visited by Smith, who it will be seen has given his brother poet a full meed of praise; and he touches delicately on the disordered mind and tragic suicide of the Paisley poet. Listen to his eloquent peroration on the subject:—"How silent the vast expanse! Not a sound reaches the ear on the height. Gleniffer Braes are clear in summer light, beautiful as when the poet walked across them. Enough; their beauty and his memory. One is in no mood to look even at the unsightly place beside the canal which was sought when, to the poor disordered brain, the world was black, and fellow-men ravening wolves. Here he walked happy in his genius; not a man to wonder at and bow the knee to, but one fairly to appreciate and acknowledge. For the twitter of the wren is music as well as the lark's lyrical up-burst; the sigh of the reed shaken by the wind, as well as the roaring of a league of pines."

So well acquainted was Smith with Paisley, that ample corroboration will be found in his remarks on it and its company of poets of the statement at the beginning of this essay; so able, so genial a writer is he, that we feel certain it will not prove tiresome to our readers if we quote from his "Summer in Skye" a personal experience of his occurring in that town forty years ago:—"Proceed from what cause it may, Paisley has been for the last fifty years or more an aviary of singing-birds. To said aviary I had once the honour to be introduced. Some years ago, when dwelling in the outskirts of the town, I received a billet intimating that the L.C.A. would meet on the evening of the 26th January, 18—, in honour of the memory of the immortal Robert Burns, and requesting my attendance. N.B.—Supper and drink, 1s. 6d,

Being a good deal puzzled by the mystic characters, I made inquiries, and discovered that L.C.A. represented the 'Literary and Convivial Association,' which met every Saturday evening for the cultivation of the minds of its members—a soil which for years had been liberally irrigated with toddy, with corresponding effects. To this cheap feast of the gods on the sacred evening in question I directed my steps, and beheld the assembled poets. There could scarcely have been fewer than eighty present. Strange! Each of these conceived himself of finer clay than ordinary mortals; each of these had composed verses, some few had even published small volumes or pamphlets of verse by subscription, and drank the anticipated profits; each of these had his circle of admirers and flatterers, his small public and shred of reputation; each of these envied and hated his neighbour, and not unfrequently two bards would quarrel in their cups as to which of them was possessor of the larger amount of fame. At that time the erection of a monument to Thom of Inverury had been talked about, *apropos* of which one of the bards remarked, 'Ou, ay, jist like them. They'll bigg us monuments whan we're deid; I wush they'd gie us something whan we're leevin'.' In that room, amid that motley company, one could see the great literary world unconsciously burlesqued and travestied, shadowed forth the emptiness and noise of it, the blatant vanity of many of its members. The eighty poets presented food for meditation."

We have no information as to the number of poets which Paisley holds nowadays, but eighty is a large proportion for it to have had at any time: one would have thought it such a number as would be found in Glasgow, Edinburgh, or Dundee; but we propose it as a speculative question whether the birr and click of the shuttle be the source of inspiration or the reverse. With Tannahill it was evidently the Braes of Gleniffer that fostered and plentifully nourished the spirit of song which inherently he possessed.

Mount Melville.

In a corner of the old burying-ground of St. Andrews is seen the vault of an old Scottish gentleman, in his day an all-round sportsman, and, even when an octogenarian and upwards, keenly enjoying his golf on those breezy links whereon there was no more familiar figure than the venerable John Whyte-Melville. Married in early life to Lady Catherine Osborne, daughter of the fifth Duke of Leeds, he took his bride to a mansion not far short of ducal, and if Mount Melville is smaller in dimensions than some of the lordly domains of Fifeshire and across the water, it has an undulating well-timbered park, a flowery lawn, a large, delicious garden, and all the adjuncts of an estate stretching for miles round this section of "the kingdom." Let us enter the mansion and rest after the pull up the brae, and here in the dining-room are excellent portraits of the gallant laird in hunting costume, of Lady Catherine, and of his only son (who, alas! predeceased his parents, dying by fatal accident in the hunting-field, and interred in the churchyard of Tetbury, Gloucestershire), regarding whom we shall speak presently. The portraits and pictures in this massive room are numerous, as they are all over the house, and include an engraving of a former earl of Eglinton, in his day the foremost man in Ayrshire. *En suite* with the dining-room are the library and the drawing-room. Look from the window of the latter through a glade in the trees, and an excellent bird's-eye view of the ancient city appears bathed in the golden light of the June evening, so that the occupants of Mount Melville have at once a calm retreat in this desirable home, and are kept in touch with the neighbouring world so nobly represented by the Town of Colleges and Halls, with its academic repose, its historical prestige, its antiquity as inscribed in every street, and on numerous doorways and windows. Think of the

number of graduates who have sat here at the feet of wise instructors, and afterwards gone forth to disseminate that knowledge acquired when, full of youth and hope, they studied under roofs sacred alike to the professor and the student. Be it remembered that the distinguished John Tulloch was one of the latter; that, fostering the store of his early studies here, he proceeded to Heidelberg and to Bonn, and that ere he was thirty-two, he was inducted as Principal of St. Mary's College, and along with Principal Shairp, Professor Ferrier, Professor Sellar and a fully-equipped band of teachers in all the professional chairs, wielded a vast influence over not only the youth of the University, but the general community. The sister Church was also here represented by the historic name of Wordsworth—the eminent Bishop having been the head of the diocese for forty years. Dr. Boyd has grown grey in the service of the National Church here, as also did his worthy predecessor and friend, the Reverend Dr. Park. Literary men and benefactors were represented by Dr. Robert Chambers, who, residing latterly in the city by the sea, found his grave underneath the tower of St. Regulus.

But what of the distinguished son of Mount Melville, to whose memory there is in the centre of the town a fountain erected? No memoir of him has been written, but sufficient material exists wherewith to follow his career from boyhood. And first he had the benefit of having for his tutor at Mount Melville Robert Lee, then finishing his curriculum as a student of St. Andrews, and regarding whom the Principal said, when Lee quitted the place, "This university has not for many years sent forth a more distinguished student. He has gained during a succession of years the highest honours which the University can award." Lee afterwards became a minister at Arbroath, and latterly in Edinburgh, where he was a professor in one of the chairs of Divinity. It is surmised, therefore, that young Whyte-Melville received from his able preceptor a powerful stimulus in the direction of learning and in the conduct of his life, perhaps even a leaning towards literature to which he afterwards contributed numer-

ous works, including the widely-read historical novels "Holmby House" and the "Queen's Maries." Great was his industry in the midst of a soldier's life, and the social circle, of which he was so brilliant an ornament. The marvel is how he could have found time for literary work so vast, for attention to military duties, and for social relaxation. The fact, however, remains, and the estimation in which he was held now stands recorded on the monumental fountain. "His writings delighted, his conversation charmed and instructed, his life was an example to all who enjoyed his friendship, and who now mourn his untimely end."

While it is seldom that members of the "Upper Ten" take to authorship, there are some conspicuous examples of success, of popularity amongst several of those contributors to our literature. In the county adjoining that in which Mount Melville is situated, there dwells the Earl of Southesk, whose book on the Rocky Mountains contained a genial narrative of sport, of adventure by flood and field, and who also wrote verses sacred and secular exhibiting a high standard of poetic culture. The works of the Marquis of Dufferin and the Lord of Lorne have in them material worthy of the best attention from readers of intelligence. At the time of its publication, no book was more run on than "Lost and Saved," from the pen of the Honourable Mrs. Norton, while we have the Duke of Argyle contributing liberally and with conspicuous ability to scientific research in the columns of several of the leading journals. Doubtless more of those aristocratic authors would come to the front were it not that the town as well as the country gentleman has avocations that admit not of devoting the requisite time to so absorbing a pursuit; but does he not fulfil a useful life with his county councils, his school boards, his magisterial duties, and his directorship in banks and railway companies? Abundant material will be found in these and in his dealings with the tenantry to keep the country gentleman well employed, and what more interesting member of society is there? Mark him as he greets you on a summer morning attired in heather tweed, booted and gaitered. He smiles "a good-morning" while tapping

the barometer; you walk round the home farm with him after breakfast, and long before noon you are off at his kind invitation to his moor, his loch, his private stretch on the rapid flowing river. "Be home in good time," says he, "we dine punctually at eight." While the sun is setting, the lamps are being lit, and now the squire, in high good humour, having had excellent sport on his moor, beams over the saddle of mutton, the "Lafitte, 1858," and gives his favourite toast, accompanied by cheers from the gentlemen, by blushes and smiles from the ladies — "Hock in green glasses, bonnie lassies." After the cup of black coffee, mine host marshals his guests to the drawing-room, where, before you have entered the room, there are wafted forth the strains of the squire's favourite ballad, "The Song that reached my Heart," to be followed by songs Italian, songs German, and the large variety obtainable from the visitors to the hospitable house of this fine old Scottish gentleman, who quickens the pulses and sweetens the life of this community of friends, who can say—

> "Now is the winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer by this sun of—friendship."

Besides making his mark as a novelist, we shall find, in turning to a book of songs and verses, that George Whyte-Melville had considerable power in rhyme. Ladies and gentlemen fond of the chase cannot fail to appreciate his description of a favourite hunter, entitled "The Clipper that stands in the stall at the top":—

> "A head like a snake, and a skin like a mouse,
> An eye like a woman, bright, gentle, and brown,
> With loins and a back that would carry a house,
> And quarters to lift him smack over a town!
> What's a leap to the rest is to him but a hop,
> This clipper that stands in the stall at the top.
>
> "When the country is deepest, I give you my word,
> 'Tis a pride and a pleasure to put him along,
> O'er fallow and pasture he sweeps like a bird,
> And there's nothing too wide, nor too high, nor too strong,
> For the ploughs cannot choke, nor the fences can crop,
> This clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

"Last Monday we ran for an hour in the vale,
Not a bullfinch was trimmed, of a gap not a sign!
All the ditches were doubled, each fence had a rail,
And the farmers had locked every gate in the line,
So I gave him the office, and over them—pop!
Went the clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

"I'd a lead of them all when we came to the brook,
A big one—a bumper—and up to your chin.
As he threw it behind him, I turned for a look,
There were eight of us had it, and seven got in!
Then he shook his lean head when he heard them go plop,
This clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

"Ere we got to the finish I counted but few,
And never a coat without dirt but my own.
To the good horse I rode all the credit was due,
When the others were tiring he scarcely was blown,
For the best of the pace is unable to stop
This clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

"You may put on his clothes—every sportsman they say,
In his lifetime has one that outrivals the rest;
So the pearl of my casket I've shown you to-day,
The gentlest, the gamest, the boldest, the best;
And I never will part, by a sale or a swop,
With my clipper that stands in the stall at the top!"

Such like were the horses ridden by Thomas Assheton Smith, Campbell of Saddell, and the late Earl of Wemyss, and through the medium of these verses, you can vividly picture these men following the pack in pursuit of the "little brown beastie" over the hill. The verses are full of vigorous life, of picturesque delineation.

No longer are the Whyte-Melvilles represented by lineal descendants at Mount Melville; but, whether the place is occupied by its present owner or let to strangers, the odour of the Whyte-Melvilles hangs round it still.

George Augustus Sala.

GREAT is the variety in the field of authorship, whether we look to the mental attitude of our writers or their personal physique; while the latter, in the shape of six feet three, sometimes is an embodiment of the intellectual giant, ever and anon it has been proved that the most puny man develops the brain and intellect properly described as gigantic, and there are seen hundreds of whom you would remark nothing extraordinary mentally or physically, but who plod their way along the path of life gathering their meed of popularity, their share of success. Fame and fortune come to comparatively few, but, in these respects, the guild of literature in no way differs from the professions and trades wherein the strong man of perseverance goes ahead, and the weaker brother lags behind, content with his mediocrity, and not seldom as happy as the favourite of fortune whose ambition, crowned with success, has caused him to weep like the emperor who found there were no more territories to conquer. While in Scotland these diverse characters are met at every turn, we would point, in this article, to several Englishmen more or less distinguished whose works are familiar in the British Isles, and who have made their mark in the literary world.

Following in the wake of Dickens and Thackeray came two aspirants for literary fame, eager for enlistment into the ranks of journalism as a beginning, and perchance after an apprenticeship there, to do more substantial service in a wider field. They could not hope to emulate these renowned masters of fiction, but, receiving ample encouragement from the reading public, and a helping hand from the authors of "Vanity Fair" and "Nicholas Nickleby," Edmund Yates and George Augustus Sala, beginning at the lower steps of the ladder, by degrees ascended the arduous path, and ultim-

ately achieved a high position in the ranks of the army of literature. Without patrimony, they had nothing but talent, zeal, and perseverance to befriend them; great was their energy, inexhaustible their resources, their field literally the world, for they made innumerable journeys to the Continent, the Colonies, discovering in both abundant material for their facile pens, their linguistic accomplishments proving of the highest service to them at home and abroad. It is significant, indeed, of Edmund Yates that his active career culminated in his editorship of a journal named *The World*, and no less suggestive is the title of Sala's popular work, "Twice round the Clock." Regarding their financial success, Sala records that when once set fairly afloat, he earned forty pounds a months, and after the interval of a few years when sent on a special mission to Russia at the close of the Crimean War, his remuneration extended to one hundred pounds a week! A brief notice of Edmund Yates was given in a previous number of the *Scots Magazine*, and now, turning to George Augustus Sala, let us look at the friendly encouragement he received from Thackeray when the kindly regard of a senior was specially valuable to him. It illustrates the great author of "Vanity Fair" in his best mood; no man could be more laconic or witty. How could any writer express himself more tersely than in the following sentence? The famous *Cornhill Magazine* was being launched, with Thackeray as editor, who, duly appreciating young Sala's literary gifts, thus writes him: "About to start new magazine. First-rate bill of fare. Want rich collops from you. Come and see me.—W. M. T. P.S. Don't forget Hogarth." The allusion to Hogarth proceeded on the information that Sala had in contemplation the writing of a biography of the great artist, and the result of an interview between the editor and his contributor was that the latter sent to the *Cornhill* a series of monthly articles, "William Hogarth—Painter, Engraver and Philosopher: Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time," which were both successful and remunerative.

In his later years we have Sala affording us some rare

glimpses of the illustrious author under the title "The Real Thackeray." Here is one:—"I need scarcely say that when he was not in a tetchy temper, caused by extreme physical anguish, Thackeray was one of the most delightful conversationalists it was possible to imagine. There were very few subjects indeed on which he could not talk, and talk admirably. He was as fluent in the French and in the German as in the English language. He had, I should say, a fair knowledge of Italian. He was never tired of discoursing about books and bookmen, about pictures and painters, about etchers and engravers and lithographers; and, moreover, he was a born wit and a brilliant epigrammatist. So we walked and talked by bustling Knightsbridge into crowded Piccadilly; and, halting just opposite Morell's, the well-known Italian warehouse, Thackeray observed that he was about to order some wine. He made me a bow which, in its sweeping stateliness, would have done honour to Sir Charles Grandison, concurrently giving me his hand, which was cold enough to have belonged to a professor of swimming who had just emerged from his tank, and then he stalked over the way, leaving in my mind a perplexed impression that he had suddenly forgotten who I was, or that, knowing me, he had arrived at the conclusion that I was a confounded bore, and that the sooner he got rid of me the better it would be. When I came to know him intimately, I fully understood the reason for these sudden reactions of apparent hauteur and stand-offishness. It was only his way. He could not help that which probably was due either to an acute spasm of bodily pain or the sudden passing of a black cloud across the mind of one who, although he could be on occasion full of fun and frolic, was not, I should say, on the whole altogether a happy man. He had an odd way of calling me the 'Reverend Doctor Sala,' chiefly because, I believe, I used to talk to him quite as outspokenly and seriously as in the old time he had talked to me. I never flattered nor fawned upon him, and I never took liberties with him. He knew how much I loved and revered him, and that is why we got on so well together. There were some friends of his who used to call him 'Thack,' and slap

him on the back. I never called him anything but 'Mr. Thackeray,' and I did so because I knew he was my elder, and because I conscientiously believed that he was in every way my better."

As a boy, Sala had to make himself generally useful at his mother's home (his father had died when the boy was yet an infant), and whether thus early acquiring the culinary art, or on account of a strong *penchant* for excellent cookery, he manifested through life so decided a partiality for the *cuisine* department, that amongst authors of bygone days or modern times we have read nothing like the accounts he gives of dinners domestic and the repasts of clubs and restaurants. While amongst literary men it is quite common to find some who are too neglectful of food and the cooking of it, here is one who, had he condescended to become a *chef de cuisine*, could in time have in a nobleman's establishment or in a hotel of European fame have made his five hundred a year! That being out of the question in no way diminished his interest in cookery! He numbered amongst his intimate friends those two notable professors of the culinary art, Soyer and Francatelli. In regard to a famous restaurant of the olden time in Ludgate Hill, Sala gives us a most graphic account, narrating that in "Williams's Boiled Beef House" (such was the name), this staple commodity was declared by the French to be superior to their own "*bouilli*," and had, in fact, a European reputation. In detail he gives us the various ingredients describing the tin dishes in which the various dainties were served, and now comes Sala at his very best, when winding up his discourse on this epicurean establishment: "The service at Williams's was exclusively performed by waitresses; and the unerring accuracy with which they carried the round towers of block tin, so that they should never topple over, earned for those neat-handed Phyllises the admiration of customers, who were besides chronically pleased by the good looks and the civility of the female attendants. There was a legend current among the *habitués* of the restaurant that a young barrister, just called, who had elected to seek for practice at the old Bailey bar, once entered Williams's and

called for beef with the 'usuals'—the 'usuals' meaning the vegetables and suet pudding. The neat-handed Phyllis made her appearance in due time, bearing the circular tower of metal with 'tambours' of beef and accessories. She was a very good-looking waitress, and ordinarily a smiling one. She looked the youthful barrister in the face; and then her comely countenance first flushed scarlet, and then assumed a hue of muffin-like pallor. Her hand shook; the circular tower became more pendant than the leaning tower of Pisa; she screamed, 'Wretch!' and down went the entire fabric, the beef whizzing in one direction, and the vegetables and the pudding in another. To quote Coleridge:

> "'Alas! they had been friends in youth;
> But whispering tongues can poison truth,
> And constancy lives in realms above,
> And life is thorny and youth is vain,
> And to be wroth with one we love
> Doth work like madness in the brain.'

This calamitous *rencontre* must have taken place somewhere about 1849. I was a pretty constant customer, I should say, for some time afterwards; but when the regretted disestablishment of Williams's took place I am unable to tell."

Unlike Edmund Yates, who so grievously offended Thackeray by satirising him, that the great novelist never forgave the offence, Sala maintained to the last his friendship with the author of "Vanity Fair," and not only so, but enjoyed the patronage and the intimate friendship of Charles Dickens to the last, and has, in an article entitled "Charles Dickens as I knew him," portrayed the great author so faithfully that we see him "in his habit as he lived." The personal characteristics and social life of Dickens are now so well known through the various memoirs of him, that little or nothing further can be gleaned either of his London life or his days at Gadshill, the novelist's country home near Rochester. Some of us vividly remember Charles Dickens' visits to Edinburgh, his readings in the Queen Street and the music halls, when excitement ran up to fever heat, encomiums on his reading were enthusiastic, while free comments were made on his

elaborate, nay, even his foppish attire. Let us read Sala's prudent comments on the latter :—" Let it suffice to say that he dressed up to the very height of the existing fashion. He is not to be blamed, I should say, for having done so. He was feeling his life in every limb, and enjoying its bright side and its good things. After an unhappy childhood, and a laborious and, comparatively speaking, indigent youth, he had suddenly, through his own wonderful genius, wholly unaided and unpatronised by the noble or the wealthy, turned the corner, to find himself pacing a highway of roses, and with old Time trudging by his side, looking kindly on the youthful traveller, and gently holding the hour-glass which was in truth inevitable, but in which to 'Boz' the sands were as diamond dust that sparkled as they passed. Everything smiled upon him. The shout of applause which greeted every monthly issue of the fictions in the green covers was not only audible from his own country, but was wafted to him from across the Atlantic. The very flowers seemed to bloom in his honour, and the birds of the air to sing his praises; nor deem this imagery inflated. Byron awoke one morning to find himself famous, but the trumpet of his fame was sounded chiefly in aristocratic saloons, and in the pages of expensive periodicals; while Dickens with a few master-strokes captured and bound to the wheels of his chariot of triumph the entire people of the United Kingdom and of the United States. There had never been in the history of English letters so complete, so brilliant, so unexpected, and so well-deserved a victory."

For six years, Mr. Sala was a constant contributor to Dickens' *Household Words*, beginning with a London story, entitled the "Key of the Street," which, slightly altered by Dickens, was acknowledged gratefully by him, and a *douceur* of five pounds sent for it, the largest sum which as yet Sala had received; and yet strange to say he still hesitated about continuing his contributions until reassurance, in the form of a letter from the assistant editor of the journal, asking for further essays (authorised by Dickens himself to do so), left Sala no longer in doubt that his vocation was to be literature.

He had written various articles for this popular magazine, when an invitation came from Dickens to call at the editorial sanctum in the house in Wellington Street, where he was received by the assistant editor and general manager, Mr. William Henry Wills, "a gentleman who had long been connected with the editorial department of the publications of the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh; who had married Miss Janet Chambers, a member of the great Scottish publishing house; and who, I believe, had made the novelist's acquaintance while he (Mr. Wills) was filling a subordinate post on the *Daily News*, during the brief and not altogether prosperous editorship of that newspaper by Charles Dickens. I was overcome with astonishment at the sight of the spare, wiry gentleman, who, standing on the hearth-rug, shook me cordially by the hand—both hands if I remember aright—and said kind things about my writings—things which I am proud to remember and too proud to repeat."

Such are a few passages in the life of a distinguished journalist of the nineteenth century. Readers of his "Autobiography," or his "Things I have seen and People I have known," will be fascinated by the brilliance and wit of George Augustus Sala.

The Late Earl of Mansfield.

THE attention of travellers proceeding northwards from the Fair City of Perth is arrested by that stately red-brown mansion across the Tay, calm in its dignified repose in the far-stretching woods—the noble Palace of Scone, historically one of the most interesting and important in Scotland. Here were crowned the kings of Scotland, and now in the fulness of years and honours the venerable peer, who had for half a century presided as the head of the house of Murray, has faded away from life, but not from the remembrance of a community who, from the Queen to the peasant, honoured one of nature's noblemen as worthy of all respect, earning as he did the veneration of his countrymen. Though an orator, a statesman, a territorial magnate, it was his "Live and let live" policy that endeared him to the inhabitants of Perthshire and of Clackmannan, of which latter county he was the representative of Her Majesty as Lord-Lieutenant for the extended period of forty-six years; as a country gentleman, a landlord, a friend, a staunch supporter of Church and State, he stood out before the nation in the pure light of a noble integrity. His wholesome activity, the keen interest he displayed in national and county affairs, pointed to the Earl of Mansfield as one of which this splendid Empire has good cause to rejoice in. His old age was not beset by those painful adjuncts described by Shakespeare:

> "Last scene of all,
> That ends this strange eventful history,
> Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
> Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

for even the keen blow he received by the death of his son and heir, Lord Stormont, on whom had devolved the supervision of his vast estate, did not deter the stricken father from

resuming the management of a territory which caused him daily occupation, a work which in itself, combined with the assiduous care of his surviving family, may have been the very means of prolonging a life so richly endowed with talents, in the use of which he has dignified, he has consecrated, his exalted station. In those latter days, we have heard much of the "grand old man," and in this summer of 1898, the death-roll numbers up till now no less than four in four months—Mr. Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, Principal Caird, and Lord Mansfield, the latter in his unobtrusive life the most venerable of the quartette, but not the least useful; and it is not too much to say that a community who recognised in his lordship a faithful, zealous servant of the Queen, will mourn sincerely the loss of

> "This fine old English gentleman,
> One of the olden time."

Subsequently to making his mark as a useful statesman, an orator of the first rank in both Houses of Parliament, Lord Mansfield betook himself in his well-earned leisure to the multifarious duties of his Lord-Lieutenancy of Clackmannan, and to his share of the vast business falling to be transacted in Perthshire. Divided into sections, this county has happily possessed in its various provinces men of good capacity for the work required of them, some of those being higher in rank, and many of them lower than the deceased peer. Among them all, however, prevailed the unanimity of sentiment that he was entitled to that honour and respect which is always felt for the wise and the good. Hence we may say that Perthshire has lost her chief man, but whose example it will be its privilege to emulate during the coming years.

It is worthy of note that the combined ages of the illustrious quartette above named amount to 343 years, and not less worthy of remark is the far-reaching influence of the four. Look at the power wielded by Prince Bismarck and by Mr. Gladstone in imperial affairs and national interests, affecting the welfare of States, the community of nations: mark

the power of the great Principal Caird throughout his long career as a parish minister, a professor, and latterly as the head of a university which trains thousands of youths for the future business and conduct of life; it is not to be lost sight of, however, that a sphere more restricted than that of the eminent statesmen just alluded to has in it an influence on a smaller community, which influence, rightly used, as it was in the case of Lord Mansfield, not only adds to the moral force wielded by the statesmen, but may be said to be running on parallel lines to it. Has not the territorial proprietor, the employer of labour, the man of business, if a man of capacity in each and all of these departments, the same qualities indispensable in the soldier and the statesman, showing the example of discipline, method, unsparing efforts for the weal of those around him, or connected with his territory?

And now follows the testimony of the Press on a subject so interesting, so important, and there is no better authority than the *Scotsman* on such a point: "While his lordship encouraged very few changes in the management of his valuable estates both in England and Scotland, he was always alert for the introduction of measures which were beneficial to the tenants and to the countryside. He never dispensed with any of his old servants, or even with his ordinary tradesmen, except under very exceptional circumstances, and one characteristic of him was that when old servants were incapacitated from active work he generously granted them a sufficient annuity to keep them in comfort till the end of their days, and did everything in his power to assist their families. While strict in his disipline in all matters connected with his estates, his lordship always displayed constant care for the welfare of all who were on the various estates, and that made him loved by tenants and servants alike. . . . Until his seventy-seventh year he had sole control over his many and varied interests, but owing to a very serious illness at that time, he commissioned his only son, the late Lord Stormont, to attend to his estates. At the time of the death of his only son, which came as a severe blow to the old earl, his lordship, at eighty-eight years of age, once more resumed

the entire control of his estate, and continued in charge up to the day of his death. Up to the very last his intellect was unimpaired, and his sight was so keen that he had no difficulty in reading the smallest print without the aid of spectacles."

Passing away at the age of ninty-three, he was "The Father of the House of Lords." A worthy descendant of a noble ancestry, Scotland proudly claims him as a countryman and a generous landlord of the type represented by the Dukes of Buccleuch, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Stair and many others, worthy Knights of the Garter and of the Thistle.

A Triplet of Memorials.

FAR away from the din of international strife, and amid scenes of meek loveliness, there have lately been erected by Scottish hands, memorials reflecting the greatest credit on these Scottish hearts whose warmth devised the schemes whereby the memory of three men of worth and work, doing good service in their day, should be held in everlasting remembrance, seeing that posterity has benefited by their example, their labours. Beginning with the one erected from feelings of filial reverence, and which stands at the entrance to the sweet village of Edzell, a place visited annually in summer by tens of thousands, we observe the Inglis Memorial Hall, a brief sketch of which will suffice for enabling the reader to grasp the purport and *raison d'être* of the elegant fabric now planted on the fertile plain looking upwards to the Grampian range. It consists of a library, reading-room, and council chamber, endowed and equipped in the most liberal manner, the library being specially designed in connection with Her Majesty's jubilee, and which the generous donor, Colonel Inglis, has fitted up in most ornate style—this series of rooms, forming as useful and ornamental an adjunct to this favourite village of the North Esk as will be found in any place of similar size from John o' Groat's to the Solway. All honour to Colonel and Mrs. Inglis, and to the brothers of the Colonel, all sons of the manse, or "the minister's laddies," as they were called in boyhood, and which Colonel Inglis in his happiest vein recalled to the vast audience assembled on a recent day in summer, when the standard of speeches from the Colonel, the parish clergyman, and the popular factor on the Dalhousie estates, was unusually high. A field day was enjoyed by the natives of these glens, for the usual festivity of a luncheon, a dance, and a general congratulation completed a day of much rejoicing, followed by a calm July evening

And the story of the gift of this hall could not be more eloquently or succinctly given than in the words of the parish minister (chairman of the parish council), who said, "We rejoice in this gift because of the feeling which has inspired it, and the standing lesson the manifestation of that feeling is calculated to convey. It has been inspired by filial affection, and this—constrained by the parental love and devotion which shone so brightly through all the days of the old manse home life in Edzell—this is one of the highest and finest motives, because it is a reflection of the inspiration underlying every true life. There are not a few here to-day who knew Mr. Inglis well, who sat under his ministry, and rejoiced in his ministrations and in his private friendship. All these, I am sure, warmly cherish his memory, and bear testimony to his worth as a man of culture, a striking and vigorous preacher, a faithful pastor, a man of business capacity and public spirit, a sympathetic and warm-hearted friend, ever ready to interest himself and guide his people in all the difficulties of their daily life. I had the happiness of knowing him in the mellow evening of his life, and our intercourse was very kindly. His memory will be long and warmly cherished."

The old sweet story over again—of a family of nine children, reared in a Scottish manse, kindly and maybe at times sternly disciplined, but mark the result: the sons, instead of being "Lord of himself, that heritage of woe," were equipped for that battle of life which in the sequel they have fought so nobly, and with such complete success. As part of the outcome of that success, and as an improvement on, or addition to, the phrase which is often on the lips of descendants, "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed," have this grateful family of Inglis reared a stone and lime fabric for a posterity and a public alike grateful for the generosity of which it is so substantial a token. To a Dundee paper we are indebted for some details that now follow:—"The library has all the improvements in use for the proper distribution and reception of the books, which already number over 5,000 volumes (the gift of Colonel Inglis) bound in the most substantial fashion in half-calf, numbered and cata-

logued. The windows in this room are filled with stained glass, in which appear quaint Scottish proverbs bearing on life and conduct, the selection being Colonel Inglis's own." And supplementing this munificent donation, let us listen to the felicitous language in which this hall and its contents are made over to the community: "No sons of the manse ever had a kindlier, more gentle, scholarly father. No sons of the manse ever loved a father better than did we Edzell boys; and no monument, I believe, ever raised in memory of such a man could better fit his character than this building erected for the use and benefit of those amongst whose progenitors he lived a Christian life of God-fearing, earnest hard work. Therefore, in honour, of that noble, self-denying, pure-minded honest man, I hereby proclaim this the Inglis Memorial Hall."

Travelling southwards for the space of five hours, the traveller finds himself near the banks of the Tweed, where, prominently situated in the thriving burgh of Peebles, a large assembly were recently convened to witness the handing over to the town and adjacent community an appropriate souvenir erected by personal friends in Tweeddale, in Glasgow, and elsewhere, an ornamental drinking fountain, honouring the memory of one who, doing a life's work nobly, successfully, as a teacher of youth in St. Andrews and Glasgow, turned aside from work in his summer holidays to the delightful recreation of the poet. A worthy descendant of the great poet of the lakes, John Veitch may well be classed as "the high priest of nature." His elaborate poem "The Tweed" discloses his fervour for the hills and streams; his authorship of "Young Hay of Talla" and "The Hart of Mossfennan" stamp him as a lyrical poet; his generosity as a man endeared him to the sons and daughters of want; his reverence for all things classify him as a disciple of Goethe, Carlyle, and the noble band of distinguished men whose lives exemplified this comparatively rare endowment; not only was the poet of the Borders inspired, but he was the source of inspiration in many a student; and thus it is hoped that the tangible commemoration of the man will give an additional stimulus and an educative force to those communities that came under the

spell of his teaching and social influence: thought, labour, and time have been given to the elaboration of this Memorial Fountain, on which is appropriately inscribed, *inter alia*, lines signifying the recreation of the Professor and inspiring source of the poet's lays:

> "Among the rocks he went,
> And still looked up to sun and cloud,
> And listened to the wind."

Though gone from our midst all too soon, his spirit still hovers over the Border, the pride and honour of the glens.

The lyrical author of "The Skylark," James Hogg, Ettrick Shepherd, and famous bard of Selkirkshire, is now the subject of two memorials. For many years his statue has stood by the margin of St. Mary's, the sweet lone lake of Selkirkshire, his praise has been sounded by able critics as the poet of imagination, his friendship with the gigantic Christopher North adds a halo to the life of the man; and simultaneously with the memorial honours above sketched, he now at his birthplace has patriotic tribute awarded him as a loyal countryman of Scott, a great poet, and an honour to the humble class from which he sprung. Burns being commemorated by almost a score of statues, why should not we have at least two of the author of "The Queen's Wake"? The sternness, the wildness of Ettrick, only proves the truth of Scott's lines that Caledonia nurtured the poetic child; that nurture, coming to maturity, brought forth a sweetness of lyrical power in James Hogg, the admiration of his contemporaries, the delight of his countrymen. Yarrow would not be Yarrow, Ettrick would feel itself bereft of a charm, dissociated from the singer of its praises. Not a lad, not a lassie in the county but feels, at kirk or at market, that in this county of Selkirk there lived and breathed a certain shepherd, one of themselves, an honour to the crook, one of the noble brotherhood of Scott, Thomson, and Leyden.

If the memorials to Mr. Inglis and Professor Veitch were happily inaugurated under sunshine, and with able speakers to improve the occasion, still more fortunate have been the

people of Selkirkshire and others desirous that the unveiling of the obelisk at Ettrickhall, and the speech of the day should be performed and discoursed on by a man of culture. Lord Napier, being a man of vast erudition, it was only to be expected that from him would come words commending themselves to an audience, composed of men of the Forest as well as learned men and critics in various parts of the country. Nor was there any disappointment. On the contrary, when his lordship discoursed with genial and kindly yet minute analysis on the writings of "The Shepherd," as well as on the life, the character of the poet, the feeling was unanimous that no one could have been better qualified for the task, that the venerable peer, with rare discrimination and with keen acumen, had hit on the true position that James Hogg achieved in the literature of his country, in the hearts of the people. For ourselves, we feel that had the meeting been convened for the purpose of listening to this speech alone, the audience would have been sufficiently rewarded, as it turned out. What with speech and song and congratulation, Selkirkshire has had her Jubilee Day, one of permanent, genuine satisfaction, and we cannot but think how good a thing it is for brethren dwelling together in unity to meet and commemorate departed worth, in whatever form the man to be commemorated has distinguished himself. Not that we are to make too much of men, who, after all, were only human, but surely a commemoration of this kind may be viewed in the light of a revival in literature, and a stimulus to any aspirant of capacity. Therefore may the spirit shown on this recent occasion grow and increase among us, and as the friend or wayfarer passes by these symbols of past distinction, he will be none the worse for the process of thought, which, if put into speech, would say: "What these men have done, it may also be given me to do, at all events to attempt."

The Poetry of Glen Prosen.

NOT that there's any poet resident within the glen, so far as we are aware, and the more's the pity, for at every bend, at every corner, there's a suggestive theme for verse, even the most sublime. Starting from Cortachy, ascend the winding road where, on the thickly-wooded banks, the deer sometimes spring up at a bound to startle the timid horse, and you know that this narrow hill pass *must* conduct to something grander than has yet been seen between Thrums and the clachan of Cortachy. The bend is taken at a slow trot, looking over the chimney tops of Persie towards the Glenisla range in the distance, but only for a moment the eye feasts on that quiet but majestic scene; the glen revealed, and the deep, grassy, broom-clad defile leading to those quiet waters flowing hard by the shepherd's shealing, the ploughman's snug cottage on the slope. "Oh, to think of it! oh, to *drame* of it!" as says the Irish song; but better still, linger long by the stream, where out of these brooks you will find books better than circulate at the libraries, and sermons in the stones at their margin; the soothing plash, plash, of the Prosen, the idyllic pastoral, shuts out of view the noisy, giddy world, with its strikes, agitations, its smoke factories, its carking care, each and all hidden from view. How welcome the sight of that flock of pigeons curvetting on the river's brim, how luscious the scent of the meadow sweet, while the honeysuckle might be imagined to be conscious of the delight it affords to mankind. The warmth of a July sun is tempered by the cooling breeze from the Cathlaw, and you need not the shade of the wood, but linger and linger on, finding no monotony in the lullaby of the stream, which to old and young is as the cradle song rocking them into gentle sleep.

The angler and the pedestrian rise early in the glen, and

meet several times a day exchanging their experiences. Should the man of the fishing-rod have been at the stream before breakfast, he has by noon a fair basket, and up he comes to the sloping lawn at the inn, where, at the trellised porch and on the seats so liberally disposed around it, the newspapers have arrived, and are being read by the other visitors basking in the noontide sun, overlooked by the little robin perched quietly on the paling, interested in the bonnie white hen—"Cluck, cluck," she goes; "Cheep, cheep," say the little brood led by her to pick up the dainty morsels; in the farm-yard we hear the heavy tread of the farm horse unharnessed after his forenoon's harrowing, the lad, eager to attack his wholesome dinner of broth, scones, cheese and milk. The postman has to get refreshment, and, look at this wagonette with its tourists also to be provided for. Well for the landlady and her maid and assistant that the supplies in the larder are so copious. Ring goes the bell, but each party must have patience, must await their turn of attention, especially when these three functionaries are so willing, nay eager, to serve food and drink to the clamorous throng around them. By and by the day-trippers leave, and the inn with its summer visitors is left to the calm which comes with the summer evening. "The kye come hame," the buxom lass with her pails crosses the yard, and in half an hour re-enters the milk-house laden with her spoils. You enter the house, and ere the lamps are lit, piano, mandoline and violin discourse sweet music to auditors thoroughly appreciative of the charms of melody, at the close of the well-spent day. A marvellously snug little hamlet this at the Inchmill: it is the Clachan of the Prosen—manse, church, school and cottages clustering round the "Ogilvie Arms," and the whole watered by the Tarrie, which here gives tributary to the Prosen a short distance above the farm and bridge of Spott. What if the mountains are not so high as over the ridge at Clova, or the ravines so stupendous? There is in Glen Prosen a much more continuous stretch of wood; it is more accessible than that magnificent glen of the South Esk. The inn is a model of compact snugness. Its visitors are all so pleased that they

might adopt the motto so well known in Aberdeen, namely, "Bon-Accord." Though getting on to the grouse season, occasionally are heard the perennially sweet notes of the bird in whose song there is no sorrow, no winter in his year. Separating the lawn from the road is a broad hedge of the old-fashioned bay, no less substantial than ornamental:

> "My orchard's wealth, my boxwood's grace,
> Enlivening yet the sylvan place,
> Embellishing my Isle of Rest,
> Furnished the jocund rural fête
> To sooth the youthful sceptred guest,
> Each wayward thought obliterate,
> And banish all alarms."

Not even the serious devastation of that terrible gale which struck across Forfarshire with such havoc some seven years since materially lessen the amenity of the scene. The local landlord, of course, acutely feels the loss of those kings of his forest, the glory, the pride of his estate; the head of the House of Airlie, his kinsmen, and neighbours have common ground of sympathy as they drive through policies so sadly changed by one of those tempests that in a single night lay waste the oak of centuries.

> "The scenes are desert now and bare
> Where flourished once a forest fair,
> When these waste glens with copse were lined,
> And peopled with the hart and hind."

Though scarce in the glen of Prosen, deer abound in the higher part of the neighbouring glen of the South Esk as well as at the head of the North Esk, and at Kinnaird Castle; at the latter Lord Southesk possesses a splendid herd, and visitors are freely admitted to view them browsing under the shades of the spreading branches, where also are feeding specimens of colonial sheep and cattle. Kinnaird is close to Brechin and within easy reach from Montrose.

One of the first mountain walks taken from the Inchmill is to follow the Tarrie up to the march between Balnaboth and Clova, and you reach the latter in an hour and a quarter's

rapid stride. You have then only reached the highroad to the Kirkton of Clova, and on you go to that exquisite Highland clachan where the placid life of summer is ever the best tonic to the native of the wilds, or the visitors who fill the "Ogilvie Arms," or lay their heads in farm-houses and the model cottages along the river's banks. Having fished or strolled or read out in the open beside the purling brook, you cannot but dilate on the Alpine magnificence of those peaks which conduct you along by Bachnagairn to Deeside, a magnificence which attracts you again and again, and enables the mind clearly to photograph this chain of the Forfarshire hills, and makes you wish for a minute that your camp had been pitched here instead of at the Inchmill of Prosen—but for a minute only is the wish felt. "No, no, let us come here frequently *for the day*, but for a month's sojourn, the Inchmill is the place." The banks of Prosen with verdure clad, its braes of yellow broom, its *flora*, its delight bring forcibly to the mind "The Songs of Araby," that on our return to-night is to be warbled to its own musical rippling accompaniment; but see! ere we reach our haven of rest, there is that nine miles down the Esk over which the coach-horses, with their heads homewards, trot so briskly to Cortachy, where tea is served. The coach resumes its journey into Thrums, and we trot on to the Inchmill, where supper awaits those of the party who had left it that morning. A fine day they have had here, as we all have had, and now comes evensong:

"I'll sing thee songs of Araby,
And tales of fair Cashmere,
Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh
Or charm thee to a tear;
And dreams of delight shall on thee break,
And rainbow visions rise,
And all my soul shall strive to wake
Sweet wonder in thine eyes.

"Through those twin lakes when wonder wakes
My raptured song shall sink,
And as the diver dives for pearls
Bring tears, bright tears to their brink,

And dreams of delight shall on thee break,
  And rainbow visions rise,
And all my soul shall strive to wake
  Sweet wonder in thine eyes,
To cheat thee of a sigh
  Or charm thee to a tear!"

The composer, Frederic Clay, has united these lines to most exquisite melody, and songsters from Edward Lloyd downwards charm their audience whenever the "Songs of Araby" are on the programme.

Favourable mention is due of the inhabitants of these glens. During a sojourn of four summers we have had the invariable pleasing experience of meeting with men of sturdy independence, sterling honesty, not a little intelligence, much shrewdness, and of a humour given to fun, but never degenerating into folly. Industrious, contented, healthy, the farmhouse, the manse, the cottage, contain a set of men, women, and children who will bear favourable comparison with Highlanders of the far north, or with countrymen of the Border. Looking around broad territories where several magnates have thousands of acres farmed by a highly respectable tenantry, the latter having under them the zealous shepherd, the industrious hind, and where in summer the delighted visitor mingles with the glen folk, there are not one, but many touches of nature which bind together in happy kinship those who meet and take sweet counsel together in a land of peace and of plenty.

BALNABOTH HOUSE.

To face page 305.]

The End of the Season.

TINGED as these words are with pensiveness, let us take a pleasant retrospect of these months when the sun was high in the meridian and his rays so strong that you realised what it meant to bear the burden and heat of the day; when, in order to catch the cooling breeze, you had to endure the heat engendered by the walk up the slope towards the white heather; when the repast of cold lamb and salad was the most wholesome, when the butler compounded for you the claret cup, or diluted your "Bollinger" copiously with ice; and when, assailed by thirst in the evening, produced the crystal jug containing the amber cider-cup flavoured with borage; when one thin blanket sufficed for your covering by night, and cool, pale garments were the order of the day. Yes, the retrospect is a pleasant one. What although next Sunday the clergyman's text may be "We all do fade as a leaf"? You regard the statement complacently, being inclined to substitute for it the genial lines of Faber:

> "Old age! what is it but a name
> For wilder joys departed,
> For we shall be for ever young
> If we are loyal-hearted."

You look back also on friendships old and new, and your experience of those with whom you have associated in these months which have now taken wing has been a pleasant and a profitable one. Remembering the mornings and evenings that have rejoiced over us, and the sunshine that has gilded the days that are no more, and bearing in mind the friendship and the love that cheered the heart of man, you turn to some of the passages which have been read aloud, and after all your favourite one is that taken from Leigh Hunt, which Mrs. Oliphant says are noble lines, and not the poetry a man

can make out of his own head, but that which can only come from the true spirit working within him. Here they are:

> "Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase—
> Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
> And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
> Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
> An angel writing in a book of gold.
> Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
> And to the presence in the room he said,
> 'What writest thou?' The vision raised his head,
> And with a voice made of all sweet accord
> Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
> 'And is mine one?' said Adhem. 'Nay, not so,'
> Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
> But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
> Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.'
> The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
> He came again, with a great wakening light,
> And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
> And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!"

Going into retrospect again you can recall that dark winter-time which was gladdened chiefly by the anticipation of April days, when you were to make your way through the meadow to that stream wherein were the skimming trout, some of them sending a thrill of delight to the heart of the old angler as he viewed them jumping two feet out of the water, feeling himself a boy again; and if a shooter of grouse, looking into his gun-case even at the Easter holiday, remembering then how last "twelfth" Sancha came to a dead point at the covey of eight, which he reduced to six by a right and left shot; if a man of means, and fond of variety, he cruises the Northern seas in his yacht, his gun reposes until the pheasants come on in the nutty-brown woods of October; and possibly he is a fox-hunter, and thus has his turn of sport all the year round.

One of the chief delights during the autumn has been the revisiting of a secluded dell not far from Thrums and its glens, a dell much better known to the angler than the tourist, but well worth the attention of the latter, for its combined seclusion and grandeur, the ever-green Den of Persie,

situated in the combined parishes of Cortachy and Kingoldrum, wherein much scenery of a pleasing nature is found, but culminating in the "Den," and satisfying to the full the lover of Nature and one interested in the changing seasons. Though to-day it was viewed almost in the sere and yellow leaf, what of winter, spring, and summer in this delicious dell?

> "The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
> Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
> And on old Hyem's chin and icy crown
> An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
> Is, as in mockery, set; the spring, the summer,
> The childing autumn, angry winter, change
> Their wonted liveries."

The spirit of Shakespeare was hovering over us this forenoon; no sooner were the above lines recited, than the following were sung:

> "Under the greenwood tree
> Who loves to lie with me,
> And tune his merry note
> Unto the sweet bird's throat,
> Come hither.
> Here shall he see
> No enemy,
> But winter and rough weather."

The conversation now took a turn to the sweet little church of the glen, which in summer contains a congregation made up of summer visitors as well as natives, where the words of the preacher are more distinctly heard than those uttered in city walls, and where the voices of rich and poor blend in happy unison. Here occasionally is heard Dr Matheson's hymn, as also the one more specially appropriate in harvest, "Giver of all." Contrast the hearty service here with that which has sometimes been witnessed in towns, and you recall the impression made on the late Edmund Yates within the walls of a fashionable church (All Saints' Rochester).

"In a church which is garnished with mullion and gables,
With altar and reredos, with gargoyle and groin,
The penitents' dresses are sealskin and sables,
The odour of sanctity eau-de-Cologne.
But surely, if Lucifer, flying from Hades,
Were to gaze on the crowd with its panniers and paints,
He would say, as he looked on the lords and the ladies,
Oh, where is 'all sinners' if this is 'All Saints'?"

Fruit and flowers have been in the glen this summer in rich abundance, and have lingered long; even yet they are not entirely faded. Botanists have been at work, searchers for white heather (is there not too much made of this symbol?) have been much in evidence; it seems to us that students of the poetry of flowers would find more satisfaction in that than in their imagination that a sprig of white heather will inevitably bring them luck. Let us hear what a gifted authoress has to say on the subject:

"Oh, flowers, oh, gentle, never-failing friends,
Which from the world's beginning still have smiled
To cheer life's pilgrim as he onward wends,
Seems not your soothing influence, meek and mild,
Like comfort spoken by a little child,
Who, in some desperate sorrow, though he knows
Nothing of all life's grieving, dark and wild,
An innocent compassion fondly shows
And fain would win us back from fever to repose."

In a week or two we shall have to drive down the glen where so many happy weeks have been spent, and then there will come to the eye the inevitable tear that in all similar circumstances and amid all classes is felt, the tear so graphically described in the exquisite Scotch song "Lucy's Flittin'." We would not think much of the man who unmoved would quit the glen which has been his calm retreat through midsummer and the early autumn; surely Laidlaw's verse will appeal to some readers?

"She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stan'in',
Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see;
'Fare ye weel, Lucy,' quo' Jamie, and ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his e'e.

> As down the burnside she gaed slow wi' the flittin',
> Fare ye weel, Lucy, was ilka bird's sang;
> She heard the craw sayin't high on the tree sittin',
> And Robin was chirpin't the broun leaves amang."

But these pensive thoughts are, in some measure, dispelled as the traveller meets in Strathmore with some friends who, accompanying him back to town, beguile the journey with story or song. Crossing the Forth Bridge, you feel that the autumn and winter campaign may be a favourable one seeing that, under favouring conditions, you resume residence in a city of which said Alexander Smith: "Living in Edinburgh is a liberal education—nothing can stale its infinite variety." When the day's work is over you meet at the social board some from whom you have been separated for months. Hallowe'en and Yule-tide with their varied domestic joys are approaching; no election is at hand, politic asperities are in abeyance; it is a time wherein, regarding politics, they are almost conspicuous by their absence, and you look for the genial admixture—

> "Let Whig and Tory a' agree
> And dance the reel o' Bogie."

But mid all this you forget not the glen of your first love, cherishing it in fondest remembrance.

The Cream of Barrie's "Window."

THOUGH it is unnecssary for the reader of the renowned "Window in Thrums" to have traversed the town from which this romantic book emanates, in order to appreciate the mingled pathos and humour of the author's chapters, there can be no doubt that an added interest of material value comes to him whose wanderings, taking him into this well-known Forfarshire town, walks through its streets, surveys the little house on the brae, and thinks of the man who, observing carefully all he saw of village life and rural habits, wrote for his countrymen those graphic accounts which have charmed us in the domestic circle, and been our companions by the mountain-side; it is not alone of Goldsmith's Schoolmaster that the words are applicable:

> "And still the wonder grew
> One little head could carry all he knew,"

for minutely, and with the insight of genius, has Mr. Barrie portrayed to the very life those short and simple annals of the poor that rank him with the author of Gray's immortal Elegy.

And not only has he raised into prominence a town hitherto dubbed as commonplace, but the glens issuing from Thrums return the echo. Up the hills and down in the valleys the traveller meets with men and women who might have walked out of Mr. Barrie's book and met you on the highway, viewing you cautiously, as he himself does, but opening out into shrewd and genial commentary not only on the world as bounded by their horizon, but on the larger sphere with which they have become acquainted through the medium of the press. Some of them discourse on international politics; others, taking a smaller flight, speak of the depopulation of the glens, and the inroad on the same in these modern days by the

sportsman, the tourist, the archæologist, and "thae cyclists." "They run on wheels at an awfu' speed, but do they see mair than we wha tramp the road in the auld fashion?" To this we answer that they see more in their rapid flight than we do, but they do not "take it in"; with difficulty do they emerge from the beaten track; they miss many of those dells and sweet bye-ways of the countryside that are the delight of the athlete, the solace of the calm saunterer along the paths by the river, and up the hazel brae where he rests amid the purple heath. No! give us more pedestrians, fewer cyclists, a handful of artists, antiquaries, poets, and play actors, if you will, to relieve that everlasting monotony of the cruise upon wheels, where every rider is trying to outstrip his neighbour in the mad race against time, breaking the record, perhaps, and not unfrequently breaking his shins. If the census of cycling accidents be not taken, why should there not be a regulation speed on entering and emerging from cities, or going down steep braes, at the foot of which latter often comes a fatal mishap that leaves many a father desolate, many a widow mourning?

The added interest of which we have spoken regarding the perusal of Mr. Barrie's book came to us in full force on reading it for the second time within a few miles of the famous brae now trod by many a pilgrim, and selecting the cream of the dairy, so to speak, it is found in Chapter XVII., "A Home for Geniuses," wherein Tammas Haggart propounds his ideas in the following racy fashion:—

"Of course I doun't pretend as my ideas is to be followed withoot deeviation, but ondootedly something should be done for geniuses, them bein' aboot the only class as we do naething for. Yet they're fowk to be prood of, and we shouldna let them overdo the thing, nor run into debt; na, na. There was Robbie Burns, noo, as real a genius as ever—"

At the pig-sty, where we liked to have more than one topic, we had frequently to tempt Tammas away from Burns.

"Your scheme," I interposed, "is for living geniuses of course?"

"Ay," he said thoughtfully, "them 'at's gone canna be brocht back. Well, my idea is 'at a home should be built for geniuses at the public expense, whaur they could all live thegether, an' be decently looked after. Na, no in London; that's no my plan; but I would hae't within an hour's distance o' London, say five mile frae the market place, an' standin' in a bit garden, whaur the geniuses could walk aboot arm in arm, composin' their minds."

"You would have the grounds walled in, I suppose, so that the public could not intrude?"

"Weel, there's a difficulty there, because ye'll observe, as the public would support the institootion, they would ha'e a kind o' richt to look in. How-some-ever, I daur say we could arrange to fling the grounds open to the public once a week on condition 'at they didna speak to the geniuses. I'm thinkin' 'at if there was a small chairge for admission, the house could be made self-supportin'. Losh! to think 'at if there had been sic an institootion in his time, a man micht ha'e sat on the bit dyke and watched Robbie Burns danderin' roond the—"

"You would divide the home into suites of rooms, so that every inmate would have his own apartments?"

"Not by no means; na, na. The mair I read aboot geniuses the mair clearly I see as their wy o' living alane ower muckle is ane o' the things as breaks doon their health, and makes them meeserable. I' the home they would ha'e a bedroom apiece, but the parlour an' the other sittin'rooms would be for all, so as they could enjoy ane another's company. The management? Oh, that's aisy. The superintendent would be a medical man appointed by Parliament, and he would ha'e men-servants to do his biddin'."

"Not all men-servants surely?"

"Every one o' them. Man, geniuses is no' to be trusted wi' women-folk. No, even Robbie Bu—"

"So he did; but would the inmates have to put themselves entirely in the superintendent's hands?"

"Nae doubt; an' they would see it was the wisest thing they could do. He would be careful o' their health, an' send them early to bed, as well as ha'e them up at eight sharp.

Geniuses' healths is always breakin' doon because of late hours, as in the case of the lad wha used often to begin his immortal writin's at twal' o'clock at nicht, a thing 'at would ruin any constitootion. But the superintendent would see as they had a tasty supper at nine o'clock—something as agreed wi' them. Then for half an hour they would quiet their brains readin' oot alood, time aboot, frae sic a book as the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' an' the gas would be turned off at ten precisely."

"When would you have them up in the morning?"

"At sax in summer, an' seven in winter. The superintendent would see as they were all properly bathed every mornin', cleanliness bein' most important for the preservation o' health."

"This sounds well; but suppose a genius broke the rules—lay in bed, for instance, reading by the light of a candle after hours, or refused to take his bath in the morning?"

"The superintendent would ha'e to punish him. The genius would be sent back to his bed maybe. An' if he lay lang i' the mornin', he would ha' to gang withoot his breakfast."

"That would be all very well where the inmate only broke the regulations once in a way; but suppose he were to refuse to take his bath day after day (and you know geniuses are said to be eccentric in that particular) what would be done? You could not starve him; geniuses are too scarce."

"Na, na. In a case like that he would ha'e to be reported to the public. The thing would ha'e to come afore the Hoose o' Commons. Ay, the superintendent would get a Member of the Opposeetion to ask a question, such as, 'Can the honourable gentleman, the Secretary of State for Home Affairs, inform the Hoose whether it is a fac' that Mr. Sic-a-one, the well-known genius, at present resident in the Home for Geniuses, has, contrairy to regulations, perseestently and obstinately refused to change his linen; and if so, whether the Government proposes to take ony steps in the matter?' The newspaders would report the discussion next mornin', an' so it would be made public withoot onnecessary ootlay."

"In a general way, however, you would give the geniuses

perfect freedom? They could work when they liked, and come and go when they liked?"

"Not so. The superintendent would fix the hours o' wark, an' they would all write, or whatever it was, thegither in one large room. Man, man, it would mak' a grand draw for a painter chield, that room, wi' all the geniuses working awa' thegither."

"But when the labours of the day were over, the genius would be at liberty to make calls by himself, or to run up say to London for an hour or two?"

"Hoots, no, that would spoil everything. It's the drink, ye see, as does for a terrible lot o' geniuses. Even Rob—"

"Alas! yes. But would you have them all teetotalers?"

"What do you tak' me for? Na, na. The superintendent would allow them one glass o' toddy every night, an' mix it himsel'; but he would never let the keys o' the press, whaur he kept the drink, oot o' his hands. They would never be allowed oot o' the gairden either, withoot a man to look after them; and I wouldna burthen them wi' ower muckle pocket-money. Saxpence in the week would be sufficient."

"How about their clothes?"

"They would get twa suits a year, wi' the letter G sewed on the shoulders, so as if they were lost they could be recognised and brocht back."

"Certainly it is a scheme deserving consideration, and I have no doubt our geniuses would jump at it; but you must remember that some of them would have wives."

"Ay, an' some o' them would ha'e husbands. I've been thinkin' that oot, an' I daursay the best plan would be to partition off a part o' the home for female geniuses."

"Would Parliament elect the members?"

"I wouldna trust them. The election would ha'e to be by competitive examination. Na, I canna say wha would draw up the queistions. The scheme's juist growin' i' my mind; but the mair I think o't, the better I like it."

The gift of writing such a humorous, imaginative picture as the above is bestowed on few men, and here we consider

the celebrated author has excelled himself; a succession of *stories* is all very well, but to sustain a dialogue of the kind given above requires a perception, an imagination, and a delineative power of the highest order. In our humorous literature pertaining to Scotland, nothing more trenchant or vigorous has been given to the public these many years, and the result of our reading the chapter headed "A Home for Geniuses" has been the formation of a wish that there were actually such an institution, for genius like merit is often laid on the shelf; and who would not wish to see the genius, hard-working in former days, but fallen on evil times, established comfortably for life under the care of a kindly superintendent of a philanthropic institution? Gladly would we visit him there, musing on departed joys that now return no more, but with his face turned to the east, seeking a city that hath foundations.

Finally, in looking to the appreciation in which Mr. Barrie is held by the press, we select one notice of him which will be cordially echoed by many friends and readers. It runs as follows:—

"In dull days of sensational horrors, and wild, would-be humorous hums,
What delight to fly darkness, and watch the 'Auld Licht' from 'a Window in Thrums.'
Let pessimists patter and pule, and let savages slaughter and harry,
Give me *Hendry* and *Tammas* and *Jess*, and a smile and a tear born of Barrie."

Life and Letters of Sir Charles Hallé.

It has been remarked that the domestic and social life of many a literary man has not been commensurate in felicity with his professional fame. The late Mrs. Craik emphasised this fact, remarking that there was the less excuse for literary men exhibiting that temper and those arbitrary ways with their family and household than there was in the case of those who had less knowledge and education, and there will be many supporters of this view, while against it will be the theory that the ardent young literary man, having plunged heedlessly into domestic life, has married in haste, and the proverbial repentance at leisure which followed has brought in its train many other evils, including separation or the Divorce Court. Whatever the causes, the results have in too many cases been painfully conspicuous. The names of many a literary man will readily occur to the reader, and therefore one would gladly drop the curtain on this drama, and turn the scene to a brighter picture, wherein our late eminent musician, with his fine ear too apt to be offended by the many discords of life, and have his temper tried by the various jarring notes, all out of tune and harsh, retain his equanimity throughout a long life, one who was the head of a happy family, and in social life the centre and cynosure of an admiring throng. That there may—nay, must have been —an occasional misunderstanding or quarrel with his fellow-men is only to say that he was human; but the general tenor of the life of this celebrated German, as disclosed in his "Life and Letters," is harmonious, like the music of the great masters he played with such finished refinement. The very reading of it brings pleasure of an exalted kind, besides furnishing a lesson to the reader whereby he may profit by the example set before him in Hallé's "Life and Letters."

The most direct and proximate cause of this harmonious

life will be found in Hallé's case, as in the instances of all men whose lives have been useful and influential, in the kindly and judicious nurture whereby parents, guardians, and teachers combine happily to educate and influence the tender offspring committed to their trust. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*, and this is a truth of truths which invariably stands the test of reason and of experience. Most fortunately for himself and for the world, young Hallé's childhood was one in which the loving solicitude of his parents guided his youthful feet, but, being enthusiasts in vocal and instrumental music, they were the most fitting pioneers of their youthful son in the sphere for which he so early developed a special adaptation.

"My dear mother," says the eminent musician, "Caroline Hallé, *née* Brenschedt, came of an old Westphalian family. She was, when I could begin to appreciate her, one of the sweetest of God's children, and continued to be beloved by all who knew her until her death at the ripe age of eighty-eight years. She also was a good musician, though not a professional one, and sang most charmingly with a sweet soprano voice. Often was I lulled to sleep when a baby by the duet singing of my parents; but many years must have passed before I could understand the merit and beauty of it. I remained for upwards of eight years their only child, and feel sure that it has been given to few men or women to recollect so happy a childhood as mine was."

Not less fortunate was this youth in his father, Frederick Hallé, who, in addition to good looks and a winning manner, was an active and successful leader of concerts in Hagen and other provincial towns, and was a performer on the flute, violin, organ, and piano, giving lessons on these and in singing. A weakly child, Charles, or Carl, as he was called in Germany, was nurtured with care, and kept free of the romps and games common to his fellow-pupils; and thus did he learn all the quicker, and could read fluently when four years old. Moreover, the life in Hagen being permeated by music, it was *this*, the motive power of his life, that imbued his whole being from infancy, and which, through the stages of young manhood on to finished maturity, he brought in his own person

to perfection, and in others educated to the limits of their several capacities.

That the fondest affection for his parents and the home of his youth continued when he quitted it for musical training at Darmstadt is frequently evinced in the dutiful and loving letters to his parents, narrating his progress, the condition of his health, and the general condition of things in his new sphere, accompanied by the most loving greetings to the friends and neighbours at Hagen. A united German family and the various members of it accomplished! No more interesting or beautiful sight is to be had in this world. Ambitious of progress, yet feeling exiled even at Darmstadt, Charles Hallé, then a youth of seventeen, writes to his father and mother, under date, July 6, 1836:

"Beloved parents, your dear letter caused me indescribable pleasure, all the more so that I had not expected it nearly so soon. Thanks—a thousand thanks—that you granted my request, and all of you wrote. Oh, how often I have read it, and put it by, and then taken it again, thinking I might have overlooked something; but you might have written much smaller and closer together, and made more of the small space which, alas! is all one has for a letter. Take example from me. I could write you a whole ream, and then I should not have put down nearly all I had to say. I am only sorry that Mino (his dog) was too busy to write to me. I should so have liked to see his handwriting. When I first opened your letter I looked at once for the bill of health, and, only after having found that, thank God, you are all well, I began to read the letter through, and now will answer all your questions. . . ."

Letters in a similar strain are to be found during his popularity, altering, of course, in style and sentiment as the youth developed into a fine, manly fellow; but the affection manifested to parents, to wife and children, never ceased, and the expression of it is always enhanced by its glowing sincerity. To his friends he was ever loyal and tender-hearted. In the correspondence between him and Stephen Heller there will be found expressions of brotherly love worthy of David and Jonathan. of Damon and Pythias.

When his old friend Heller, from advancing years and failing sight, reduced in means, was left to the tender mercies of a selfish world, the genuine friendship of Hallé came as a friend in need, and through his vigorous instrumentality the last years of the eminent composer were made comfortable and happy. Before quoting specimens of these letters, reference should be made to the qualities of commonsense, shrewdness, and humour, that were so abundantly conspicuous in Hallé. Sarcasm he also had, but it was well under control, and used only as a sauce *piquante*. He was the last man to give a stab in the dark, and the first to acknowledge merit in any one, musical or otherwise, showing no jealousy towards other eminent musicians. His friendship and aid towards the leaders of his orchestra were much appreciated by the men who worked so zealously for their chief, a zeal which fired all the members of the band with an *esprit de corps* equal to soldiers led by an able and amiable colonel.

Illustrating what has been above remarked of this eminent and popular German as an individual, turn for a moment to the national life of Germans, and find there much that is in sympathy with our Scottish national life. It is not too much to say that they run, if not on parallel lines, yet as nearly so as to manifest an *entente cordiale* more akin than any two nations of the earth. Who can gainsay the truth that the leal-hearted Scot, as well as his brother of the Fatherland, the countrymen of John Knox, the adherents of Martin Luther, by the stern stuff and the tender emotions exhibited by them all, have done wonders for the nations of which they are brilliant representatives?

Says Alexander Smith, of Luther: "The great reformer's music resounds to this day in our churches, and one of the rude hymns he wrote has such a step of thunder in it that the father of Frederick the Great, Mr. Carlyle tells us, used to call it 'God Almighty's Grenadier March.' The Germans have hymns embodying confessions of sin; hymns in the near prospect of death; and they have—what is more important—spiritual songs that may be sung by soldiers on the march, by the artisan at the loom, by the peasant following his team, by

the mother among her children, and by the maiden sitting at her wheel, listening for the step of her lover. Religion is thus brought in to refine and hallow the sweet necessities and emotions of life, to cheer its weariness, and to exalt its sordidness. The German life revolves like the village festival, with the pastor in the midst. Joy and laughter and merry games do not fear the holy man, for he wears no unkindness in his eye; but his presence checks everything boisterous or unseemly—the rude word, the petulant act; and when it has run its course, he uplifts his hands and leaves his benediction on his children. . . . The pious German is overladen with grief, or touched by some blessing into sudden thankfulness, and he breaks into song as he laughs from gladness or groans from pain. This directness and naturalness give Scottish ballad and German hymn their highest charm."

Sprung from a nation like this, no wonder that the seeds sown in youth into fertile soil should, in the summer and autumn, yield their respective fruits in the person of Charles Hallé, the good and the wise. Reaping out of his "Life and Letters" some of the golden corn, there are here introduced tokens of his personal friendship with his fellowman and brother, Stephen Heller, when the last named had, through misfortune, fallen on evil days. It is well known that Heller, gradually losing his sight, an appeal was made to his admirers and the musical public to give a helping hand, an appeal cordially responded to mainly through Sir Charles Hallé's powerful influence. The letters between the two were affectionate. They were frequent. Writing from Paris, Sept. 30, 1885, Heller says: "So you are soon going to play my little work. It is not for you but for myself that I shall pray. As to the 'affair,' everything is right, what you have done, what you are doing, and what you will do. I shall henceforth be sheltered from all anxiety. With the help of God I can give myself the trifling supplement to complete what Horace so judiciously called a *golden mediocrity*. That was all that wise immortal sighed for, and in my turn it is all that I desire. I hope to live and to see you again. I press your hand, and I am your friend, Stephen Heller."

Writing in December of the same year Heller says, "My dear, very dear, friend, it is not because of New Year's day that I am sending you these few lines. Never a day goes by but that I have a kindly thought of you. I wish you every prosperity, every satisfaction of soul and body. May you succeed in all you undertake, and be ever surrounded by affectionate, sincere, intelligent, and amiable friends. I know this is asking a good deal from life; but I wish—how I wish—that this may be the fate allotted you. I press your hand, and I remain, until my latest breath, your friend, in all the compass of that great word, a friend, Stephen Heller."

From another letter we glean the following: "Thanks for your good letter. I hasten to announce that everything came safely to hand. The remittance you sent will serve to stop many little gaps made by certain winter expenses, such as the vulgar firewood, bedding, warm clothing, and other articles that remind us of the conditions of material and trivial existence. Trivial it may be, but it is good not to shiver, and to be unable to cure a smoky chimney, which the landlord, a cruel and rapacious animal by nature, refuses to repair. I do not know why I am reminded at this moment of a comical receipt addressed by the master of a poorhouse to a benefactor. Here it is: 'With a grateful heart I beg to acknowledge your gift of eight blankets, twelve pairs of worsted stockings, and nine pairs of boots, with which many tears will once again be wiped away.' I am very glad the impromptu pleased. It *spoke out*, as Rob Volkmann used to say in speaking of the execution of his works."

Hallé's great love for his children, his interest in their domestic happiness, and satisfaction at their success in life, are abundantly manifest in his letters and diary. When absent from his home, his fondest thoughts were directed there. With eager longing did he desire once more to be with his wife and family. Writing to the former in April, 1866, he says: "You know by Charlie's letter of yesterday that my portrait and B.'s are positively accepted by the Academy, which makes me hope that the others will also be taken, as the 'Beatrice' is certainly even better painted. So now our

dear boy is before the public, and fairly launched, and I have no doubt of his success. May the good God protect him in his career. I feel as if mine had come to an end now, for I take interest solely in and think only of his success."

This young artist having now acquired distinction, the fame attaching to the name of Hallé is perpetuated; but dearer to all the family than the possession of fame is that domestic felicity, the sweetener of life, which is one of the sources and secrets of all true and permanent distinction.

Experiences of an LL.D.

THE numerous friends of a gentleman who, till lately, was a townsman of ours in Edinburgh, must have read with great satisfaction the "Pleasant Memories of a Busy Life," by David Pryde, LL.D., who, being born and nurtured in Fifeshire, and undergoing in his boyhood the restrictions attendant on rural life in the home of "honest but poor" parents, received an excellent university education at St. Andrews, eminently fitting him for his subsequent successful career of teacher and lecturer in the Scotch Metropolis, where he was deservedly a favourite in social life as well as with the numerous pupils who received instruction at his classes. The book was published five years ago, and was not only read with avidity, but by many it has been re-perused with interest and advantage, being a compendium of history, anecdote, criticism, and personal experience, all interwoven in so harmonious a blend that the reader rises satisfied from the perusal of a most entertaining work, finding therein graphic sketches of country life, as well as of the more eminent scholars and public men connected with Edinburgh and St. Andrews in these latter days, and feels grateful to the author for placing on the easel so fascinating a picture. The work of writing his book was delayed until Dr. Pryde had won his well-earned retirement from professional life, and had migrated to London, where from afar he looked back with loving eyes to the Fifeshire coast, or in memory saw the old and new town of Edinburgh, his favourite streets, his suburban haunts, the varied scenes in which he had taken a prominent part for half a century. The result of such a retrospect coming from the pen of this ready writer, embodied in a work of 250 pages, is strongly commended to the notice of those who have not yet been so fortunate as to procure the book from their libraries.

What memories of boyhood come crowding on the brain of every man, be he humble or distinguished, rich or poor! Here is an attribute common to all, a universal experience whether the man silently muses on the past as a golden treasure, or gives forth his experience to mankind by his pen. To Dr. Pryde we are indebted for historical incidents in addition to personal reminiscences, for he discourses on the scene of Macbeth's battle with the Norwegians, of the tragic sudden death of King Alexander III. at Kinghorn, of the haunted castle of Balwearie, ever associated with the name of Michael Scott the Wizard; while he traverses with you in detail the acres, the very spot, whereon in the spring of 1822, a deadly duel was fought between Sir Alexander Boswell and Stuart of Dunearn. Each and all of these places was familiar ground to the impressionable lad whose early home was near to these and to Kirkcaldy, where sometime dwelt the author of "The Wealth of Nations," regarding whom Dr. Pryde informs us: "I regarded with reverence a dingy alley called Adam Smith's Close, and concluded that he must have been born there, or at least must have lived there. A bookseller's window, in which was exposed a copy of 'The Wealth of Nations,' was a great attraction to me, and I often went out of my way to have the pleasure of gazing at the outside of that book. But what interested me most was a tradition that still floated about the neighbourhood. One Sunday morning, the tradition said, Adam Smith walked out in his dressing-gown, immersed in thought about one of the grand speculations which was to revolutionise commerce. His mind was groping its way along a new vista of ideas that was opening up before him, and his body kept moving in sympathy with his mind. He went on for hours, taking no notice of outward objects, till he was roused by the sound of bells, and found himself in the streets of Dunfermline amid a throng of church-goers, twelve miles from home, and in a state of semi-nudity. This story interested me much, for I knew the road along which he must have come; and I could imagine him in his strange guise in the early summer morning, moving along as if in a dream, past the Grange, the seat of the famous

Kirkcaldy, past Kinghorn Loch, down Whinnyhall Brae, and so on by Aberdour to Dunfermline."

With many a felicitous touch in Dr. Pryde's best style, we become acquainted with his school-boy days at Kinghorn, and his college curriculum at the ancient university of St. Andrews; in a graphic manner is the life of the old city by the sea portrayed, and especially the occupants of the professorial chairs, some of whom shed a lustre on university life—such as Ferrier, Sellar, and Tulloch, among the more eminent, while others, if less distinguished, come in for due notice in the shape of Duncan, Piper, and Spalding, with whom Pryde as a student was brought in contact with, and fortunate indeed was the youth whose mental development was quickened under such able preceptors; in such soil as the mind of David Pryde was the seed sown which was afterwards to fructify and enable him subsequently to teach the young of Edinburgh in classes and lectures, imparting to them the stimulus which these worthy lecturers in the ancient city had given to him. He shows how careful he was, in his system of teaching, to inspire interest and enthusiasm especially among the more capable of his pupils, while those of slower apprehension, or afflicted with timidity, were encouraged to do the best they could, which are really the secrets of success in all our best teachers. On holidays, too, so well did Dr. Pryde employ his time, and so happily did he select places of resort on the Saturday that, doubtless, even in recreation, he must have imbued many pupils with the spirit of how to get the most out of those hours of recreation that, well spent, send preceptor and pupil alike back to their work with renewed vigour. Vivid descriptions of Edinburgh schoolmasters and celebrities are given, but before coming to these, let us have a glimpse of the St. Andrews days wherein he shows the efficiency and power of the occupant of the Chair of Logic, Professor Spalding, his characteristics, a good temper never broken save once, when a student, playing the fool, was sharply reprimanded in those words: "Macgregor, for my sake, and for the class's sake, and for your own sake, and for God's sake, if you can't be quiet, *go out*." The distinguished

Professor of Moral Philosophy also comes in for the full praise which he deserved, and indeed Ferrier's name is now so well known to all men that we need not enlarge on the theme; but turn to one, a child of fortune, a man of distinction, who has not been so much spoken of as Ferrier—Professor Sellar of the Greek Chair, of whom says Dr. Pryde: "He had been successively *dux* of the Edinburgh Academy, the winner of the Snell Exhibition, a distinguished student of Oxford, a fellow of Oriel College, an assistant to Professor Lushington, of Glasgow. His appearance was pleasing: he had married an heiress, and he lived in right hospitable style at Abbey Park, one of the best residences in St. Andrews. Sellar's method of teaching was most enthusiastic and thorough. . . . It was like another revival of learning within a small area. Greek was no longer a dead tongue. Its great writers were still living, and now appeared as men of kindred passions with Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson; their lines throbbed with feeling, force, and beauty; and their stories of the gods were not old wives' fables, but a figurative method of expressing the everlasting powers and dread mysteries of Nature. In sooth, that grand old country, the birthplace of heroes and God-like men, and the favourite abode of poetry and the fine arts, was brought vividly before us. Such was the influence of scholarship aglow with enthusiasm."

Of course, the illustrious Principal Sir David Brewster comes in for due notice at the hands of Dr. Pryde, but there is not space here for further mention of St. Andrews, when the wider field of Edinburgh institutions has to be taken up, besides mention of eminent citizens whom Dr. Pryde delighted to honour; appreciative accounts are given of a venerable teacher of singing, still happily surviving, Mr. Edmund Edmunds; but the great hero to the author, as he was to many pupils and fellow-citizens, was the well-known Dr. Graham, who flourished to old age in an atmosphere of teaching and lecturing, and so great was his activity that the author says that the doctor would sometimes begin teaching at seven a.m., and continue with little interval until eight p.m. (and sometimes later), when he dined. A thorough teacher,

Dr. Graham had also a true sympathy with all his pupils, with whom he was a great favourite; his society was much courted in private life; many were his racy anecdotes; he had, when formerly a teacher at Cupar, been one evening to the performance of a strolling player, who becoming bankrupt, found a lodging in the local prison; this misfortune enlisting Graham's sympathy, he called on the luckless actor, whom he treated to a glass of ale, and was treated in turn to the sentiments of the player: "Mr. Graham, my life has been one vast mistake. Sir, I have been casting pearls before swine. Would you believe it, I once played Hamlet in the city of —— to empty benches! One man, indeed, invited me home to supper, but he gave me a fin-nan had-dock, a thing I detest. Mr. Graham, the British public is a d—d stupid ass."

The annoyances to which lecturers are subjected form a theme for Dr. Pryde's humorous pen; instances of his own experience, and that of others, are given, from which we select the following:—A very excitable lecturer was in the middle of what he considered an eloquent peroration, when he saw an old gentleman, who sat in one of the front seats, coolly rise and proceed to put on his great coat. He made a dead stop, and assumed a look of mingled astonishment and indignation, but the old gentleman, not at all disconcerted, went on preparing for departure. Then in a cold and cutting tone he said, "Won't you sit down, sir? There's only a little more." But the old gentleman, with a bow and a deprecatory wave of the hand, like one refusing a second helping at table, replied, "No more, I thank you; I've had quite enough—good-night!" and walked out amidst a tempest of laughter.

Mr. Spurgeon, having one evening concluded a lecture on some subject connected with Jewish history, was tackled by a pious lady with the question, "Mr. Spurgeon, what do you think of the Jews of the present day?" "The Jews, ma'am, he replied, "why, they're a greasy lot!" For some moments the lady collapsed, but bravely pulling herself together she returned to the attack. "But, Mr. Spurgeon, when do you think that their restoration to their own land will take

place?" "Well," said he, "not so long as there are ranges and old clothes to be sold in London!"

The office of janitor in the large institution with which Dr. Pryde was latterly connected seems to have been an object of keen competition; finding it no easy matter to interview the candidates personally, as one would have done with servants, he latterly directed that application for the post should be made by letter. Three of these epistles are amusing enough to be given here. "One correspondent began with 'My dear Sir,' and ended with 'Love to all the family.' Another, after stating all his many qualifications, made the following admission: 'I am a married man, but a Christian,' and at the foot of his letter put, '*P.S.*—Strick T.T.' A third, a woman, wrote in favour of her husband, saying that he was specially well fitted to be a janitor in a school, because he had a sister who was married to a gentleman whose father had been a teacher."

The following description of Mr. W. H. Murray, the celebrated Edinburgh actor, remembered by some of us in our school-boy days, is one of the best specimens of Dr. Pryde's word painting. Be it remembered that, as not infrequently happens, the comedian who causes hundreds to laugh, cannot, off the stage, be induced to laugh himself, and this was the case with Murray. "The first actor that I ever saw was walking on St. Andrews Links, in December, 1851. The friend who was with me told me that this man was W. H. Murray, the late famous manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, that he was a distinguished comedian, and that he was the most versatile actor of his time, who could not only play a first-rate part, but could take up, as he often did, a second or third-rate part, and give it the strongest individuality and interest. You may be sure I looked well at him. He was a little stoutish, and had good features, but was clouded all over with melancholy. I could scarcely imagine that this was the man who had electrified the people of Edinburgh for so many years with the drolleries of Paul Pry, and the oily, rollicking pleasantry of Falstaff. But I was told that he was always hypochondriacal, and had only been kept up by

being compelled to lay aside his own sad individuality, and to put on the joviality of a dramatic character. And here he was removed for ever from a congenial employment and from the plaudits of thousands of admirers, and settled in a small, gossipy, unsympathetic community, with little else to do than wander about in a purposeless manner. How I pitied him! Four or five months afterwards he died, and I witnessed his funeral, and saw him laid in a corner of the old cathedral burying-ground, within hearing of the perpetual surge of the North Sea. A granite monument marks the spot, and on it you may see how the snobbery peculiar to a small community had influenced his family. His claim to remembrance is founded, not on the fact that he was a great actor, but on the fact that he was the great-grandson of Sir John Murray of Broughton. And who was this Sir John Murray, whose lustre extends thus to the third generation of his descendants? He was the Secretary of Charles Edward during the luckless campaign of the '45, and saved his own miserable life by betraying his own fellow-insurgents."

Somewhat severe on Dr. Pryde's part, some readers may say, while others of similar views will think it only right that the sawdust should be shaken out of the coat sleeves of those social pretenders.

The impression left on one's mind after a second perusal of Dr. Pryde's book is that he is a man who, while fully appreciating all kinds of learning and knowledge, is not puffed up by either. One would think that to all right-minded men, and especially to those endowed with the gifts that go to make up the teacher and lecturer, there would come the humility that would teach them how little after all they knew, or, at all events, that they should have the sense to refrain from parading the knowledge they did possess; for a display of it only lays them open to the satire under which they must wince:

> "I come first, my name is Jowett,
> And there's no knowledge but I know it,
> I am the master of this College,
> And what I don't know isn't knowledge."

If such an eminent man as the late Master of Balliol so gave himself away as to have this written of him, how much need is there for others to avoid arrogating to themselves that omniscience of knowledge which puffeth up?

A Dean's Fond Memories.

THE name of Pigou is not unfamiliar in Edinburgh. The Very Reverend the Dean of Bristol (one of the bearers of it) was a schoolboy at the Edinburgh Academy half a century ago, and has several times since then visited the Scottish capital, besides keeping in touch with it both by memory and by correspondence. To his surviving class-fellows in Scotland, as well as many Scotchmen, his reminiscences, which are headed, "Phases of My Life," will come with deep interest, and no better book could fall into the hands of the rising generation, for in it they will see that though life has its hard struggles, it has also its commensurate rewards, and, withal, the book is so genial in its style, so happy in its vein, that a more delightful recreation could not be found than in the perusal of those pages which, with filial reverence, the Dean inscribes to the memory of his father.

Francis Pigou was born in 1832, at Baden-Baden, and was brought up in an atmosphere of German, the guttural of which sticks to him yet. He was of Huguenot descent, but is practically a Yorkshireman. In the two important towns of Doncaster and Halifax he held positions of distinction, while his earliest English education was obtained at the cathedral town of Ripon; and if we look now at the exalted ecclesiastical rank he holds in the diocese of Bristol, there is a rounded completeness in a life well worthy of being recorded for the benefit of friends, of his family, and of the reading public. Cheltenham, too, had a share in the education of the Dean as a boy. Trinity College, Dublin, received him as a student, and, in his riper years, he received from that university the titles of B.D. and D.D., so that in these different training-grounds for the youthful mind there was a breadth, a liberality which could not fail in due time to bring forth the good fruit apparent in the life and work of the man who now with the pen of a ready writer

tells us the story of his own life, and gives us abundant information concerning many distinguished men. Such a life appears to us much in the light of an October sunset; the ardours, so to speak, of spring, the fulness of summer, the grain of September have been in due season gone through and gathered in; the sky, as seen in its russet hues of an October afternoon, shines with calm dignity ere beating its retreat—the sunset is rich, even gorgeous.

Touching the name of Pigou, the Dean records how numerous were the errors, both of spelling and pronunciation, that occurred over it. In boyhood, his school-fellows for the sake of brevity chaffingly called him "Pig"; when he became a Reverend, a telegram once reached him, addressed, "Mr. Puggie"; into a drawing-room of Belgrave Square, he was announced as Mr. "Pickles." But the unkindest cut of all was that after forty years' service in the Christian ministry a letter was addressed to him as the Reverend Mr. Pagan! Surely no man has ever had the changes so rung on him. But in the work of life we think little of these and other mishaps; they frequently cause merriment, and no man, save one who was very thin-skinned, would show anger or dismay over a mistake having its origin in the carelessness, the ignorance of others; and so Francis Pigou, having humorously narrated the many liberties taken with his name, resumes his discourse of those early days in Ripon, which are the subjects of an interesting chapter.

"A clergyman," says the Dean, "served two churches. The following notices were given out by the parish clerk in broad Yorkshire: 'I bag to give notice that there will be no sarvice in this 'ere church on Soonday next, as oor vicar will be preaching to all eternity (alternately) in t' oother church; the second notice I have to give is that there will be no sarvice in t' oother church Soonday after next, as oor vicar will be a-fishing (officiating) in this 'ere church.'

"A vicar who was somewhat deaf was anxious to introduce 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' into his church. He had also heard that several children in his parish were unbaptised. He instructed his curate to give out notices on the Sunday

following on these two subjects. 'I am desired to give notice,' said the curate, 'that as we hear that several children are still unbaptised, we shall be glad if parents will bring their unbaptised children on Sunday next.' The vicar, not hearing distinctly what had been said, rose in his stall and said, 'And if any of you do not happen to have any, you can have as many as you want at the vicarage at sixpence apiece; and if you want them with strong backs and red edges, the charge will be one shilling.'"

Glancing back at the Dean's younger days in our Edinburgh Academy, a vivid picture is given of teachers and of scholars; superfluous to say that then as now, that in the Edinburgh Academy as elsewhere "boys will be boys," and that among the teachers will be found all kinds—the stern, the genial, the excitable, the calm. A notable instance of the latter was then the Rector, Archdeacon Williams of Balliol, and also vicar of Lampeter. "A man of high literary attainments, his name and reputation attracted many pupils to the Academy, and to him the Academy is largely indebted for its success. I see him now with his kindly face, with figure short and dumpy, stick in hand. He had a way of coming up to a boy, dividing his hair on his forehead with his stick, and then giving his opinion about us individually. I remember his stroking my head, but he withheld any opinion he might have formed about me. . . . He always comported himself with imperturbable dignity. On a certain occasion the 'Sixth' had hunted a huge sow into the Rector's class-room. The sow took refuge in one of the presses. In getting away she got in between the Archdeacon's legs, upset him on the floor, and rushed out. Peace and an upright position restored, the Rector calmly, as if nothing unwonted had occurred, said, 'Boys, our lesson has been too long interrupted; let us go on.' He retired from the Academy a somewhat disappointed man, and died at Bushey in Hertfordshire."

With the well-known reputation of this educational institution, it was a fairly good beginning of the battle of life for Francis Pigou to be under Archdeacon Williams and other masters of the Edinburgh Academy, besides making some

friendships there that were to be life-long. However, time did not stand still with him any more than it does with others, and a university had to be selected wherein the youth was to study a course of divinity, and at Trinity College, Dublin, famous in this branch of instruction, and with such a man as Archbishop Whately in the Irish capital, along with many other names of repute, the young man, afterwards to become a dignified Dean, had no cause to complain of the city or the men among whom his maturer educational course was to be prosecuted, but with ardour did he throw himself into the breach of the educational battle, and, as the sequel will show, he did not go unrewarded. Even then of a serious turn of mind, Pigou was far from being a man of gloom, and rationally enjoyed the social, the humorous side of life, and in what city more than Dublin can these two phases be found. Pigou's experiences here were numerous, but we have room only for one.

"A wild Irishman was asked in examination, 'Will you explain to me, sir, the action and principle of the pump?' He had not the faintest idea of its action. With the utmost *sang froid*—I can vouch for this, as I was by his side—he slowly and deliberately gave the following reply: 'The action of a pump, sir, is the combined action of centripetal and centrifugal motion brought to bear on it by a lever on its fulcrum, and by repeated strenuous efforts the pump recovers its equilibrium.' The bewildered examiner, doubtful whether he was dealing with one whom 'much learning had made mad,' raised his eye-glass, and with dazed look he said, 'I think, sir, either I have not understood you, or you have not quite understood me. I ask you again, what is the action of the pump?' 'I perfectly understood you, sir, and I can only give my former reply,' which he proceeded to do. 'Well, then, sir,' said the examiner, 'if that is your idea of the action of a pump, I think you had better go back to your seat and endeavour to recover your own equilibrium.'"

And so pleasantly passed the days and months in Dublin until that eventful episode in the life of a clergyman, "my first curacy," the duties of which were discharged at Stoke

Talmage, to which he was appointed by the then Bishop of Oxford, and by whom (Wilberforce) he was ordained. An isolated, old-fashioned sleepy hollow of a place, Mr. Pigou was not altogether sorry to leave it, after an incumbency of about eighteen months; and now he experiences as wonderful a contrast as ever did a young curate, for he is transferred—not to another diocese or different section of England, but right over to the French capital, to minister to the spiritual wants of the English Protestants in Paris. By these he was held in the highest esteem, receiving much kindness, abundant hospitality from members of his congregation, while with the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary he contracted a cordial friendship. At his first interview with them in the Hotel du Rhin, Place Vendome, he was informed of the Court etiquette which prohibits commoners from turning their back when quitting the Royal presence. Observing the very slippery floor, when about to leave, he was harassed for a moment as to making good his retreat in safety, when "I plucked up my courage, and said, thanking her for her kindness, 'I am aware, madam, that it is not etiquette to turn my back on Royalty, but I do not see how I am to manage to reach the door because of the slippery floor and these treacherous mats.' She and the Princess laughed heartily at my dilemma, and the Duchess said, 'I cannot of course allow you to turn your back on me, but we will see what can be done.' She most kindly rose and gave me her hand, and I skated back. Niagara skating rink is nothing to it. I sent mats flying in every direction. She conducted me to the door and said, 'Now I think you will do.' In my London days, when she always attended my ministry, she used occasionally to command me at her residence, now occupied by the Duke and Duchess of York. Many a pleasant hour have I spent with her and the Princess Mary, chatting over a cup of tea *de omnibus rebus;* but I never left the room without her saying to me, 'I think I need not give you my hand to the door!'"

As this essay is meant to be a light one, we shall deal with the humorous rather than the serious side of Mr. Pigou's life

in Paris, it being superfluous to say how zealous he was in the sacred duties of his office, which were so onerous and even harassing that no wonder the English incumbent sought relief, and enjoyed recreation when these came in his way: "A girl who hailed from Manchester, and was supposed to have received a 'finished education' in Paris, was heard to say on her return from Switzerland that she and her sister had *greatly* enjoyed themselves, *and had been up several glaziers.* The best story on the whole is of two American girls who saw an empty cab passing and hailed the driver thus: 'Cochon, cochon!' The reply was a very emphatic 'sacré!' Not heeding or understanding this, and not knowing the French for 'empty,' they continued: 'Etes-vous fiancé, êtes-vous fiancé?" Cocher's wrath immediately subsided, and in view of two pretty girls asking him if he was engaged, he promptly with a broad grin, replied, 'Non, mademoiselle, non; je ne suis pas fiancé. Eh bieng dong, voulez-vous avez moi? Avec plaisir, mademoiselle.' Standing on the steps of the Madeleine, waiting for a particular procession to pass, a lady said to me, 'I am waiting to see the *cortégé* pass.' She evidently thought she could not, when in Paris, lay the accents on too thickly."

"The only sentence I have heard in England approaching these for irregularity of verbs was in the case of a Frenchman bidding good-bye to his fiancée. I was standing by him on the platform. As the train moved out of the station he took off his hat, and said, '*Off she did went!*'"

A lady friend of Mr. Pigou's, from England, had brought from that country a *hair trunk* which, going astray at the station, had to be asked for in French, and the lady described it as 'un boite *chevau,*' instead of *cheveux*; fortunately the French porter managed to secure the trunk, but apologised for not being able to find the horses!

The great talents and powers of work possessed by Mr. Pigou were well employed in Parisian circles for three years, at the end of which time he, then in his twenty-seventh year, sought out the great centre of the world, which had in store for him a tremendous amount of labour for thirteen years to

come; and then successively Doncaster, Halifax, Chichester, and Bristol had the great benefit of his services. And now, in the highly-dignified position of Dean of Bristol, exercising a ripe experience and the wisdom which comes with age, he is undoubtedly a power in a Church which can number many powerful men. For an interesting account of his career at all the places last mentioned we have to refer the reader to the book itself, which ought to be, of its kind, the most popular book of this season, and part of which is here given under the title of a "Dean's Fond Memories."

II.

So much has been told of that important and interesting functionary the Scotch beadle, that it is not intended to reproduce any of the current stories about him, however humorous, but rather to look for his counterpart in the sister country among the vergers, many of them genuine men and not a few of them eccentric characters. Glancing through the Dean of Bristol's "Phases of my Life," we have not far to seek for one of these in the person of one whom he styles "prince of vergers," by name Sagar, "so long, so faithfully connected with 't' ould parish church' (Halifax), and for whom we all have the greatest regard. He is a 'character,' and a fine specimen of real Yorkshire wit and readiness. What stories I could tell of him who has a place on the mantelpiece of my study, and looks so venerable in grey hairs, skull-cap, gown, and verger's staff, that I was asked if it was an Armenian patriarch! What experience he has had, spread over many years of marriages! On one occasion, a bridegroom discovered, after the service, that he had no money with which to pay the fees. 'I knowed right well, vicar, that he had the brass.' Sagar went to the bride in his most winsome way, and asked her—'Hast ever seen Black Bibles? We've

a rare lot on 'em in this 'ere vestry.' 'No,' she said, not having the faintest idea of what a Black Bible was. 'Coom along, I'll show yer them.' He lured her into our inner vestry. 'There's the Bibles,' he said, pointing to them locked up as they were in a bookcase with glass panels of which he had not the key; 'wait a while till I come back.' He turned the key of the vestry on her, locked her up, and going to the bridegroom, said '*Lass is all right; but you'll no have her till you have paid.*' The 'brass' was immediately forthcoming. A butcher, on being married, expressed to Sagar his regret that he had no fees, and said: 'Do you think, Sagar, vicar would take it out in sheep's heads?' Fancy being paid 'in kind,' and a sack of raw sheep's heads left at the Vicarage!" The Dean records a good one from Dr. Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield, who, shortly after his appointment, had a verger saying to him: "I heard as you (no 'my lord') was a-cooming to preach, and I jist looked at yer, and I says, 'Nay, I maun give yer someat to stand on in pulpit, or folk will see nowt but your head, and you'll look as if you was in a tub.' He told me he had been out fishing and had taken nothing. He met a boy with his creel full. 'Are there any fish, my boy, in the river?' 'Yes, there's a deal of 'em.' 'I have not caught any,' said the Bishop. '*Soom doant,*' said the boy, and without further remark went on his way."

This reverend Bishop had a strange experience when visiting in London, and reading a chapter from St. John to an apparently dying man, who kept diving with his hand under the bed; he brought out a cake and ate it. "Go on," he said to the Bishop, "I hear you." The Bishop, not a little disconcerted, resumed his reading. Again the man dived under the bed and produced another cake and ate it. "What are you doing?" said the Bishop. "I came to see you, hearing you were dying." "Oh, I'm not dying," he said. "My old woman thinks I am dying, and she goes out to get funeral cakes, and I eats them," (suiting the action to the word). "She thinks it be rats, when she finds them gone, as has taken 'em, *but I'm the rat.* Go on." This same Bishop asking a verger if he noticed anyone using the parish church for private prayer, he

replied, "*Yes, my lord, I ketched two of 'em at it only t'other day.*"

"I was leaving Halifax one day for some appointment," says the Dean, "and on my way to the station passed a church, the vicar of which I wished to see. It was during divine service on a week-day. As I had not many minutes to spare having to catch a train, and seeing the verger outside not worshipping, I beckoned to him and asked him if he could quietly find out how far service had proceeded, as I should then know whether I could stay or not. He put his ear to the key-hole and came back, saying, '*Please, sir, I've been a-listening, and vicar is in all conditions of men, but I think he'll be out on 'em soon.*' By way of retaliation the vicar told me that on one evening when the parish church was likely to be very crowded, two old women arranged that they would take their chance for a seat and meet after service. I confess the handsome lectern, the generous gift of Mr. Norris, was a doubtful 'eagle.' The same might be said of many lecterns. They met after church, and one said to the other, 'Well, did yer get seat?' 'Oh, I got first-rate seat; *I sat by vicar when he was standing at "turkey."*' Two more were comparing notes about one of my curates. One said, 'I likes him best in poolpit.' The other said, '*Nay, I likes him best when he is at goose.*' Am I not justified in saying that ours was a doubtful bird?"

Returning to the humorous incidents that crop up so plentifully at weddings, the verger, ready as he is with his joke, cannot have the monopoly of the fun, but has to share it with the rest of the party. From the following it will be seen that occasionally the Benedict and the Beatrice (or the Katherine) have something to say for themselves. "One of my curates, Mr. Robinson of Luddenden, was sore exercised on one occasion, and came to ask me if he had done right. When he put the question to a man, 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?' he replied, '*I woll, if lass will black my boots.*' This in Yorkshire is equivalent to 'obey.' He cautioned him that if he did not answer properly, he would not proceed with the service. He put the question

again and the bridegroom gave the same reply. Cautioning him once more, the man said, standing outside the altar rails: 'If yer'll listen for a moment, I'll tell yer how it is. Cooming down Horton Street I says to this 'ere lass, "Now, lass, yer man promise yer'll black my boots. If yer'll no promise I'll no wed yer."' Of course, as the Rubric makes no provision for such pledges or replies, the couple went away unmarried. Fancy this sort of thing transferred to St. Peter's, Eaton Square, the language or terms being altered, according to circumstances! The banns had necessarily to be read with speed. One could not always know who were going to be married. But little time was left for any to 'forbid.' Indeed they might, as was not unfrequently the case, be put up without parents' knowledge, by a boy or girl residing in some remote part of the ancient parish. A girl has been known to come home, and to the astonishment of her parents announce that she was 'wed a day or two afore at t' ould parish church.'

"Wooing is not very protracted in those districts. A man has not always time to take his fiancée to try on the wedding-ring. I have known a man buy it on chance of its fitting, and to bring a piece of soap with him in his pocket. When the time came to put on the ring, he would say, 'Come, lass, let's soap finger and try ring if it fit you.'"

The Dean was on terms of intimacy with the late Rev. Mr. White of the Savoy, of whom the following is told: "He had a curious experience with an old pickpocket. The man was dying and sent for White, who, in the hurry of the moment, forgot to leave behind him a handsome presentation watch and gold chain. The pickpocket was really dying. White, leaning over him and speaking words befitting so solemn an occasion, saw a smile steal over the man's face, which he not unnaturally thought arose from a consciousness of forgiveness and sense of peace. Alas! no; with 'the ruling passion strong in death,' the old pickpocket had deftly relieved White of watch and chain, and smiled at thought of his cleverness. I have been told, though White himself never told me, that the dying man handed back watch and chain."

Turning for a moment to high life and the clubs: "I heard a delicious story of a member of the Senior United calling at a house in Belgravia to inquire after a lady who had lately been confined. It was of importance that a son and heir should be born because of the family estates. Knocking at the door, Jeames Plush appeared. 'How is her ladyship?' 'As well as can be expected, sir,' 'Is it a boy?' 'No, sir.' 'Oh, I am sorry. Is it a girl, then?' 'No, sir.' 'Bless my heart, if it is not a boy or a girl, what on earth is it?' Pulling himself together with great dignity, Jeames Plush replied, 'Her ladyship, sir, has given birth to a hare (heir), and the family is very pleased.'"

Not the least interesting portion of "Phases of my Life" is the narrative of the six years wherein the Dean served the church as Vicar of Doncaster, going through all the experiences incidental to a town well-known as a centre for the training and racing of thorough-bred horses, but where the parish church looms conspicuously on the horizon. Be sure that Dr. Pigou as vicar made his mark here, as he did in all the towns whereunto he ministered, and kept alive that sense of humour, which never deserted him, even alongside the most serious aspects of life. To clergy and laity alike nothing could be more mirth-provoking than the juxtaposition of a serious, a sublime part of the service to an awkward dilemma, the result of absent-mindedness. "The Mayor had a habit, which I in vain tried to discourage, of always distributing the alms dishes during the singing of the *Te Deum*. The Mayor was devoutly joining in the *Te Deum*, and Hirst, without the Mayor seeing it, slipped this very large alms dish immediately under the Mayor. I had no means of preventing what I clearly foresaw. The Mayor sat immediately under the reading-desk; I could not warn him. He ended, 'O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded,' and sat down plump in the awaiting alms dish, jumping up as if he had had an electric shock."

Dr. Pigou had several times preached before the Queen, and on one occasion was advised by the late Countess of Caledon, when about to do so, to be plain and practical; so

the subject chosen for the occasion was "The power of unostentatious piety." "He entered into a house, and would have no man know it, but he could not be hid"; the discourse was published for private circulation. Her Majesty is not only an attentive listener, but an excellent judge of a sermon, so that if many preachers have felt it somewhat of an ordeal, no wonder the Dean had his share of nervousness on those occasions, despite the wise counsel given him. "Remember," said a friend to me, "that you are in the presence of a yet greater presence, the King of kings and Lord of lords." "That is true, and God forbid that anyone preaching before the Queen should be unmindful of that fact. At the same time, you cannot be indifferent to the Queen's presence as the Royal pew at Windsor is right *en face* of the pulpit."

"Many have heard, and as is not unfrequent, a distorted and somewhat exaggerated version of the late Dr. Liddon's unfortunate and surely mistaken remark on the only occasion of his preaching at Windsor. It so happened that I was preaching there on the Sunday immediately following, and heard from Dean Wellesley himself the *actual* facts. It was Thanksgiving Sunday, for the Duke of Edinburgh's escape from some would-be assassin in Australia, and for the safe return of our troops, after the taking of Magdala. It was the third Sunday after Trinity. Liddon took for his text the words out of the appointed epistle for the day. 'All of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility.' He proceeded to remark that 'every instance of God's goodness was a fresh occasion for thankfulness on our part,' and then looking straight at the Queen, he added, 'especially, madam, in your case.'"

The limits of this article forbid our giving more extracts from these most interesting phases in the life of the Very Reverend Dean.

A Famous Rectorial Address.

THERE yet remain a few veterans in the camp—men who accompanied the Chelsea Sage to the platform of the music hall in Edinburgh on the occasion of his delivering to the students of that university an address which will ever live in the minds of those who heard it—an address, be assured, not of the conventional type, carefully elaborated and duly christened, such as "The Higher Culture," or "The Student of History," but one after the manner of Carlyle himself, wildly picturesque, beautifully rugged, eloquent even in its unpreparedness, for he took care to inform the vast audience that he had not written down a word of what he was about to say, and with honest directness added that he would speak from the heart that which came uppermost, and that he would endeavour to say nothing but that which was true. A statement like this must at once have touched the hearts of everyone in the hall, old or young—they knew the experience, the wisdom of the veteran writer of books who stood before them, in the fulness of years and honours, who notwithstanding that he had done his life's work at Chelsea, was bound by the ties of residence and study to the Northern Metropolis, as by birth and training he was out and out a Scot, perhaps the most illustrious of his day. The audience was also certain that beyond scholastic subjects, he would give his views on many topics affecting the welfare of the State and of society, that he would soar over a high and wide range, and take many a lofty flight ere he descended to common earth again, and that while he might not please the whole of his hearers, he would eminently satisfy and encourage the honest youthful aspirant, of whom there were so many then starting in the battle of life. Carlyle quoted the old proverb, "He that builds by the wayside has many masters," and then added, "We must expect a variety of judges; but the voice of young Scotland,

through you, is really of some value to me, and I return you many thanks for it, though I cannot describe my emotions to you, and perhaps they will be much more conceivable if expressed in silence."

The Lord Rector then threw off his *ex officio* gown, and in his strong rolling voice, accentuated by the marked Annandale dialect, proceeded with his discourse to the students of his *alma mater.* Touching in the extreme was it to reflect how, fifty-six years previously, this illustrious man had as a youth of fourteen entered the walls of the university, of which, now in the fulness of time, he was the honoured Lord Rector; and equally touching was it to this great man to witness the enthusiasm which prompted the young students of this session (1866) to call forth the Sage from his calm retreat at Chelsea in order that he should bestow on them the fruits of his life-long experience. The large representative gathering were on the tip-toe of expectation to hear what the grand old man had to say, as to how he would say it. Addressing himself directly to the students who had elected him, he proceeds: "Your enthusiasm towards me, I admit, is very beautiful in itself, however undesirable it may be in regard to the object of it. It is a feeling honourable to all men, and one well-known to myself when I was in a position analogous to your own. I can only hope that it may endure to the end—that noble desire to honour those whom you think worthy of honour, and come to be more and more select and discriminate in the choice of the object of it; for I can well understand that you will modify your opinions of me and many things else as you go on."

The great man was careful as to the kinds of advice he was to give to his younger brethren, but, of course, could not in a scholastic address omit the subject of earnest application to the studies in hand: "But there is one advice I must give you. It is, in fact, the summary of all advices, and you have heard it a thousand times, I dare say, but I must, nevertheless, let you hear it the thousand and first time, for it is most intensely true, whether you will believe it at present or not—namely, that above all things the interest of your own life

depends upon being diligent now, while it is called to-day, in this place where you have come to get education. Diligent! That includes all virtues in it that a student can have; I mean to include in it all qualities that lead into the acquirement of real instruction and improvement in such a place. If you will believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden season of life. As you have heard it called, so it verily is the seed-time of life in which, if you do not sow, or if you sow tares instead of wheat, you cannot expect to reap well afterwards, and you will arrive at indeed little; while in the course of years, when you come to look back, and if you have not done what you have heard from your advisers—and among many counsellors there is wisdom—you will bitterly repent when it is too late. By diligence I mean among other things—and very chiefly—honesty in all inquiries into what you are about. Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. More and more endeavour to do that. Keep, I mean to say, an accurate separation of what you have really come to know in your own minds and what is still unknown."

In Carlyle's own day as well as in ours, and even more in ours, the abuse had crept in of bestowing honours too freely on men who had virtually purchased these by wealth instead of having arduously toiled for the benefit of mankind. No doubt, in many cases the wealthy man had manifested a philanthropy worthy of much praise and due recognition; he had fed and clothed many of his poorer brethren, had built them houses, and improved districts by clearing away the slums, and widening the surrounding spaces, but Thomas Carlyle doubted the sincerity of the philanthropist, as in many cases he was justified in doing, for was it not plain that, as an ultimate reward this Mr. Jackson coveted a baronetcy, that Mr. Tomkins aimed at the peerage? For this ambition the plain-speaking Sage had no sympathy, and one of the most trenchant passages of this famous rectorial address occurs when he goes to history for authoritatively stating "that down to the time of Charles I. it was not understood that any man was made a peer without having a merit in him, to constitute him

a proper subject for a peerage. In Charles I.'s time it grew to be known or said that if a man was by birth a gentleman, and was worth £10,000, a year, and bestowed his gifts up and down among courtiers, he could be made a peer. Under Charles II. it went on with still more rapidity, and has been going on with ever-increasing velocity until we see the perfect break-neck pace at which they are now going. And now a peerage is a paltry kind of thing to what it was in these old times. I could go into a great many more details about things of that sort, but I must turn to another branch of the subject."

"I have never heard tell of any clever man that came out of entirely stupid people. If you look around the families of your acquaintance, you will see such cases in all directions. I know that it has been the case in mine. I can trace the father, and the son, and the grandson, and the family stamp is quite distinctly legible upon each of them, so that it goes for a great deal—the hereditary principle in government as in other things; and it must be recognised so soon as there is any fixity in things."

As an earnest disciple of the illustrious Goethe, it was, of course, anticipated that the German doctrine would form a considerable part of the Carlyle discourse, an anticipation fully realised when selecting "Wilhelm Meister's Travels" as the cream of Goethe's philosophy. His Translator said: "I read it through, many years ago, and of course I had to read into it very hard when I was translating it, and it has always dwelt in my mind as about the most remarkable bit of writing that I have known to be executed in these late centuries. I have often said there are ten pages of that which, if ambition had been my only rule, I would rather have written, than have written all the books that have appeared since I came into the world. Deep, deep is the meaning of what is said there. They turn on the Christian religion and the religious phenomena of Christian life—altogether sketched out in the most airy, graceful, delicately-wise kind of way, so as to keep himself out of the common controversies of the street and of the forum, yet to indicate what was the result of things he had been long meditating upon. Among others he introduces in

an ærial, flighty kind of way, here and there, a touch which grows into a beautiful picture—a scheme of entirely mute education at least with no more speech than is absolutely necessary for what they have to do. Three of the wisest men that can be got are met to consider what is the function that transcends all others in importance to build up the young generation, which shall be free from all that perilous stuff that has been weighing us down and clogging every step, and which is the only thing we can hope to go on with, if we would leave the world a little better and not the worse of our having been in it, for those who are to follow. The man who is the eldest of the three says to Goethe, 'You give by Nature to the well-formed children you bring into the world a great many precious gifts, and very frequently these are best of all developed by Nature herself, with a very slight assistance, where assistance is seen to be wise and profitable, and forbearance very often on the part of the onlooker of the process of education; but there is one thing that no child brings into the world with it, and without which all other things are of no use.' Wilhelm, who is there beside him, says, 'What is that?' 'All who enter the world want it,' says the eldest; 'perhaps you yourself.' Wilhelm says, 'Well, tell me what it is.' 'It is,' says the eldest, 'Reverence—Ehrfürt—Reverence! Honour done to those who are grander and better than you, without fear, distinct from fear. Ehrfürt—the soul of all religion that ever has been among men, or ever will be.' And he goes into practicality. He practically distinguishes the kinds of religion that are in the world, and he makes out three reverences. The boys are all trained to go through certain gesticulations, to lay their hands on their breast and look up to heaven, and they give their three reverences. The first and simplest is that of reverence for what is above us. It is the soul of all the pagan religions; there is nothing better in man than that. Then there is reverence for what is around us or about us—reverence for our equals, and to which he attributes an immense power in the culture of man. The third is reverence for what is beneath us—to learn to recognise in pain, sorrow, and contradiction, even in those

things odious as they are to flesh and blood—to learn that there lies in this a priceless blessing. And he defines that as being the soul of the Christian religion—the highest of all religions; a height, as Goethe says—and that is very true even to the letter, as I consider—a height to which the human species was fated and enabled to attain, and from which, having once attained it, it can never retrograde. It cannot descend down below that permanently, Goethe's idea is."

"Often one thinks it was good to have a faith of that kind—that always, even in the most degraded, sunken, and unbelieving times, he calculates there will be found some few souls who will recognise what that meant; and that the world having once received it, there is no fear of its retrograding. He goes on then to tell us the way in which they seek to teach boys, in the sciences particularly, whatever the boy is fit for. Wilhelm left his own boy there, expecting they would make him a Master of Arts, or something of that kind, and when he came back for him he saw a thundering cloud of dust coming over the plain, of which he could make nothing. It turned out to be a tempest of wild horses, managed by young lads, who had a turn for hunting with their grooms. His own son was among them, and he found that the breaking of colts was the thing he was most suited for. That is what Goethe calls Art, which I should not make clear to you by any definition, unless it is clear already. I would not attempt to define it as music, painting, and poetry, and so on. It is in quite a higher sense than the common one, and in which, I am afraid, most of our painters, poets, and music men would not pass muster. He considers *that* the highest pitch to which human culture can go; and he watches with great industry how it is to be brought about, with men who have a turn for it.

"Very wise and beautiful it is. It gives one an idea that something greatly better is possible for man in the world. I confess it seems to me it is a shadow of what will come, unless the world is to come to a conclusion that is perfectly frightful. Some scheme of education like that presided over by the wisest and most sacred men that can be got in the world and watching from a distance—a training in practical-

ity at every turn. No speech in it, except speech that is to be followed by action, for that ought to be the rule as nearly as possible among them. For rarely should men speak at all, unless it is to say that thing that is to be done; and let him go and do his part in it, and to say no more about it. I should say there is nothing in the world you can conceive so difficult, *prima facie*, as that of getting a set of men gathered together —rough, rude, and ignorant people—gather them together—promise them a shilling a day, rank them up, give them very severe and sharp drill—for the word 'drill' seems as if it meant the treatment that would force them to learn—they learn what is necessary to learn. And there is the man, a piece of an animated machine, a wonder of wonders to look at. He will go and obey one man, and walk into the cannons' mouth for him, and do anything whatever that is commanded of him by his general officer. And I believe all manner of things in this way could be done, if there were anything like the same attention bestowed. Very many things could be regimented and organised into the mute system of education, that Goethe evidently adumbrates there. But I believe, when people look into it, it will be found that they will not be very long in trying to make some efforts in that direction; for the saving of human labour and the avoidance of human misery would be unaccountable if it were set about and begun even in part."

On the evening of 4th December, 1895, a representative company of literary men met together in Edinburgh to celebrate the centenary of that great man, whose address as Lord Rector we have been glancing at. Every justice was done to his memory by his friend and admirer Professor Masson, who recalled to the minds of the company an interesting episode in the life of the great Sage; it is recorded in his journal: "Three nights ago, stepping out after midnight with my final pipe, and looking up into the stars, which were clear and numerous, it struck me with a strange and new kind of feeling, 'that in a little while I shall have seen you also for the last time! God Almighty's own theatre of immensity, the infinite made palpable and visible to me, that also will be

closed, flung in my face, and I shall never behold that either any more! And I know so little of it, real as was my effort and desire to know. The thought of this eternal deprivation . . . was sad and painful to me. And then a second feeling rose in me. What of omnipotence which has developed in me these pieties, these reverences and infinite affections, should actually have said, 'Yes, poor mortals, such of you as have gone so far shall be permitted to go further. Hope! despair not! I have not had such a feeling for many years back as at this moment."

"A. K. H. B."

"NOTHING succeeds like success"—a proverb the general accuracy of which was amply testified by the life of that genial essayist, for forty years a writer of books having a wide circulation among a large class of readers in this country, across the Atlantic, and in the Colonial Empire When it is remembered that Dr. Boyd was a minister of the Church for half a century, and the author of thirty books, the amount of work done by these hands, now stilled for ever, is prodigious. He worked harder than many a recluse, and sought in the amenities of social life that bracing air which was a wholesome stimulus to further unwearied exertions in the duties of the pastorate, in the products of the pen. He influenced for good from the pulpit, the platform, the domestic sanctum, and from those writings grave and gay, lively and severe, which permeated through the press to thousands of appreciative readers, who, with due discernment, found them what the author intended them to be, *viz.*, the records of his experience ministerial and social, interspersed with words of kindly counsel, tones of sympathy, carried to many far beyond the circle of his congregation and of his social life, many of whom have thanked "A. K. H. B." for hours of enjoyment, for times of consolation. Critics in abundance came forth to speak both of his life and work, but the plodding worker held on the even tenor of his way, perhaps bearing in mind Mr. Disraeli's definition of critics—"the men who had failed in literature and art." But here let it be said that a man occupying so prominent a position in the Church and the literary world laid himself open to the legitimate criticism of which no man can complain so long as it keeps within reasonable bounds. That his critics sometimes overstepped those bounds we shall endeavour to show. Were we asked what was the too prominent feature of Dr. Boyd's writings (some would call

it a defect, others a fault), we would say it was his over-accentuation of the fact that he knew more than one archbishop, several bishops, with one of whom he was undoubtedly on terms of affectionate intimacy, a score of deans and canons. Surely he brings in super-abundance before the reader's view those shady places in the woods surrounding the episcopal palace, the verdant greenery of the dean's garden. Do we not hear over-much of the pastoral staff, the surplice of the dean, the canon's vestments? Allowing for the eloquent treatment that these receive at his hands, we can have too much of even such good things as episcopal residences and dean's cloisters. A frequent repetition of them is apt to pall on the otherwise gratified reader, who, however, remembering the author's enthusiasm and zeal on these subjects, smiles forgivingly, and passes on to other parts of the essay. But, after all, what the worse are any of us of learning some details of the lives of this Church dignitary or that famous man of letters? Without the information that "A. K. H. B." affords us, many readers would have known nothing that was of interest regarding the late Bishop of Winchester, Dean Stanley, or another celebrity of the English Church, Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury, and therefore the subject has to be looked at in this light, for surely it is better to have heard too much than too little regarding these men.

During the six years of Dr. Boyd's residence in Edinburgh, he was a familiar figure on the streets, on week days was often seen in the rooms of the Philosophical Institution, and on Sundays occupying the pulpit of St. Bernard's, besides preaching occasionally in other of the city churches. Many of us remember his brisk, jaunty step, and the air of greater dignity that possessed him when the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him—a ceremony we remember as taking place on a "capping" day in the Assembly Hall, when Mr. Boyd received the honour at the hands of Principal Sir David Brewster. About eighteen months after this distinction he remained a citizen of Edinburgh ere he was called to the ancient University city across the Forth, where his pastoral duties and literary recreations were carried on with

increased vigour, where he became so notable a figure in a city that has always been famous for many local celebrities, where his useful, busy life culminated in a long, an honourable career, and where the doctor is now so sadly missed. Happy in his domestic relations, surrounded by troops of friends, the doctor was blessed with good health, and had those life-long habits of method and regularity that enabled him to turn off the immense quantity of work that a sickly or fickle labourer could never have achieved. Regular in his toil as in his leisure, he set an example to cleric and layman alike. In the course of these years at St. Andrews he met many of both, no man being better known in the streets or on the links, while in the golf club-house he numbered many a friend.

We shall presently advert to the candid criticism bestowed on the earlier writings of "A. K. H. B." as an essayist by a competent hand. Meanwhile, being at the St. Andrews stage of his career, let us take up his maturer work—"Twenty-five Years at St. Andrews"—which, in its turn, was freely criticised. In his earlier essays he dealt more with abstract subjects. His later book, though treating more of men he had known, has in it some graphic touches of life and character, manifesting how shrewd, how keen an observer, how competent a critic he, in his turn, could be. Selecting from this volume a passage regarding heresy, we have Dr. Boyd at his very best. He had been invited to give, in the drawing-room of the Deanery at Westminster, a dissertation on the treatment of heresy in Scotland, which he did, followed by a discussion "bright and lively, and very outspoken, and then a debate on the treatment of heresy in England," says Dr. Boyd, "and I was disillusioned. I heard it maintained keenly that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is not a whit more impartial than a Church Court—that the members of that mystic body vote according to their ecclesiastical or theological bias, and that the judgment often founds on considerations of policy. My conclusion was that, wherever there are human beings, north or south, Episcopal or Presbyterian, there will be a great deal of human nature. We know that in the House of Lords, in a judicial appeal, such a thing has been known as

a strict party vote, the judges being divided according to their politics. It is best, if you wish to retain reverence and confidence, not to know too much of even the most elevated of our fellow-creatures. And I remembered how Dr. Grant of Edinburgh, shrewdest of men, once spoke to me of a most conscientious, not to say saintly, brother. He tells me that when there is to be a division in the Presbytery he casts aside all bias, and prays God to guide him right. I have no doubt he does exactly as he says he does; but, all the same, I can always tell beforehand how he is sure to vote."

From the same volume we get a description of a visit Dr. Boyd paid to Gadshill, the residence of Charles Dickens, for whom he had a great admiration. "I saw the study in which he wrote, not permitting any interruption; the dining-room in which he was stricken down—in which he died. I went to every corner of the bit of ground he held so dear; saw the traces of his orderly ways, his tidiness, his love of light and brightness, his desire not to be overlooked and stared at."

"Grand place St. Andrews. You have there the essence of all the antiquity of Scotland in good and clean condition," one of the sentences uttered by Carlyle in the only interview "A. K. H. B." had with him, and it remained for the latter to be the chronicler not only of its antiquity, but of the modern aspect of it, whether as the abode of learned doctors or the summer resort of thousands of visitors, the capital of the kingdom of golf. Those who have already perused the author's graphic pages will concur with us in recommending this delicious book to the attention of any who as yet have not seen it. One has difficulty, where all is so interesting, in selecting the best passages out of "Twenty-five Years at St. Andrews," but the following will interest those acquainted with a former distinguished Edinburgh townsman and a famous clergyman of the present day.

"I know that it has been usual to attack William Chambers as a self-advertising man, like Dickens's 'Bounderby.' Likewise to represent that he was offensively arrogant. I can but speak of him as I found him. He had found fault with a little paragraph I had written in a volume where he was quite

entitled to have some say. And when I, in reverence for his years, and his munificence in restoring St. Giles', replied that I would gladly do much more than alter that to please a man like him, the letter he wrote me (then unseen) was so grateful and kind that it brought the tears to my eyes. I never talked with him but twice, each time alone, each time for a long space, reaching to hours. It was near his end. He died while the documents as to his baronetcy were making out. He was greatly moved when I told him of my continual intercourse with his brother Robert, and of how that good man was beloved here. Then he begged me on another day to go over St. Giles' with him. He walked feebly about, leaning heavily on my arm; but he would go everywhere. All he desired, he said, was to see the work completed. A more modest man I have not seen. There was not a vestige of 'I was that boy.' I helped the old man into his carriage. He very solemnly bade me farewell, and blest me. I will remember him kindly while I live."

"Once at a gathering of three thousand people at Aberdeen. I saw and heard Macgregor cause wild enthusiasm by simple means. 'There was a day,' he said, 'on which an ancestor of mine was sentenced to be hanged.' Loud applause greeted this tragic statement. The orator went on, 'I have no doubt it was for stealing.' Considering the way in which the Macgregors of old got their living, the suggestion was a very probable one. It was received with thunderous cheering. Then, 'But as he was a distinguished thief he was allowed to select the tree on which he was to be executed; and with great presence of mind he selected a gooseberry bush. It was at once objected that it was not big enough. But he said, with dignity, "*Let it grow! I'm in no hurry.*"' The multitude appeared frantic with delight. And then Macgregor went on to moralise. Still there is danger in such family incidents being made public. To have an ancestor hanged, five or six centuries back, is respectable, even dignified. But it must not be too near. And curious ideas get abroad. Two days after I received a letter from a dear friend of the orator's and mine, in which the passage occurred,

'What is this I hear about Macgregor's grandfather being hanged?' This came quite too close to the present day. Macgregor is at present the Moderator of the Kirk. But he did not always care much for church courts. 'I go into the Presbytery a humble Christian man; I come out an incarnate devil,' was his startling statement to Principal Shairp. The Principal expressed great delight and sympathy."

Like to the shadows of days gone by come to us the earlier series of essays, "The Recreations of a Country Parson," etc., which first bringing Dr. Boyd into notice, these went on increasing in number, as also did the success and popularity of the writer. They represented a more general range than did his later works emanating from St. Andrews. Probably he commenced them when residing at the pleasant Dumfries-shire Manse of Kirkpatrick—Irongray, and there got fairly into his swing and style, to continue them in Edinburgh, while St. Andrews was the scene of his subsequent composition. As before-mentioned, they were eagerly read, their weak points severely criticised, and at this period there would commence the numerous stories concerning him, the majority of which were exaggerated, misrepresented, fabricated. A distinguished writer of that time, himself the author of a noble book of essays, had his attention called to them, and from his pen proceeds a fair, candid, and withal, kindly criticism; in the wide range of literary comment you will hardly find anything manifesting truer discernment. "That this popularity arises from a certain merit discoverable in his essays, there can, of course, be no manner of question; he is an exceedingly clever writer, he has a happy knack of putting things, he is always readable. Yet it would be difficult to explain by what charm he leads us along his pages. One only feels that the charm exists. A. K. H. B. is as egotistical as Montaigne, but in no other particular does he resemble him. There is great sameness in his papers; reading them is like walking on an American prairie; green undulation follows on green undulation, beginning nowhere, ending nowhere, without prospect, without outlook. He starts on his subject without a pocket-compass, and after a

long circuit, he arrives at the place from which he set out; and the worst of it is he arrives as empty-handed as when he started. He could perform the feat of voyaging round the world, and bringing home nothing. A great element of success in a writer is peculiarity, and A. K. H. B. has his peculiarities. Once possessed of an idea, he can make it go farther than any of his contemporaries. Give him a bit of gold, and no man living will beat it out into a broader and thinner leaf. Mount him on a platitude, and he will make it carry him across a county. In his essays he laughs occasionally at Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper; but he is related to the body of contemporary prose very much as Mr. Tupper is related to the body of contemporary verse, and the popularity of each arises from similar causes. For the mass of readers it is a pleasant thing to feel that they are as wise as the author they are reading, and the mass of A. K. H. B.'s readers are made happy in this way. . . .

"And yet after all there is a certain charm in A. K. H. B.'s essays. He writes for the most part with grace and purity; he possesses fancy, liveliness, and his papers have now and again touches of shrewdness, insight, and common sense. If some savage critic would but lay hold of him, and whip the pestilent coxcombry out of him, he would do the world some service, and confer on A. K. H. B. himself the greatest benefit he will ever receive from a fellow-mortal. For in him the elements of an excellent writer do incontestably exist. He possesses 'faculties' which hitherto 'he hath not used,' or only in a perfunctory way, and at long intervals. He can be direct, suggestive, pathetic even when he chooses, but the misfortune is he so seldom chooses. The best thing which he has written is a little paper entitled 'Gone,' absolutely without grimace or wilful irrelevance, and into the pathetic undertone of which neither himself, nor his garden, nor his next Sunday's sermon, nor even his man-servant, does for one moment intrude. In the following passage A. K. H. B. is at his best, perhaps:—

"'Everyone knows what Dr. Johnson wrote about "The Last." It is, of course, a question of individual associations,

and how it may strike different minds; but I stand up for the unrivalled reach and pathos of the short word "Gone."

"'It is curious that the saddest and most touching of human thoughts, when we run it up to its simplest form, is of so homely a thing as a material object existing in a certain space, and then removing from that space to another. *That* is the essential idea of "Gone."

"'Yet in the commonest way there is something touching in that—something touching in the sight of vacant space, once filled by almost anything. You feel a blankness in the landscape where a tree is gone that you have known all your life. You are conscious of a vague sense of something lacking where even a post is pulled up that you remember always in the centre of a certain field. You feel this yet more when some familiar piece of furniture is taken away from a room you know well. Here that clumsy easy-chair used to stand, and it is gone. You feel yourself an interloper, standing in the place where it stood so long. It touches you still more to look at the empty chair which you remember so often filled by one who will never fill it more. You stand in a large railway station, you have come to see a train depart. There is a great bustle on the platform, and there is a great quantity of human life, and of the interests and cares of human life, in those twelve or fourteen carriages, and filling that little space between the rails. You stand by and watch the warm interiors of the carriages, looking so large and so full, and as if they had so much in them. There are people of every kind of aspect, children and old folk, multitudes of railway-rugs, of carpet-bags, of portmanteaus, of parcels, of newspapers, of books, of magazines. At length you hear the last bell; then comes that silent, steady pull which is always striking, though seen ever so often. The train glides away, it is gone. You stand and look vacantly at the place where it was. How little the space looks—how blank the air! There are the two rails just four feet eight and a half inches apart—how close together they look! You can hardly think that there was so much of life, and of the interests of life, in so little room. You feel the power upon the average human being of the

simple, commonplace fact, that something has been here and is gone.'"

And now in the fulness of years and honours the writer is himself gone, leaving a reputation of which we are hearing, and shall still hear. The peculiarity of the series of his writings is, that though not avowedly writing his life, he has in them substantially, abundantly, given the story of his life so completely that probably enough there will be no biography of his career from another hand. At a banquet given to Charles Mathews with a pre-arranged programme and list of toasts, including the health of the guest by the chairman, the brilliant comedian, to the astonishment, the amusement of the company, arose to propose his own health on the ground that knowing himself better than his audience did, he therefore could the more appropriately give the speech of the evening! In the larger banquet of life, Dr. Boyd, while affording his numerous friends frequent opportunities for toasting him, genially proposed his own health, and lived long to enjoy it. He published the banns of marriage between himself and happiness. Belonging to the Scottish Establishment, the union was a pleasant one, unruffled by his coquetting with the English Church when away on holiday; whether as Dr. Boyd or as "A. K. H. B." he was eminent, unique; "none but himself could be his parallel."

"A Jorum of Punch."

THE old order changeth—a plea for a simpler life has gone forth, urging mankind to be more of vegetarians, less of beef-eaters, to be not only more sparing in diet, but to be careful of their beverages. The prompters of this plea would recommend milk for sustenance, coffee as a stimulant, and hot water as a night-cap. No more Madeira or Malmsley; port is out of the question, and as for the wassail bowl (say they) you only hear of that as a tradition belonging to the times of Falstaff, and revived at the festive season when Father Christmas is represented as presiding over the good cheer of the period, and ladling out the punch from a massive bowl—all very well in pictures, or as a fiction; but this also (the punch) is not part of the simple life, it is a barbarous item in the list of festive luxuries, and is no longer to be commended, or even sanctioned, if you are to follow out the simple life which for its reward has healing on its wings; that such a course has its votaries is undeniable. The cold water cure, as well as the hot, has been tried and re-tried with more or less success, the simpler life has developed advantages unknown to the man of too luxurious a habit; but, for all that, one would regret to see the genial punch-bowl altogether proscribed, and as a substitute for it, especially on the coldest nights, the water-jug on the table, without the well-known accompaniments, known better to our forefathers than ourselves. Let us take a glance backwards to the frosty winters when curling was rife, when, after the *bonspiel*, the rosy-faced men of the period dined socially together, and the proposal to brew a bowl of punch was carried without a dissentient voice; the worthy chairman, knowing well what he was about, has brought to him the ingredients, and skilfully does he compound them; the whisky, fifteen years old, has been put into the boiling water, a dash of rum added, nutmeg and

lemon are at hand for those who choose it, each man having his own idea as to what is best; hot water by itself was then unknown, and even yet there are some who maintain the social customs of their ancestors; now and then the genial host, when ladling out the punch, says jocularly and not profanely:

> "Man wants but little here below,
> But wants that little strong."

But it is not chiefly of the steaming beverage that we would speak to-day; rather would we discourse on a weekly illustrated journal which, attaining its jubilee some years ago, continues to circulate with increasing popularity, a favourite with old and young. A not uncommon experience to a library visitor is to be seated comfortably, absorbed in Rudyard Kipling, when he is conscious of the shaking of his neighbour's sides. Looking up to see if anything is amiss, a broad grin is discerned on the face of this reader of *Punch;* quiet is restored, and then, at intervals of five minutes, the sides shake, the grin is resumed, and if an unusually pungent joke is read, the man explodes, as you will have, at a dinner party, seen a member thereof slow of comprehension, but when (after an interval of fifteen minutes he *had* seen the joke that had set the table on a roar, he *went off* on his own account, the assembled company in their turn having a fresh laugh at his dulness of *uptak.*

Entering a bookseller's shop in Edinburgh, we were attracted by a book neatly bound in gray and gold, the title whereof was "A Jorum of Punch," the author, Athol Mayhew. "A Jorum of Punch," with those who helped to brew it, being the early history of "The London Charivari"; the author being a son of Henry Mayhew, the projector, part proprietor, and first editor of *Punch,* was peculiarly qualified to write this instructive history of the comic journal. He has performed the task well in a book of 150 pages, wherein are given the portraits of Douglas Jerrold, John Barnett, and Henry Mayhew, besides many clever sketches. The story of the inception of this famous comic journal is given in an in-

terview between Henry Mayhew and George Hodder, given by the latter: "One morning, on entering his sitting-room, I found Mayhew in high glee (although his spirits were seldom at a low ebb), and I instinctively came to the conclusion that as he was constantly bent on the discovery of some 'new notion,' he was now about to exhibit his creative power, under circumstances of an exceptionally propitious character. 'I've a splendid idea,' he exclaimed, with an impulsive eagerness which showed that he had been anxiously wishing for the opportunity of opening his mind upon the subject. 'What, *another?*' I exclaimed, 'delighted to hear it. What is it?' or words to that effect. 'A new comic periodical,' said Mayhew. 'You know the French *Charivari*, don't you?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Well, my idea is to start a similar thing called *Punch, or The London Charivari.*' 'Good,' said I, and we forthwith proceeded to draw up a list of names of artists and contributors whom Mayhew suggested should be asked to associate themselves with the undertaking. . . . At length Richard Doyle appeared upon the scene, and it was thought that the grotesque yet graceful contribution which he supplied was far too good to be thrown aside at the expiration of six months. The proprietors of the work, therefore, very wisely caused Mr. Doyle's frontispiece to be electrotyped, and it now remains, with certain modifications, the permanent tableau on the outer covering of *Punch.*"

Having now launched the comic journal, and secured the services of capable artists, let us have a glance at some of the earlier editors, taking first the eminent journalist, the pungent wit, Douglas Jerrold, a man of light and leading among the *literati* of the Metropolis half a century ago, whose fame will outlive that of several of his successors in the editorship. Jerrold's strong point was his readiness in wit or repartee. Mark the answer given by him to a dramatic author, one who asking him, "Do you remember my *Baroness* in *Ask No Questions?*" "Very well," said Jerrold, "and I never read anything of yours without being struck by your *barren-ness.*" Then Albert Smith comes under the lash of his satire, for, having shown the editor an article he had written under the

initials A. S., Jerrold read the same, and despatched it to the author with the stinging commentary that the thinly-disguised anonymity of "A. S." revealed exactly two-thirds of the truth! Then there was the portly, genial Mark Lemon, so like Falstaff in appearance that he required but little padding or "make-up" when he subsequently appeared with success in that very character, supported by a capable company, touring the provinces, and delighting the audiences by his life-like representation of Shakespeare's portly knight. The story of his provincial tour is embodied in a volume by Joseph Hatton, "Reminiscences of Mark Lemon, with a Show in the North." To crown his active life, Lemon was the writer of several popular novels, one of the best being "Golden Fetters."

Shirley Brooks, author of "Sooner or Later," and other works, is well remembered as a brilliant, entertaining editor. Never was he at fault; the journal suffered nothing while he remained at the head of the staff; in prose or verse he could write promptly, and either in the serious or gay mood; in private life his witticisms were endless. Brooks had a country house to which he would retire even in winter, at Christmas killing his live stock for home consumption, for presents to friends. One Christmas a pig was slaughtered, a hind quarter being cut off and despatched by Brooks to Mrs. Keeley, with the written message subjoined, "His end was peace, so I send you a piece of his end." The recipient of this present and message had an unfortunate experience one night when appearing in a character where she had to leap from a ladder down on the stage. Not having accurately measured her distance, she came down heavily, and of course was hurt. The rumour got abroad that she had exclaimed, "Oh my prophetic sole, my *ancle!*" but when this was put to her she denied having uttered anything of the kind, and declared that Henry Byron must have been among the audience, witnessed her mishap, and made the thing up in her name.

Regarding the perennial flow of jokes, the coruscations of wit that ever appear in the pages of *Punch*, surprise has been expressed how they can keep it up; but we apprehend

there is no difficulty in the matter, because not only have the metropolitan staff a vast field whereon to work, but they must have agencies throughout the country who contribute liberally to the entertainment. If the demand for fun is great, so also is the supply, even from these northern regions where Sandy and Donald are frequently in ludicrous situations, uttering extraordinary sentiments; the artist's skill goes hand-in-hand with the ludicrous narrative, and without the picture the *bon mot* goes for little, but we shall take two specimens. A belated traveller is holding on to a gate, and is reported as saying, "If I stay here I'll miss my train, if I let go I'll faa'. Was ever mortal in such a predicament?" Another canny Scot, whose wife had met with a railway accident, was waited on by an official of the company, who, to avoid litigation, and by way of compromise and *solatium*, is offering the husband the moderate sum of four pounds, an offer which Sandy is not to be tempted with. He therefore waves his arm deprecatingly, while providing for a possible contingency which will pay, and says to the railway man "Na, na, if she dees it will be *hunners*."

Apart from the arena of politics, and the copious *repertoire* of social life, domestic scenes, buying and selling, look at the vast resources of Mr. Punch in our industries, in the recreations of the changing seasons; the falling snow, the frozen lake, the flirtations, the jealousies of the evening party, the *gauche* remarks of the wealthy but illiterate guest at his host's table, the *mal-apropos* observations of man and maid-servant, the terribly embarrassing questions of the enfant terrible! Who can more naïvely depict scenes in the hunting field, the heathery moor, the corn field, the salmon pool, the trout stream; with equal facility does he satirise the noble lord, the volatile Frenchman, unused to British sport, the English huntsman, the Scotch gamekeeper, the Highland gillie, the golf player and his caddie, the judge, the magistrate, bishop, and rector, travellers by land and sea. No form of life or manners is too exalted or yet insignificant to escape the keen, humorous observation of the rosy-faced, hump-backed little man who, withal, manifests the most kindly

sentiments towards youth and age, or those of high and low degree. Without maintaining that *Punch* is a "force" in the nation, we have only to look at his sparkling humour, and to the good tone of the journal, to have it made manifest that his artistic cartoons and smart witticisms, coming to us weekly, amuse and cheer our households, enliven our clubs and libraries.

Conspicuous among the artists of *Punch*, in days of yore, were John Leech, Hine, Crowquill, Newman, Lee, Hamerton, John Gilbert, William Harvey, and Kenny Meadows. Anyone looking into the bound volumes of the years between 1841 and 1870 will find therein artistic talent of no mean value, while the letterpress will stand a not unfavourable comparison with that of later years. Working together with an *esprit de corps*, ambitious to raise their comic journal to the first rank, these talented men succeeded in pleasing a critical public, many of whom maintain that the old days were better than these, that Leech and Thackeray have been unrivalled by any of their successors, and that the modern *Punch* has fallen from its former state. Surely not. It would almost be a libel on Tenniel, Sambourne, Du Maurier, Keene, and the other eminent successors of the old staff, to say that in their hands the journal had declined; and though, as in all periodicals, the numbers are unequal, yet the average production is of a high standard, calling forth the highest encomiums of competent judges. After a long and faithful service to *Punch*, the well-known artist, Keene, died a few years back, and there was given to the public an interesting life of him by G. S. Layard, who depicts him as a man of eccentric tastes, with a dash of the Bohemian in him. Strange taste for an Englishman, Keene was fond of the bag-pipes! The story of his life will repay perusal, and it is touching to hear what is recorded at his death. The *Punch* poet sang of him:

> "Frank, loyal, unobtrusive, simple-hearted,
> Loving his book, his pipe, his song, his friend,
> Peaceful he lived, and peacefully departed,
> A gentle life-course, with a gracious end."

Following his death the Moray minstrels sang a solemn

requiem in his honour, the company rising to their feet spontaneously, and silently resuming their seats at its close. Followed by Mendelssohn's "Beati Mortui," his old comrades sang the beautiful words of Kreutzer's part song:

"Hark! above us on the mountain,
Mournful tolls the funeral bell,
While a shepherd's boy so gaily
Sings below us in the dell.
Now the train the steep ascending,
Chaunt the chorus loud and clear;
Hushed the shepherd's song of gladness,
As the sound comes o'er his ear.
To their long home in the mountain,
All in turn consigned must be;
Simple shepherd, simple shepherd,
Soon that bell shall toll for thee!"

It will probably not be in the knowledge of the majority of *Punch's* readers that Richard Doyle, the designer of the frontispiece, familiarly known as "Dicky Doyle," has ingeniously given his initials in the following manner, and they are to this day seen in the left-hand corner of the title page, *viz.*, a *dickey-bird* with the letter D., hence "Dicky Doyle."

A Dog-Cart Drive.

THOUGH it is well for us Scotchmen to appreciate and even to extol the amenity of our native land, is there not the risk that in doing so unduly we lose sight of many an instructive and interesting piece of country over the border in England or in Wales? Personal experience of a summer tour in the northern section of the principality has assured us that as a land of mountain and of flood, as a region of sweet valleys and of splendid waterfalls, of sights and of sounds that make glad the heart, North Wales has attractions peculiarly its own, while in a book just read, entitled, "Across England in a Dog-Cart," the author, Mr. Hissey in a most genial narrative, profusely illustrated with engraved sketches, informs us of all that is best worth seeing on the road between London and St. Davids, a journey great part of which runs through the southern portion of the principality of Wales. To all but children and the ignoramus, it is unnecessary to contrast or explain the points of difference between the rail and the road, therefore we shall only say that the latter would more frequently be selected than it is, were two or three requisites, *time* and *means*, more abundant than they are, for who can doubt the benefit, the pleasure, to be derived from leisurely traversing a country in detail, free of all the worries incidental to train and steamer, starting at your own time, halting at a place of your own selection, putting up for the night or for the week-end at a roadside inn to which you have been recommended, or which you may have discovered for yourself; if an old coaching inn, with its rambling passages indoors, and a wide courtyard outside, so much the better. These are the places wherein to take your ease and where the full flavour of a summer holiday comes in copious measure to the nostrils. What a pleasant contrast from the station hotel; how full of comfort in comparison to the summer lodging! The

whole place is redolent of rustic charm while here; life is indeed worth living.

And fortunately it is not for one type of man alone that such a trip is beneficial. Given the time and the means, men of all professions or of no profession at all can recuperate and rejoice when, forsaking the shrieks of the railway and the smoking funnels of the crowded steamer, they drive their dog-cart along the highway, the artist with his easel or camera, the angler equipped with rod and tackle, the author betimes reading the books of other men while he is progressing with his own, the musician composing or performing when he reaches his destination for the evening; each in his turn can put his holiday to good account, and thus there is no necessity for any man being idle for a single day. Often while seemingly inactive, the man is either enjoying the pleasures of memory, or planning those schemes of usefulness which are to benefit metropolitan or provincial districts; depend on it, many of the noblest works have been planned not on city streets, but on the highways, the bye-ways of the country. Walking with your own familiar friend, you have frequently regarded him as silent or absent-minded. Not a bit of it! He is then maturing a useful measure, possibly a brilliant one, and when the task is concluded, you are astonished at his gaiety, his garrulity, contrasted with his preoccupied manner in the forenoon.

While it is open to all excursionists to choose their route, to modify or enlarge it, does it not happen that many a man is setting off for the first time for a real summer outing, and is so embarrassed with the wealth of choice that he has the utmost difficulty in selecting his plan of campaign? It is for such men that this narrative by Mr. Hissey will be useful; and for those unable to overtake a personal tour, the reading of the book before us cannot fail to be alike interesting and instructive. Be it known, then, that having made elaborate plans for the journey, Mr. and Mrs. Hissey set off in a well-built four-wheeled dog-cart and pair, driving through the various counties leading to St. Davids in South Wales, that the start was made in the maturity of summer, that excellent

weather prevailed, that Mr. Hissey is an amateur artist and antiquary prepared to note everything of interest on the way, and in due time to give us readers the benefit of his experience in a well-written narrative of 400 pages. Genially and gracefully withal does he discourse on the men, manners, and scenery that came under his observation. Not a few quaint epitaphs are copied into his book, which is lighted up with many a flash of dry, ironical humour. Coming to a signpost of directions, he finds the information obliterated by an advertisement pasted over the top of it, which latter he immediately tears off and remarks that he did so for his own benefit as well as for the good of other travellers, "who might prefer the information as to the way they should go rather than to learn the presumed merits of some wonderful sheep-wash (which is of no value to those who have no sheep to wash) and who simply desire to know where the different roads lead. But enough. I have had my grumble. Should any one who reads this book ever employ billstickers to go about country to advertise their wares on gates, pailings, and the like, I hope they will not do it any more. The chance, however, of any such over-enterprising people reading this humble protest is, I fear, remote, and should they do so, the chance that they will heed it, remoter still. But the unexpected does sometimes happen in this world; once even a friend of mine told me that he loved his mother-in-law, after that who can say what may or may not happen?"

Contrasting the cold formality of the company-managed hotel with the genial old hostelry, personally superintended by the landlord himself, assisted by his affable wife, Mr. Hissey remarks, "Well did we fare beneath the sign of the King's Arms (Bicester), and on leaving we felt—as we often felt under similar circumstances during the journey—that the inevitable bill was but an incident in our stay, and that we had received in the kindness and attention shown to us, together with the obvious anxiety to do everything to make our short stay a pleasant one, a something not included in the bill, a something that is not to be purchased by money. Frequently, indeed, on leaving our inn has the landlady

presented us with a little posy of flowers, and on one occasion a basket of fruit was handed to us 'if we would kindly accept it to refresh us on the way.' Such pleasing and thoughtful attentions are very gratifying; I have never experienced anything of the kind when leaving a company-managed hotel."

Historical scenes of great interest abounded in this journey. Not long after leaving London the tourists, halting at Chalfout St. Giles, surveyed Milton's house, which with its surroundings is well described, and specially the fact that historically interesting as this house should be to every Englishman, it attracts wonderfully few visitors, and is in almost sad contrast to the state of things at Stratford, where visitors are counted in the season by many thousands. So prominent a hero as Oliver Cromwell was perpetuated in many forms and by many scenes on the route, though some of these were of doubtful authentication. Old churches with their recumbent figures and brass tablets bulk largely in Mr. Hissey's Diary. As a specimen of quaint spelling, of peculiar expression, the following copied from a tablet on the wall of the church at Amersham is given:

> "John Drake sonn of Francis Drake
> Had hee liv'd to bee a man
> This inch had grown but to a span,
> Nowe is he past all feare of paine,
> 'Twere sinn to wish him heere againe.
> Vewe but the way by which wee come,
> Thou't say hee's best that's first at home.'

Desiring to see a noted spot called "Stanley's" field, where a number of martyrs had been burned, an old woman guided them to the spot. "Here," she said, as soon as she recovered her breath, "*here is the spot where the Pope was burnt!*" This wholly unexpected piece of information for the moment took us quite aback. The poor rheumatic woman was quite serious, manifestly she did not understand our momentary look of astonishment, for she offered to go and fetch her husband if we thought it was not the right spot. "Deed, sir, I would not deceive such a pleasant-spoken gentleman, deed I would not." What could we do but to reassure her that

we quite believed that she had shown us the correct place? When we had pacified her, she continued: "Yes, this is the very spot, and a good thing too; he deserved burning, the Pope, that 'er did." We could not gather whether she thought that there was still a Pope, or whether she concluded that there was only one, and that he (or she) was burnt for good and all. Obviously her history was a little mixed, her youth had been unblest by school-boards, and, like most people not over well-informed, she was chary of saying anything to reveal her want of exact knowledge. Here then was the spot commemorating these martyrs of whom Mr. Hissey feelingly says: "Stern stuff these old martyrs were made off. They had not the easy-going faith, conveniently accommodating itself to suit changing circumstances, of the famous Vicar of Bray, who truly acted with great worldly wisdom, but with little nobility."

Arrived at last at St. Davids, that place is described as "a curious city of cottages, with its old cathedral hidden in a hollow, and an ugly modern chapel set boldly on a height. A city where the morning paper is unknown, and without a railway or gas, or even a mayor and town council (though possibly none the worse for that). A city with thatched cottages and even hedgerows in its main street, which was guiltless of a foot-pavement. A city of anomalies, surely the strangest spot in all Great Britian, well worthy of a pilgrimage of a thousand miles to see, even though the pilgrimage had to be taken all afoot. . . . Fowls and ducks were in greater visible numbers than human inhabitants. We felt almost as though we had suddenly awakened out of a sort of Rip Van Winkle slumber, only backwards instead of forwards, so unreal did all things seem; so utterly unlike was this to any other place of which we had read or heard or been told. And because of all this St. Davids fascinated us; it was impressive in its stony desolation. *Sic transit gloria mundi* is written over it. Truly its glories are gone, yet there it stands too proud to appeal for any sympathy. Above all, you feel that St. Davids must be seen to be realised; it is not to be described guide-book fashion; it is the very

antithesis of nineteenth century rush and progress; it is asleep, not dead; it simply exists. Here, if anywhere, a portion of medieval England (or Wales to be accurate) survives, indifferent to and unaffected by the steamship, the railway, or the thoughts that shake mankind."

As many of us have not been, and probably will not have an opportunity of viewing this quaint city, we are indebted to Mr. Hissey for a very realistic description of it. If guide-books do not notice it, or describe it adequately, the author of this book puts before us a most graphic picture, enabling us in our mind's eye to see St. Davids; not only so, but all along the route, so minute is his observation, so facile his pen, that the reader is made to feel like unto a fellow traveller with this genial author, and to agree with Dr. Johnson who in similar circumstances remarked to Boswell, "Life has little better to offer than this." Yes, *the road's the thing*, with good weather, good company, doing your thirty miles per day, and at the close thereof taking your ease at your inn, there and then are you reconciled to the many worries which at other times fall around you thick as the leaves of Vallambrosa. And to dilate still more (but not to weary the reader) on the pleasures of the road and the inn, we must refer to that great authority just mentioned, who, addressing his faithful companion and biographer, Boswell, remarked: "No, sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." Great minds think alike, for we have Mr. Hissey perpetually selecting the best houses on the road. On entering the town of Burford "the Bull Inn looked inviting so we drove into its ancient courtyard. We were duly shown into a comfortable, old-fashioned sitting-room, albeit the chairs were arranged round the walls in that prim fashion that seems to be the special pride of some country landladies,

> "'The furniture stood round with such an air
> There seemed an old-maid's ghost in every chair,
> Which looked as it had scuttled to its place
> And pulled extempore a Sunday face,
> Too smugly proper for a world of sin,
> Like boys on whom the minister come in.'"

But it was all right notwithstanding this over-primness, and the place was much enjoyed; they had driven from Cheltenham over the Cotswolds, and here was their halting place for the night.

Minster Lovell, Witney, and Oxford were duly reached, and as Slough was passed, happy thoughts of home filled the minds of these contented travellers which are best told in Mr. Hissey's own words: "All things must have an ending in this world; knowing which unalterable fact we tried to be as philosophical as possible under the circumstances. The last day of a holiday is always more or less sad. Still after all, the reverse of the medal is not wholly black, for is there not a pleasure in returning home again, even though that home be in unbeautiful London; for what true-born Britain is there who does not love his home and his own arm-chair? As the Scotch proverb has it 'East, West,—home's best.'"

A Valiant Soldier.

THE district of Lower Strathearn is peculiarly rich in those fertile fields, those umbrageous woods intertwining with each other, and watered by the Earn, the May, with numerous tributaries wherein trout skim along and salmon leap out of the water in frolic. Mansion, farm, village, school, and church lie in due proportions from each other. The delicious villages, Forgandenny and Bridge of Earn, embowered in roses, are the resort and shelter of many a traveller from the Fair City not far off, who come out here to bask in the July sunshine, and if we except Glencarse close to the royal Tay, situated equidistant between Errol and Kinfauns, there is no region hereabouts more captivating. In a recent number of the *Scots Magazine*, under the heading "Lower Strathearn," the classic House of Invermay was described. In the current number the neighbouring estate with its mansion and its sylvan park, is noticed. It was the paternal estate of the great soldier who first saw the light at Kilgraston in 1808, and, who, all his life remained more proud of his family descent and nationality than he did of his military prowess, distinguished as that was. James Hope Grant was one of five brothers, and notwithstanding there were several sisters it is recorded that their father the laird managed to endow each of them with £10,000. The young hero acquired his boyhood education in Switzerland, where, in addition to the study of foreign languages, he became a proficient on the violoncello. While yet a lad of eighteen he joined the 9th Lancers, of which regiment he was, late in life, to become the distinguished colonel. A Fifeshire man, Lord Loughborough, afterwards Earl of Roselyn, was colonel of the regiment when Hope Grant joined it, and he had for one of his chums another Fifeshire man renowned in England as

well as in Fifeshire as a master of hounds, the now venerable John Anstruther Thomson of Charleton.

Under such favourable auspices commenced the career of our valiant soldier, who in the far East, by his daring military tactics, enthusiasm, and honourable conduct, acquired a success and distinction that gave him a leading name on the roll of military heroes of the nineteenth century, and gave to Scotland the distinction of adding yet another name to those of whom she was deservedly proud. If Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) and Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn) were valiant in the fight, it was abundantly proved that Hope Grant did not allow the military prestige of the Scottish soldier to fail in his hands. More particularly would we point to the three salient points of his character that ensured success and conferred distinction, *viz.*, fearlessness, clear-headedness, and the most minute attention to every detail of the orders he had received from the generals in command. Grasping each military situation as it arose, his cool head carried out all the tactics necessary for victory to the British flag, or for the relief of our countrymen at Lucknow and Cawnpore on the breaking out of a mutiny, to quell which required the most dauntless courage, the enduring of intense hardship, the ability to surmount what to ordinary men would have seemed insuperable difficulties, and the very spirit of Napoleon who would reply to the remonstrances of his officers "Why, Sire, the thing is impossible," by the answer "Then, if impossible, *it must be done!*" Honour to whom honour is due, and therefore to his seniors in age as well as in military experience must be ascribed the glorious distinction of quelling an insubordination, which, in military annals, has scarcely a parallel, and relieving thousands of our countrymen from threatened butchery and death, causing the names of Lawrence, Clyde, and Havelock to become inscribed as illustrious on our country's roll; but if proof were wanting of the importance of having under them captains of conspicuous ability, we have the testimony of these men themselves, as well as that of Lord Canning, Governor-General of India. What says the latter?—"To Brigadier-General

Hope Grant, who immediately commanded the division employed, his lordship in council tenders his warm acknowledgments for the admirable manner in which he performed the arduous duties of his command. This well-tried officer had already greatly distinguished himself in the operations before Delhi, and has received the public thanks of Government." While Lord Clyde (then Sir Colin Campbell) gives no less emphatic testimony: "I have also to express my very particular acknowledgments to Brigadier-General Sir Hope Grant who was in immediate command of the division by which this service was effected. His activity in carrying out the details has been admirable, and his vigilance in superintending the outpost duties has been unsurpassed." And as a third encomium, we have Lord Clyde saying in a despatch to Lord Canning: "Sir Hope Grant's despatches during the last six months have told the story of the admirable part taken by him in this war. I cannot say too much in his praise. He has the rare merit of uniting the greatest boldness in action, a firm and correct judgment, and the most scrupulous regard for his orders and instructions." And finally, "Hope has a clear head for business, and a sound judgment; and as to handling troops in the field, he is quite perfection, and has no master."

The horrors and privations of the Indian Mutiny have been oft told, and need not be repeated. Each writer has, nevertheless, something fresh to say of a time when, however great the suspense, however hard the trials, there was the hope of ultimate freedom, and in the story of Hope Grant's life there is given the grave side of the situation, relieved by those lighter touches which mitigate for us the horrors even of the recital of so fearful a time. "The misery they had endured must have been intense. Ladies, having the charge of children, had been obliged to wash their clothes, clean their apartments, cook their miserable meals, attend the sick and wounded, and often watch over a husband who had received his death-wound. Many of them had been killed by shot. I saw one little girl run up to her mother, saying: 'Oh, mamma, there is a loaf of bread upon the table. I am certain of it,

I saw it with my own eyes.' The poor little thing had seen nothing so good for a long time. I asked one gentle, delicate-looking lady if I could do anything to assist her. She replied, 'Oh, yes, if you could procure me a piece of cheese, I should be so thankful; it is for a poor sick lady.' I thought the remedy was rather a strong one, and I confess I was rather taken aback. I ventured to say it would be a difficult matter to find what she asked for; but she told me that if I could only find a gentleman of the name of Captain Ximenes, she knew he could give me some. I therefore proceeded on my delicate errand, and at length found the individual in question, who at once supplied me with a large piece of high-flavoured, strong-smelling, greasy-looking cheese, wrapped up in a dirty old newspaper. To the commander of a fine force relieving a large number of his countrywomen from a terrible imprisonment, and under the influence of highly-wrought feelings of sublimity, it was rather a come down, both in dignity and in sentiment, to be the bearer of a nasty strong cheese: and I must own that I very reluctantly went about, in the darkness of twilight, seeking the lady who had made the request. For some time my inquiries were fruitless, when, just as I was about to throw away my unpleasant burden in despair, the lady appeared and relieved me of the cheese and my anxiety."

The strain of military service accentuated by the Indian Mutiny necessitated a furlough for this distinguished officer, and he returns home to enjoy his freedom and to be the recipient of honours. Being received by the Queen, he was made a G.C.B. and also received the freedom of the city of Perth, was a welcome guest at the houses of many of the nobility, where his society was courted; while by those in authority at the War Office, his wise council on military tactics was eagerly sought after. Prolonged rest for so active a man was, however, out of the question, and as the Indian Mutiny was soon followed by the war in China, Sir Hope Grant was despatched to that country to be one of the leaders of the campaign. Needless to say, he acquitted himself with distinction, and manifested, through the Army, the power of

the British Crown in the East. Comparatively this was a short campaign, but the work done in it was hard, and at the close thereof the valiant soldier again appears in England, where he was honoured by the Duke of Cambridge, at whose house he met Mr. Disraeli. Sitting next to the great statesmen, Grant asked him about his duties, his habits, and if there was much excitement in his political career? The answer was that there was a great charm in the position he held. It was like that of a general officer commanding a large army. That he had to rule and command those under him, and form his line of battle for attack. He admitted that his work was severe during the Session of Parliament, and that often he did not get to bed till four o'clock in the morning; but he never allowed himself to be wakened, and he never got up till he found himself refreshed and fit for work. He added that when the Session was over his work was easy, and he found no difficulty in making arrangements for the next Session.

A conversation to the same effect followed with Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby.

This was the point of his career at which Sir Hope naturally looked for further substantial distinction, nor was he altogether disappointed, although by competent judges the post allotted to him was not commensurate with his distinguished merits, being that of Quarter-Master-General of the Horse Guards; but as there were other claimants for rewards for distinguished services, the gallant general had to put up with "the fortunes of war," and he did so uncomplainingly, superintending the autumn manœuvres and the Aldershot reviews, besides devoting himself to many works of philanthropy, including zeal for the welfare of the London cabmen, while in regard to the Church of England services he was determinedly opposed to the ritualism that was so prevalent, putting it down to the utmost extent of his power. In those latter days he was associated with such famous officers as Sir William Mansfield and Lord Napier of Magdala, while the present Commander-in-Chief, then Sir Garnet Wolseley, who had served under him in India and China, refers in glowing terms to Sir Hope Grant's military powers. Speaking at

Aldershot in 1872, Wolseley declares, "If I have attained any measure of military prosperity, my gratitude is due to one man, and that man is Sir Hope Grant." Arduous services performed abroad and not relaxed at home had, however, been telling on the now aged officer, who, anticipating his demise, said, "No, indeed, I do not mind dying; I look upon it as if I were going from one room to another. There will be a little painful interval, and then it will be nothing more than if I were passing under an archway"; while written in the fly-leaf of his Bible, in reference to Lord Herbert's letter intimating the distinction of the Order of the Bath conferred on him years previously, there was found the text, "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor yet from the south." Officers and men alike referred to his powerful influence for good. He died in London, 7th March, 1875.

It would seem that Sir Hope Grant had, some time previous to his decease, chosen as his last resting-place the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, and there, under the shade of the Robertson Memorial Church, is his grave, surmounted by stone of red granite, on which his name is inscribed, after which the visitor will see as follows: "A good soldier of Jesus Christ": "More than conquerers through him who loved us." We distinctly remember seeing the great military funeral that was accorded him as it wended its way through the Edinburgh streets on the forenoon of a raw day in March. Ten men from the "Lancers" lifted the coffin into a gun carriage drawn by six horses. The magistrates of Edinburgh were in attendance, and as the large body of general mourners, supplemented by many military comrades of the deceased, went in procession along Princes Street, it could not fail to be noticed that no greater funeral pageant had previously been witnessed in our city. At the cemetery there was solemnly performed Beethoven's funeral march, and the Dead March in Saul. A significant and touching incident at the final obsequies was the presence of an attached groom of the late general, who, overcome with grief, burst into tears. When all was over, the vast crowd dispersed from this, one of

the finest of our cemeteries, looking out on Arthur Street, Blackford, and the Braid Hills.

> "The muffled drum is rolling, and the low
> Notes of the death-march float upon the wind,
> And stately steps are pacing round that tomb
> With slow and measured tread; but every brow
> Is darkened with emotion, and stern eyes
> That looked unshrinking on the face of death
> When met in battle, are now moist with tears.
> The silent ring is formed, and in the midst
> A bier."

THE END.

Printed by Cowan & Co. Limited, Perth.

20442.21
The Vale of Anwoth and other essays
Widener Library 002796313
3 2044 086 806 999